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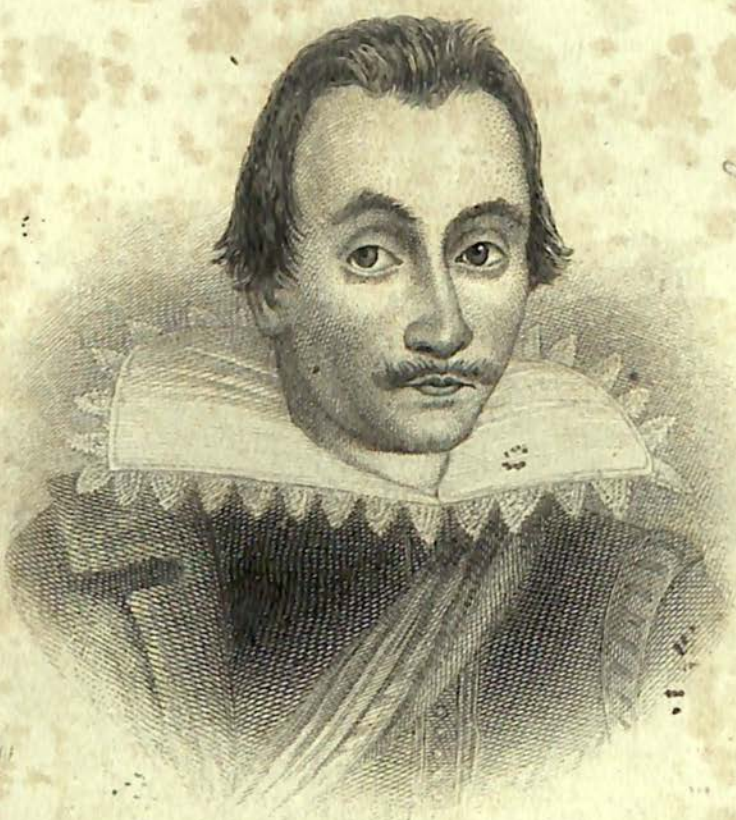

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Drummond of Hawthornden:

The Story of his Life and Writings.

BY

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PREFACE.

AMONG the materials for this Volume may be mentioned the original and subsequent Editions of Drummond's separate Works, and of his Collected Poems, and also the first, and still unique, Edition of his Prose Works and Poems together, published at Edinburgh in 1711 under the superintendence of Bishop Sage and Thomas Ruddiman. This Folio contained many prose pieces and some poems of Drummond's that had never seen the light before; it included also a good many letters written by Drummond or to him; and there was prefixed to it a Memoir of Drummond by Bishop Sage. To the knowledge of Drummond thus accessible nothing of consequence was added till 1820, when Mr. David Laing began his examination of the Hawthornden MSS., which had then for about forty years been in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. By Mr. Laing's assiduity these valuable relics were properly arranged, and bound in fifteen volumes; and the results of his examination of them took at length the form of an elaborate paper, read before the Society on the 14th of January 1828, and afterwards printed in their *Transactions*, with this title: "A Brief Account of the Hawthornden Manuscripts in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland; with Extracts, containing several unpublished Letters and Poems of William Drummond of Hawthornden." In the Memoir introducing this paper interesting particulars of Drummond's Biography, previously unknown, were ascertained and stated with all Mr. Laing's accuracy, while the appended Extracts of various kinds from the Hawthornden MSS. added about sixty quarto pages to Drummond's Remains as printed in the folio of 1711. Few even of Mr. Laing's researches have been of greater interest than this; and he was fortunately able

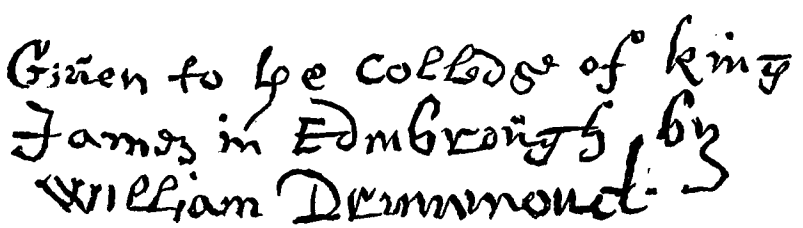
to complete it by the subsequent discovery, in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, of an authentic copy of the famous Notes which Drummond had left of Ben Jonson's Conversations with him at Hawthornden in 1619. It may be doubted whether there has ever been a happier *trouvaille* of the kind than those long-missing Notes, first produced by Mr. Laing before the Society of Scottish Antiquaries on the 9th of January 1832, and afterwards printed in the same Volume of their *Transactions* which contains the Account of the Hawthornden MSS., and also separately as one of the publications of the Shakespeare Society of London. They were a flash of light on the literary and social history of England in the reign of James I., and on the lives of Ben Jonson and Drummond in particular. In the following pages I have availed myself of parts of them, as well as of some of Mr. Laing's Extracts from the Hawthornden MSS. and his accompanying elucidations. For my private satisfaction, indeed, I thought it right to obtain leave to turn over the Hawthornden MSS. themselves, in the convenient form in which Mr. Laing's care has preserved them in the Library of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries in Edinburgh. Mr. Laing's examination of these MSS., however, had been so minute, and his report of their contents so exact, that I might have saved myself the trouble. It has been of use mainly as yielding me those lively impressions of fact and character which are always to be derived from a direct inspection of autographs and the originals of documents. For similar impressions of Drummond I am indebted to the access I have have had to the collection of books once belonging to him, and many of them with marks in his handwriting, which is now preserved, as a special donation from himself to his Alma Mater, in the Library of the University of Edinburgh.

Of the more miscellaneous materials employed in the Narrative a sufficient idea will be obtained from the text or from the occasional foot-notes. One further acknowledgment, however, is expressly due in this Preface; and it is still to Mr. David Laing. To him, "easily the prince" of living authorities in all matters of Scottish Literary History and Biography, I owe my best thanks, not only for the use made of his published Drummond researches, but also for help and advice given to myself during the passage of this Volume through the press. They were given with all the precision of his full knowledge,

and with the generous readiness of one who has long made it his duty to forward every inquiry in the department of information over which he presides.

There are about half-a-dozen professed portraits of Drummond, some of them quite uncertified, and some of them (as is the case with professed portraits of most of the celebrities of his time) mutually irreconcileable. There is no doubt as to the authenticity of the one selected for this volume. It is the portrait engraved by Gaywood for the original Edition of Drummond's "History of the Five Jameses," published in 1655, or less than six years after his death. As that volume appeared under the care of his son and of other surviving relatives and friends, the portrait must have been chosen by the family as, on the whole, the best. It is farther sanctioned by having been re-engraved, in larger size and clumsier style, for the folio Edition of Drummond's whole works in 1711, when his son was still alive to take filial interest in such a matter. Mr. Jeens, in his engraving after Gaywood, has avoided all fallacious touching-up. He has kept true to the original, even in points where the art may have seemed to him crude or quaint.—The Vignette of Hawthornden House represents the house in what I consider its most characteristic aspect.—The subjoined fac-simile of Drummond's autograph is from his copy of the Works of Samuel Daniel (London Edition of 1602), now in the Library of Edinburgh University.

EDINBURGH, *November*, 1873.



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DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

CHAPTER I.

HAWTHORNDEN.

"Who knows not Melville's beechy grove,
And Roslin's rocky glen,
Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,
And classic Hawthornden?"

SO Scott asked in one of those stanzas of his early ballad-fragment, *The Grey Brother*, where he described that wooded valley of the Esk, near Edinburgh, in which he made his woful Scottish Pilgrim wander about in the agony of some unshriven crime. Well might he introduce into the ballad those stanzas of calm sylvan description, though they have been thought inconsistent with the gloomy character of the rest. No more sweet stream than the Esk, he could say truly in 1799, rolled through more fair woods to the eastern sea. The sweetness of the stream since that time has pretty well been destroyed. Paper-mills and other works have risen here and there on its banks; and, though the water tumbles along in good brown volume still, the brown is no longer the clear natural amber which the angler admires. The fair woods, however, with the ascending and descending paths among them, remain as fair as ever; and, though the neighbourhood has ceased for many a day to be the haunt of anglers, it is still a

favourite resort of tourists visiting Edinburgh, and of the citizens of Edinburgh themselves when on holiday or half-holiday. No neighbourhood, indeed, close to Edinburgh, attracts more frequent visitors than this glen or valley of the Esk. There are, it is true, two Esks, called the north Esk and the south Esk, which do not join till they are within three miles of the Firth of Forth; but they run so near each other through the scenery of Scott's ballad that the singular form of the name is there nearly sufficient. Dalkeith and Dalkeith Palace, the seat of the Dukes of Buccleuch, and therefore mentioned by Scott with such express fondness, are between the two Esks, and may be said to be on either; Melville Castle, Roslin, and Hawthornden, named in the same stanza of the ballad, are on the north Esk, higher up its course.

Hawthornden belongs to the same "rocky glen" as Roslin, and the two places are generally taken together by the excursionist from Edinburgh. Sometimes, indeed, Roslin is taken by itself; in which case the excursionist makes to it direct from Edinburgh by rail or coach. Then, after having satisfied himself with the ruined old Castle of the St. Clairs and the far-famed and now restored little Gothic Chapel, which are the two special sights of Roslin, he is either content with the general glimpse of the glen, in all its beauty of crag and leafage, commanded from these two points, and returns to Edinburgh as he came, or else he makes farther acquaintance with the glen by taking the winding foot-path through it, by the side of the Esk, and so returning to Edinburgh by the village of Lasswade, where Scott spent the first years of his married life, and wrote his *Grey Brother*, his translation of *Goetz von Berlichingen*, and his other earliest pieces, and where De Quincey long afterwards lived and died. By this arrangement, Hawthornden is all but missed, the heights of Roslin only affording a vague view of its whereabouts farther down the glen, and the path through the glen to Lasswade leaving it on the right hand on the other bank of the stream. To visit

Hawthornden, therefore, the proper way is to go to it first from Edinburgh, and let Roslin come in as the sequel.

On such an arrangement this is what happens:—Half-an-hour's rail from Edinburgh, if you have not preferred walking (and the distance to the pedestrian is but about seven miles), brings you to a quiet country-road, in which you see a lodge and gate marking the avenue to a mansion. Having obtained the necessary admission, you pursue this avenue, which descends slightly from the road, with trees in rich abundance on both sides, and a fine view of the Pentland Hills in front. Hardly have you noticed this view of the Pentlands when the farther descent veils it, and, passing through grounds where a few quaint clipped yew-bushes remind you of old gardening tastes, you face a venerable and most picturesque-looking edifice. The left side, as you face it, consists of a hoary mass of ivy-clad masonry, perhaps six hundred years old, while the more inhabited part to the right is a pleasant irregular house, with gables and a turret, in the style of the early part of the seventeenth century. Over a gateway near the middle, leading into an inner court, you see armorial bearings carved in the stone, and decipher the motto *Hos gloria reddit honores.* Your impression, as you linger in front of the edifice, is that you have seldom seen so remarkable a mansion of the antique kind, with such a suggestion of nice old-fashioned rooms within, fit for the residence of a family combining the distinction of modern comfort and elegance with a due allegiance to far-back memories. Not, however, till you have moved from immediately in front of the mansion, so as to survey it in flank and depthwise to the back, are you aware of its full picturesqueness. If you move to the right, you find yourself on a path edging a deep, precipitous, thickly-wooded dell, with the Esk below, and you see, on glancing back, that the more modern portion of the mansion overhangs this dell behind, the windows of the chief rooms looking down into the dell, and athwart its woody labyrinth, with a steepness almost dizzying. There are seats

along the path, some of them on points of rock overjutting the dell, whence you obtain a striking sight of this inhabited and well-windowed part of the building, rising sheer from the cliff, and held to it as with rivets. For a new surprise, however, you must return, repass the front and doorway, and descend on the other or left flank of the house, where there is the massive block of very ancient masonry to which the rest is an evident addition. This block or tower rests also on the sandstone rock springing up from the dell behind; and it is part of the established procedure of the visit that you should grope your way through a dark excavation pointed out to you in the rock itself, just beneath the masonry which it supports. Descending a few steps, and stooping along this mine-like gallery, you come to a hideous circular shaft, once a well, sunk deep down through the rock, with an embrasure atop opening out dangerously on the clear chasm of the dell; and thence, by similar communications, you reach two chambers, also cut out of the rock. One is a mere dark cavern, in which several men could hide or sleep; the other admits more light, and has the peculiarity that its sides all round, about ten or twelve feet in the longest direction and four or five feet in the other, are scooped out into a number of square holes or recesses, separated from each other, vertically and horizontally, by partitions an inch or two thick, much after the fashion of a bottle-rack for some Troglodyte or Cyclops. *When* these caverns were made, and for what purpose or in what freak, no mortal can tell. The plain dark chamber is now called fantastically "Bruce's Bedchamber;" and the one with the honey-combed or bottle-racked sides is "Bruce's Library," on the supposition that the square-holed stone shelving must have served admirably for the numerous books and parchments with which that scholarly hero may have solaced himself in the hard time of his skulking and probationary fighting for the Scottish kingdom. But, though legend will have it that these caves in the rock under Hawthornden House were actually the hiding-places of Scottish

patriots in the days of Bruce and of his son David II., archæologists push their origin much farther back, and imagine some stronghold hereabouts of the old Pictish kings. Whether of Pictish antiquity, or of later, puzzles your powers of conjecture; but it is with an increased respect for the whole mansion that you emerge again in the open air, after having seen what ghastly secrecies of some inscrutable past underlie its rocky foundations. It is with this sense that, after observing whatever else is apparent to close inspection of the exterior, you continue the walk which leads from it, on one side of the romantic glen, in the direction of Roslin. Turning in this path to look at the house now and again, at points where there is an opening through the trees, you see it as artists most delight to take it, a tall mass of gables and pinnacles shooting aloft from its craggy socket in the ravine. So leaving it, you may follow the path till it brings you down to a wooden bridge crossing the Esk. This bridge has a gate on it, so constructed that, if you pass through, you cannot re-open it from the other side. If you do pass it, you are in the public pathway, two miles of which will take you, still through the depths of the glen, with the stream now on your left, to the Castle and Chapel of Roslin. But, if you would rather keep the sensation of Hawthornden unmixed, then, though it is unusual, there is nothing to prevent you from stopping your walk at the bridge, and retracing your steps so as to renew your sight of the house in all the aspects in which you have already beheld it, only in reversed order. A noble old sycamore, just in front of the house, five hundred years old at least, may then arrest your attention, as well as the clipped clumps of yew which you noticed before. And so, regaining the road by the ascending avenue, you have seen Hawthornden and will remember it for ever.

Were there no special traditions of a historical kind about Hawthornden House, were it simply the picturesque edifice we have described, overhanging the beautiful glen of the Esk, part

of it bringing back the seventeenth century by its look, and part recalling a remoter and more savage Scottish eld, it would be worth visiting, and would probably attract visitors. This, however, is not the case. Hawthornden House has been for three centuries in the possession of a family of Drummonds, a branch of the wider Scottish race of that name, and it is interesting as having been the residence of one man of this family who took for himself a place in British Literature, and is known pre-eminently as *the* Drummond of Hawthornden. He it was indeed that built the more modern portion of the mansion as we now see it, repairing or renewing the more ancient house that stood on the same rock and fragments of which still remain. Hawthornden, in short, is a kind of minor Abbotsford, much nearer Edinburgh, and much more antique than the greater one; and it is this that makes it an object of curiosity, and invests all its accessories with a precise human interest.

CHAPTER II.

DRUMMOND IN HIS FATHER'S LIFE-TIME.

1585—1610.

THE first Drummond of Hawthornden was John Drummond, second son of Sir Robert Drummond of Carnock, in Stirlingshire, the representative of a family of Drummonds that had branched off from those more ancient Drummonds of Stobhall in Perthshire whose chiefs had ranked in the Scottish peerage since 1471 as Lords Drummond of Stobhall. This John Drummond was much about the Scottish court of King James VI.; he had acquired the Hawthornden property (comprising Hawthornden, Slipperfield, Whitfields, and Kingsfield) from its previous possessors; and he had married Susannah Fowler, sister of a Mr. William Fowler, who is styled Parson or Rector of Hawick in some documents, but elsewhere merely Burgess of Edinburgh, and is known in his actual life as a man of means and court-connexions, with nothing of the parson discernible about him. The eldest son of this first Laird of Hawthornden and his wife Susannah Fowler was William Drummond, the Poet. He was born at Hawthornden, December 13, 1585, in the nineteenth year of King James's reign in Scotland, and seventeen years before his accession to the English throne. That king, in fact, after his long and perplexed minority, was but assuming his real government of Scotland, in the twentieth year of his age, when this subject was born to him; and it was not till four years afterwards that he brought from Denmark the Princess Ann to be his Queen.

In 1590 the Poet's father, then thirty-seven years of age, was appointed gentleman-usher to the young king; and about the same time the Poet's uncle, William Fowler, became Private Secretary to Queen Ann. From his infancy, therefore, the Poet was within the radiance of Scottish Royalty, such as it was. He had three brothers, younger than himself, James, Alexander, and John, and three sisters, Ann, Jane, and Rebecca.

He was educated at the High School of Edinburgh, and then at the recently-founded University of the same city. The teaching-staff of the University then consisted of the Principal and Professor of Divinity, Mr. Henry Charteris, the Professor of Humanity, Mr. John Ray, and four Regents, or Professors of Philosophy. Each of these regents had the special superintendence of his own class through the four years of varied study which, with attendance on the Humanity Lectures and the Divinity Lectures, constituted the complete college curriculum. The Regent to whose class Drummond belonged was a Mr. James Knox; and in July 1605 Drummond was one of twenty-four students who, after their due course of four years with this gentleman, and their supplementary tuition at the same time by Mr. John Ray and Principal Charteris, took the usual degree of M.A. They were the eighteenth batch of graduates sent forth by the University since its foundation in 1582. Here are their names, as they are still to be read, in their own handwriting, in the preserved Graduation-Book :—

Thomas Bruce.
Guilielmus Somervall.
Guilielmus Drummond.
Alexander Skene.
James Nisbitt.
Alexander Peirsoune.
Joannes Young.
Alexander Ambrosius.
Robertus Kinross.
Robertus Pursall.
Jacobus Michelsone.
Joannes Bennett.
Thomas Nicolson.
Johannes Henrysone.
Jacobus Fairme.
Joannes Cunynhame.
Jacobus Dundas.
Jacobus Montethe.
Thomas Nisbett.
Thomas Henrysone.
Jacobus Schaw.
Jacobus Rollokus.
Joannes Farquardus.
Robertus Moore.

Two years before Drummond's graduation, King James had been called from Edinburgh to London, to assume his long-expected succession to Queen Elizabeth. It had been a sore shock, not to Scottish national sentiment only, but also to more substantial interests. James had done his best, indeed, to console the Scots at his departure, or immediately afterwards, by all sorts of promises of perpetual recollection of them in his new sphere of duty, and by a lavish award of farewell honours and privileges among corporations and individuals. There was a new Charter to the City of Edinburgh, with special guarantees in favour of the infant University; there were peerages for some select Scotsmen of high note; and there was a shower of knighthoods among other Scots of distinction, including the gentleman-usher Drummond, the Poet's father.

An insufficient compensation all this for what had been lost; and more and more it was felt to be so. None of the commercial bustle any longer, none of the picturesque jollity or quaint ceremonial, that had gathered round resident Scottish Royalty, slovenly as had been its tastes, and meagre as had been its exchequer. No sight of Majesty now in the streets of Edinburgh, or worshipping in any of the city-churches, or riding out with retinue on any of the country highways; no future outlook of gentleman-ushers hips or other court-appointments, except for such adventurous Scots as chose to follow their emigrant Solomon into his richer southern kingdom, and hang on by him there, like Richie Moniplies and his master in *The Fortunes of Nigel*, announcing their names and antecedents, and presenting their little "sifflications!" Of these, indeed, there was already a goodly number; and the number was to increase, till the shoaling of hungry Scots Londonwards became a bye-word in England, the sound of a Scottish voice in London was detested, and the English wished that the successor of their Elizabeth had come from Estremadura, or some yet remoter part of the earth. But, save for the providential outlet for Scottish energy thus afforded by the new connexion with

England, Scotland had to acquiesce sullenly in what had befallen her, and adjust her methods within herself to her new conditions. The trial was perhaps hardest for Edinburgh and its vicinity, and for such families as the Drummonds of Hawthornden.

After all, the new conditions were not ruinous. Scotland, from the Tweed to the Orkneys, did not find the presence of a king within her bounds absolutely indispensable for the main purposes of her small million of inhabitants; Edinburgh still remained the centre of purely Scottish affairs, with law-courts, a Privy Council, and an occasional Parliament; and, for a young man of such Edinburgh training and such family-connexions as Drummond's, there was the prospect, if he qualified himself as a Scottish lawyer, of a considerable career in the public business of his native country. This, and not a migration to England, was the career for which his father had destined him. Accordingly, after his graduation in Edinburgh University, where the sole teaching then was in Arts and Theology, it was decided that he should go abroad to study Law. An incident of some consequence to the family at this time (for the Scots of those days counted kin among themselves with a peculiar relish, and the Drummonds thought their kin among the best) was the elevation of their titular chief, James, fourth Lord Drummond of Stobhall, to the Earldom of Perth. After the accession of King James to the English throne, this nobleman had gone on an embassy to Spain, in attendance on the English High Admiral, the Earl of Nottingham; and his promotion to the Perth Earldom (March 4, 1605) was a reward on his return. The honour was still a subject of congratulation among all the Earl's kinsfolk, near or distant—*i.e.*, among all in Scotland who called themselves by the name of Drummond—when the young Edinburgh graduate, whose interest in it was that of very far-off cousinship indeed, traceable only in the mists of an old Scottish genealogy, went abroad for instruction in Law.

He took London on his way. He was there, or in the vicinity, it appears, for some considerable time in 1606, staying probably with his uncle Fowler, who had retained his secretaryship to Queen Ann, and gone south in that capacity, and employing himself, as a young stranger might be expected to do, in going about and seeing the sights. Perhaps the earliest letters of his now extant are six written in June, July, and August, 1606, and addressed "to the Right Honourable the Earl of ———." The nobleman is not named further in the preserved copies, but was evidently some Scottish Earl, with whom young Drummond had the honour of an acquaintance, and to whom news from London, and especially from the Court, would be gratifying in his northern abode.

"Knowing the delight your Lordship was wont to take in "the sports of Court, whether as beholder or actor," the young correspondent begins, in his first letter, dated June 1, "I "thought I should not importune your honour in sending you "the challenge of the Errant Knights, proclaimed with sound of "trumpet before the palace-gate of Greenwich." In other words, a great court-pageant was in preparation at Greenwich, part of which was to be a tournament in the Park, with other ceremonial in revival of the ancient chivalry, and Drummond, who had access, from his court connexions, to the whole display, and might even be behind the scenes a little, thinks his northern Lordship might like to have an exact copy of the challenge issued by the four Champion Knights who were to lead off the tournament part of the grand affair: viz., the Earls of Lennox, Arundel, Pembroke, and Montgomery. These four Earls, it seems, had challenged, at the palace-gate of Greenwich, "all "honourable men of arms and knights-adventurers of hereditary "note and exemplary nobleness" as follows—"Right Brave and "Chivalrous, wheresoever through the world we four Knights-"Errant, denominated of the Fortunate Island, servants of the "Destinies, awaken your sleeping courages with Mavortial "greetings: know ye that our Sovereign Lady and Mistress,

"Mother of the Fates and Empress of high achievements, "revolving of late the adamantine leaves of her eternal volumes, "and finding in them that the triumphal times were now at "hand wherein the marvellous adventures of the Lucent Pillar "should be revealed to the wonder of times and men (as "Merlin, secretary to her most inward designs, did long since "prophesy), hath therefore,—most deeply weighing with herself "how necessary it is that sound Opinions should prepare the "way to so unheard-of a Marvel,—been pleased to command "us, her voluntary but ever most humble votaries, to publish "and maintain by all the allowed ways of knightly arguing these "four indisputable Propositions following: 1. *That in service "of Ladies no Knight hath free will;* 2. *That it is Beauty "maintaineth the world in valour;* 3. *That no fair Lady was "ever false;* 4. *That none can be perfectly wise but Lovers.*" These propositions the four Earls-Champion were to maintain, each his own proposition, at point of lance and sword in the valley of Mirefleure (Greenwich Park), against all qualified knights that should appear within forty days to dispute them, and to take part in "the glorious issue of the thrice-famous adventure of the Lucent Pillar," to be enacted in "three several succeeding days of trial at tilt, tourney, and at barriers." Such is the substance of Drummond's first letter; but he adds that the King of Denmark, Christian IV., King James's brother-in-law, was expected daily, and that the challenge seems to have been given on his Danish Majesty's account, and to allow him to show his prowess.——In his next letter, dated June 28, he reports that the challenge had been taken up by certain noblemen in a document beginning "Most tonitruous, as- "tounding Chevaliers, re-know ye that we, of hereditary and "fee-simple blood, and undegenerating valour to Doucel del "Phœbus, Amadis de Gaul, Palmerin de Oliva, and Ascuper "le Huge, rather by the bounds of your challenge than by the "show of your meanings, have echoed in the vault of our under- "standing the volley of your desires, and do allow you this for

"answer." The answer is that they are sorry any men in the shape or apparel of valour should have undertaken a cause so thoroughly given up by all rational creatures, and exploded by all experience, as that of the defence of women against any crimes whatever that might be alleged against them, and that they tender back the flat contradictories of the four propositions, and will maintain these manfully. The King, Drummond adds, was in great glee over this answer, and much fun was expected.—— Of the actual fun when it did come off, and of the precise manner of the tourney, there are but rapid glimpses in the subsequent letters. It appears from them, however, that the pageant was deferred and the Court of Greenwich broken up in consequence of the non-arrival of the King of Denmark; that his majesty did arrive at last in the Thames on the 16th of July; that King James then hastened from Oatlands to meet him; that there was a most cordial greeting between the two Kings at Gravesend, and great joy on Queen Ann's part at Greenwich on seeing her brother again; that the Danish King struck Drummond as a man of goodly person, middle stature, and singularly like his sister; that the two Kings went to London, where there were days of wondrous rejoicings and revellings, with trumpets, salvoes of cannon, street-processions and masques, and where the King of Denmark mounted to the top of St. Paul's and also visited Westminster Abbey. At length, we are told, the court did return to Greenwich; where, on the 5th of August, the sports that had been projected began, and King Christian, mounted on a dapple grey, and clad in blue armour spangled with gold, with a bunch of blue and white feathers in his helm, acquitted himself in the tournament, among the English Knights in their plain armour, "with marvellous grace and great applause of the people." Finally, on the 9th of August, the royal visitor took his departure, barging down the river to his own ships at Gravesend, and leaving Queen Ann at Greenwich crying.*

* The six letters are printed, rather out of their places, at pp. 231-233 of the 1711 Edition of Drummond's Works.

Later in the same year the young Scot continued his journey to France; and he was in France throughout 1607 and 1608, alternating between Bourges and Paris, pursuing his law-studies assiduously, but also amusing himself with observations of foreign customs, and visits to all manner of places. One of his letters, written from France at this time, has been preserved, and is really interesting. It is dated "Paris, February 12, 1607," and is addressed "to his worthy friend, Sir George Keith of Powburn." One supposes this Sir George Keith to have been a fellow-student, or other young companion of Drummond's, left in Scotland when Drummond went abroad for his law-studies, and with whom it was natural for him to correspond when there was the means of sending a letter home. "When, out of curiosity, this last week" (so the letter begins) "I had entered those large and spacious Galleries in which the "Fair of St. Germains is kept, and had viewed the diverse "merchandise and wares of the nations at that mart, above the "rest I was much taken with the many portraits there to be "seen. The devices, posies, ideas, shapes and draughts of the "artificers were various, nice, and pleasant. Scarce could the "wandering thought light upon any story, fable, or gaiety, "which was not here represented to the view." He then proceeds, at some length, and in a very careful and somewhat ornate style, to give an account of the pictures in the galleries that had struck him most. There was one of the Roman Emperors collectively, another of the Popes in the same fashion, and another of the Kings of Europe; there were many fine mythological subjects, including several Venuses; there was a painting of Homer, "represented with closed eyes and a long beard of the colour of the Night," and beside it one of Virgil, "his head wreathed with bays, his face somewhat long, his cheeks scarce with a small down;" there were battle-pieces, city-pieces, and what not; and there was one dainty "picture of a Young Lady, whose hair drew near the colour of amber, but with such a bright lustre that it was above gold or amber." He

reserves to the last one picture of two figures which seems to have been an anticipation of the idea of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. "The first, clothed in a sky-coloured mantle, bordered "with some red, was laughing, and held out his finger, by way "of demonstration, in scorn to another, in a sable mantle, who "held his arms across, declined his head pitifully, and seemed "to shed tears." This representation of the two moods of Laughter and Melancholy, he says, had "drawn his thoughts to more seriousness" than all the others in the galleries; and he ends with this comment on it: "Truly considering all our "actions, except those which regard the service and adoration "of God Almighty, they are either to be lamented or laughed "at; and Man is always a fool, except in misery, which is the "whetstone of judgment." In the whole letter one discerns a thoughtfulness, combined with an artistic sensitiveness, a cultured dilettantism, and a fondness for rich and musical English phraseology, which must have been very rare among young Scots of that time.*

In 1609, with the benefits of about three years of travel and foreign residence, Drummond was back in Scotland, having probably again passed through London on his return. In 1610, for some reason, he paid another visit to London; after which nothing remained, as it seemed, but that he should settle himself in Edinburgh, be called in due form to the Scottish bar, and begin the practice of Law in wig and gown, or whatever professional apparel was then worn by Scottish lawyers. Suddenly, while he was about to do so, his father, Sir John Drummond, died at the age of fifty-seven, and was buried in the Abbey of Holyrood House; and thus Drummond, at the age of four and twenty, found himself Laird of Hawthornden, with sufficiently ample means, and free to choose his own course of life.

* The letter is printed in the 1711 edition of Drummond's Works (pp. 139-141), but bears there the date "Paris, Feb. 12" only, without the year. That is supplied by the scroll copy among the Hawthornden MSS. as examined by Mr. David Laing (*Arch. Scot.*, IV. 98).

During his absence abroad, it may be noted, another of the Drummonds of the main or Perthshire line had been raised to the Scottish peerage, in the person of James Drummond, uncle of the Earl of Perth, created Lord Maderty, Jan. 31, 1609. A closer incident in the family history, the date of which is not so certain, but must have been near the same time, was the marriage of Drummond's eldest sister, Ann, with a Mr. John Scot of Knightspottie. This Mr. John Scot, afterwards better known as "Scot of Scotstarvet," and very familiar to this day by that designation to all who know anything of Scottish history, was almost exactly of Drummond's own age, or hardly a year younger. He had somewhat preceded Drummond, however, in the race of life. Left an orphan in his third year (1588) by the death of his father, and Laird of Knightspottie since his seventh year (1592) by the death of his grandfather, he had been educated at the University of St. Andrews, and afterwards at a foreign University; and, having been called to the Scottish Bar, he had assumed, in 1608, when he was only in his twenty-second year, the lucrative office of Director of Chancery, which had been held by his grandfather, and which, by a curious and rather circuitous legal arrangement, possible in those days, that old worthy had managed to transmit to him. The fact that Drummond of Hawthornden and Scot of Knightspottie (afterwards Scot of Scotstarvet) were brothers-in-law was to be of some interest in the lives of both. When Drummond succeeded his father, it is also to be remembered, all his unmarried sisters and brothers were alive, as well as the eldest sister, by whose marriage this relationship was established. Drummond's mother, the sister of Secretary Fowler, was also still alive, in far from aged widowhood.

CHAPTER III.

THE YOUNG LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN: HIS TASTES AND SURROUNDINGS: STATE OF LITERATURE IN SCOTLAND.

1610—1613.

WHAT Drummond's course of life was likely to be when he was free to choose for himself might have been guessed by those that knew him.

From his boyhood his disposition had been meditative and studious; in the University of Edinburgh he seems to have owed much to the Humanity Professor, Mr. John Ray, of whom he spoke afterwards as having been another Quintilian to his pupils, whether he "read grave proses to them" or raised "delight and wonder by a numbrous strain;" and, when he left the University, it had been with an ingrained passion for literature and music, and a turn for mathematics and speculation superadded. The extension of his studies in the foreign tongues abroad, and his glimpses of the London and Parisian worlds, had but confirmed his bent. There exist, in his own hand, exact lists of the books he had read during the five years after he left the University, when he was nominally a student of law. At the head of the list for 1606, and evidently read before he set out from Scotland on his travels, is Knox's *History of the Reformation in Scotland;* but, among some forty other books read in the same year, not a few of them apparently in London as he was passing through to the Continent, are Sidney's *Arcadia*, Lyly's *Euphues*, Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, one or two pieces by Drayton, Dekker, and other living English

poets and dramatists, and (most noteworthy of all) Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, *Love's Labour Lost*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Lucrece*, and *Passionate Pilgrim*. Naturally, while he was abroad, in 1607-9, his readings had been more in foreign books, especially French; but of what kind they were may be guessed from the appearance in the lists for these years of French translations from Tasso and Sannazaro, various odd volumes of *Amadis de Gaule*, several poems of Ronsard's, and Du Bartas and Rabelais complete. In the last year, however, and also in 1610, marking his return home, and his new stay in London for some time, English books become again intermingled with the French and Italian: as, for example, the works of Samuel Daniel, a comedy or two by Marston and others, Sidney's *Arcadia* again, and Spenser's *Faery Queene*. In all this there was something indicating a difference in Drummond's tastes from those of most of his young fellow-countrymen. Others there may have been who had read as extensively as he; but in the prevailing direction of his readings, in his preference of pure and artistic literature to the ephemeral and the controversial, and especially in his choice of modern books of the luxurious and poetical order, one sees a peculiarity. It may be doubted whether in 1606, when Shakespeare was living, retired from the London world, and with most of his work done, at his home in Stratford-on-Avon, he could have been told of any young Scotsman who had paid him the compliment of reading three of his plays, and two of his smaller books of poems, except precisely this William Drummond, a graduate of Edinburgh University, who was in training to be a Scottish lawyer.*

* Lists of the Books read by Drummond, year by year, from 1606 to 1614 inclusively (*ætat* 21-29), are extant in his own hand, and have been printed by Mr. David Laing in his "Account of the Hawthornden Manuscripts" (*Archæol. Scotica* IV. 73-76). They include more than 220 separate books, some of them large ones and in several volumes; and considerably more than half of these are entered as read before the end of 1610, the year of his father's death and of his own succession to the Hawthornden lairdship.

People who knew Drummond's tastes and tendencies cannot, therefore, have been greatly surprised at what he did when, at the age of four-and-twenty, he found himself the master of sufficient inherited means, and free to arrange his future life to his own liking. Abandoning at once all thoughts of the Law, and of the public activity to which it led, "he retired," says his earliest biographer, "to his own House at Hawthornden, a "sweet and solitary seat, and very fit and proper for the Muses, "and fell again to the studying the Greek and Latin authors."

This is substantially correct. We chance, indeed, to know what books, and how many of each sort, young Drummond had with him at Hawthornden in the first year of his bachelor house-keeping and lairdship. He had 267 books in Latin, including the Latin classics and miscellaneous modern Latin books of philosophy and information; he had 35 Greek books; he had 11 Hebrew books; and he had 61 Italian books, 8 Spanish, 120 French, and 50 English. The proportions in the different languages are instructive. There is no doubt that the old biographer is right in representing Drummond's readings in Hawthornden House as lying, to a great extent, among the Greek and Latin authors. The French and Italian books, however, must represent, and beyond the proportion of their mere numbers, much favourite reading that was not of the Latin and Greek sort; and, in the same sense, the 50 English books are particularly interesting. These last included Sidney's *Arcadia* (which had cost him 6*s.* English), Spenser's *Faery Queene* (which had cost him the same) and some of Spenser's Minor Poems, Drayton's Works (2*s.*), Daniel's Works (7*s.*), Fairfax's Tasso (5*s.*), one or two separate poems or plays of Greene, Marlowe, Chapman, and Drayton, King James's *Basilicon Doron*, the Tragedies of William Alexander of Menstrie (2*s.*), and Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*, *Lucrece*, *Romeo and Juliet* (for which last he had paid 4*d.*), and *Midsummer Night's Dream*. One observes, also, among the English books, a collection of choice extracts from forty-four English Poets,

living and dead, Spenser and Shakespeare supplying far more than any others, which had been published at London in 1600 by a bookseller named Allot, under the title of *England's Parnassus*, and is to this day an excellent, though rare, volume.*

Not for reading and acquiring alone, whether in Latin and Greek, or in French, Italian, Spanish, and English, had Drummond abjured the Law and public life, and become a private Scottish gentleman. There was in his design also some possibility of producing. Already, one knows not positively from how far back, but presumably from the time of his studentship in Edinburgh University, if not from his earlier boyhood, he had been in the habit of writing verses. We have his own information to this effect in one of his later sonnets, where, looking back smilingly on those juvenile attempts, he says :—

> "In my first years, and prime yet not at height,
> When sweet conceits my wits did entertain,
> Ere Beauty's force I knew or false delight,
> Or to what oar she did her captives chain,
> Led by a sacred troop of Phœbus' train,
> I first began to read, then love to write,
> And so to praise a perfect red and white,
> But, God wot, wist not what was in my brain."

It is a fair inference from those early letters of his which have been already cited, and especially from the letter written from Paris in February 1607, that his boyish attempts had not been confined to verse, but that he had been in the habit also, when at the University, of writing little prose essays of one kind or

* The inventory of Drummond's Library at Hawthornden in the year 1611 (*ætat* 26) is extant in Drummond's own hand in eight separate lists, entitled, "Table of my Italian Books, *anno* 1611," "Table of my Spanish Books, *anno* 1611," &c.; and Mr. David Laing has printed entire the Table of the English Books (*Archæol. Scot.* IV. 77). The Latin Books, which are the most numerous, are divided into groups—one large assortment, of 103 separate books, consisting of Editions of the Latin Classics and miscellaneous authors; and the remaining 164 being sub-divided into *Theology* (31 books), *Jurisprudence* (24 books), *Philosophy* (54 books), and *Poetry* (55 books). The lists are of much literary interest. There is proof in Drummond's papers that he knew Hebrew.

another. Probably even then the generalization of the old biographer as to Drummond's ruling literary tendencies through life was correct, when he says, "The delicacy of his wit ran always on the pleasantness and usefulness of History, and on the fame and softness of Poetry."——Well, a confirmed versifier already, and also fond of little exercises of descriptive and historical prose, why should not the purpose of farther and more systematic authorship both in Poetry and in History have been the main motive of his retirement to Hawthornden? Believing that it was so, and that he looked forward, with youthful ardour, to his possible success in both departments, it is the fancy of the same old biographer that he might have met any remonstrances from friends on his desertion of public life for the Muses with these words of Ovid :—

> "Non me verbosas leges ediscere ; non me
> Ingrato vocem prostituisse foro.
> Mortale est quod quæris opus : mihi fama perennis
> Quæritur, in toto semper ut orbe canar."

This, however, seems much too strong for Drummond's real ambition. I see no proof in him of any fervid desire *ut in toto orbe canerctur*, but a much more modest state of self-appraisement. It was enough, I believe, for a temperament like his, and for the scheme of life he had formed, that he had his own mansion in the glen of the Esk for a retreat, and that there, with Edinburgh at hand for such relaxation of society as he cared for, he could give himself up to books, ingenious inquiries, his lute, walks amid moon-lit foliage, watchings of the stars from his door-porch, writing now and then a prose essay, a sonnet, or a madrigal, when the mood seized him, but not much minding how far the rumour of such things should extend. "*Meis libris, meis oculis contentus*," he used afterwards to say, "*a puero usque infra fortunam vivere didici ; et, quantum possum apud me habitans, nihil extra me aut suspiro aut ambio :*" "Content with my books and the use of my eyes, I learnt even from my boyhood to live beneath my fortune ; and, dwelling by

myself as much as I can, I neither sigh for nor seek aught that is outside me." Seldom has a man in a few words more truly hit off his own character; but the peculiarity is that the description should be true of Drummond even at the early age of four-and-twenty.

Little, indeed, in the way of active literary intention was possible, in Drummond's circumstances, for one of his temperament. Literature in Scotland was then nearly at its lowest ebb. The rich outburst of Scottish Poetry in Henryson, Dunbar, Gavin Douglas, Sir David Lindsay, and other successors of the older Barbour and James I., had ceased at the Reformation; the strong intellectual energy of the Scottish Reformation itself, with Knox for its leader and preacher, and Buchanan for its Latinist and scholar, was also a thing of the past; and, during that whole intervening generation (1580-1610) which had been precisely the age of England's Elizabethan splendour, Scotland had relapsed into chaos and sterility in comparison. The causes of this relapse had been various. One cause had been the incessant political confusions, the incessant strifes for the Regency, during James's minority in Scotland; another perhaps had been the nature of that Presbyterian system itself which the Scottish Reformation had established, stricter by far as this system was in its grasp of the popular habits than the contemporary Anglican or Prelatic system, and more repressive also of individual efforts of mind, except in certain stiff authorised directions. A third cause, however, had been that very controversy between Presbyterianism and Prelacy which had begun to agitate Scotland before James left it, though it did not come to its height till James declared boldly for Prelacy from his safer position on the English throne, and tried thence to impose it by force on his Scottish subjects. This Kirk controversy between Prelacy and Presbyterianism had, from the very smallness and compactness of Scottish society, engrossed recent Scottish talent much more completely than the

corresponding Puritan controversy had engrossed recent talent in England. While in England there had been a free and varied literature of history, speculation, and poetry, not concerning itself much with theological and ecclesiastical disputes, and especially in London a vast activity in the popular Drama and its adjuncts, the scantier possibilities of authorship in Scotland had been compelled mainly into the channel of the one national controversy, or distributed grimly into skirmishing *pro* and *con* along the opposed banks. "Are you for pure Presbytery and the strict Genevan discipline, or are you for Bishops and ceremonies?" was the question forced upon all educated Scots, as well as on the Scottish populace, and requiring from everybody some kind of daily answer. This was not a state of things favourable to the finer Muses; and yet it was into this state of things that Drummond had been born.

To every general description of this kind there are exceptions. Let us qualify ours, therefore, by inquiring what remains of intellectual activity, or symptoms of new literary enterprise, there actually were in Scotland about that year, 1610, when the bleakness seemed greatest, and when Drummond began his musings in Hawthornden.

It is well, in such a case, to represent all as subject to some one man, who can be spoken of, on general accounts, as indubitably topmost. Nor is there any difficulty in naming such a man here. The most remarkable man, intellectually, all in all, in Scotland at our present date, was John Napier, known for seventeen years past as the author of a strange treatise on the Apocalypse, but long wondered at also for his wizard-like semi-necromantic habits and his devotion to mathematics and the physical sciences, and now, in his veteran age, living reclusely in his fine old castle of Merchiston, close to Edinburgh, and perfecting there his invention of Logarithms. "Let not your Majesty doubt," Napier had written in 1593, in a Dedicatory Epistle to King James, prefixed to his Treatise on the Apocalypse, but consisting of a very bold lecture to the

young king himself on his duty of setting poor Scotland thoroughly to rights, and, for that purpose, beginning with a reform of his own house, family, and court, and of his own heart first of all, "let not your Majesty doubt but that there are "within your realm, as well as in other countries, godly and "good ingines, versed and exercised in all manner of honest "science and godly discipline, who by your Majesty's instigation "might yield forth works and fruits worthy of memory, which "otherwise, lacking some mighty Mæcenas to encourage them, "may perchance be buried with eternal silence." Seventeen years having elapsed since these words were written, and James having carried his Mæcenas-ship into England, Napier of Merchiston himself, at the age of sixty, and with his logarithms and other wondrous devices for calculation about to burst from his brain, stood now more distinctly than ever at the top of those "good ingines" of his country for whom he had pleaded, the only Scot of his time of absolutely European mark, and the man entitled again to remonstrate patriotically for the rest. Leaving *him*, then, in this category by himself, and taking no account of certain Scots naturalized in France or other parts of the Continent—such as Bellenden, Boyd, Barclay, and Dempster—let us inquire what other Scots there were in 1610 worth noting for our present purposes. They may be distributed roughly, I think, into two classes:—

I. MISCELLANEOUS SCHOLARS, LATINISTS, AND WRITERS IN THE CUSTOMARY SCOTTISH.—A good many of these had Edinburgh for their headquarters, and were as lesser lights twinkling round Napier. Such, we shall say, was John Spotswood, titular Archbishop of Glasgow for some time, but now, as an extraordinary Lord of Session, Head of the Court of High Commission, &c., frequently in Edinburgh on political business, and superintending there that gradual conversion of Scotland to complete Prelacy which James desired, and which was to elevate himself to still higher powers in the realm. Such also were two of Drummond's academic teachers already mentioned,

Principal Henry Charteris of the University, and John Ray, who had been Humanity Professor there, but had exchanged that post in 1606 for the Rectorship of the High School. Such perhaps were one or two of the city clergy, whether of Prelatic or of Presbyterian leanings, the successors of the recently deceased Ponts and Rollocks. Such, finally, were a few laymen prominently connected with the Scottish Bar and Bench, or occasionally resident in Edinburgh on business:—*e.g.*, Gibson of Durie, chief clerk of the Court of Session, and with a judgeship in prospect; Thomas Hope, a lawyer in large practice, and very popular for his intrepid defence of Presbyterian ministers against the Government; David Hume of Godscroft, a veteran writer both in prose and in verse; and even Drummond's own young brother-in-law, John Scot of Knightspottie, Director of Chancery, and a rising lawyer, but with tastes in literature, and especially in Latin verse, which he had brought from college. Less known to Drummond, but known to him by reputation more or less, must have been some contemporary scholars and writers scattered over the rest of Scotland, and chiefly at or near the other University seats of St. Andrews, Glasgow, and Aberdeen. St. Andrews, indeed, had lost her two greatest luminaries by the recent banishment of Andrew Melville and his nephew James Melville; but, though all Scotland missed the actual presence of these two distinguished men, and especially of the elder of them (the ablest and most strenuous leader of Scottish Presbyterianism since the death of Knox), their past writings remained a valuable property for their admirers, there were hopes of their return, and there were still communications from them both,—from Andrew in his prison in the Tower of London, and from James on his *parole* at Newcastle. Among Glasgow *literati* there were one or two that had been heard of; and in or near Aberdeen were Duncan Liddel the physician, Patrick Forbes the divine, David Wedderburn the Latinist, and the geographer Gordon of Straloch.

Altogether, reckoning up such stray scholars in various parts

of the country, Scotland in 1610 did not think herself so very deficient in talent for thinking and writing; and the men themselves would have been rather surprised to learn that the time they were adorning would be reputed afterwards as a singularly barren one in Scottish Literature, and that their existence would be barely remembered. If we wrong them now, they are partly themselves to blame. There was really excellent Latinity among them; for the old tradition of Scottish Latinity, illustrated by Buchanan, had been kept up, and not a few Scots wrote Latin verses which may be still admired for their elegance when they are turned up in old books: but who now is at leisure for turning up old books of Latin epigrams, epistles, elegies, and epithalamia by seventeenth-century scholars? Then, when they wrote in English, not only did the Kirk. business and other merely Scottish concerns lie heavy on their faculties, interfering with that inventiveness, that lightsomeness, that universal inquisitiveness, that free play of all the pulses, out of which alone can come writings of permanent vitality; but they persevered, for the most part, in a form of English which the literary Fates were dooming as Provincialism. Time had been when the North-English dialect was the language of a nation, and the fit vehicle for all the indigenous literature of that nation; nay, the old Scottish Poetry and Prose had not differed so much from the contemporary Poetry and Prose of England proper but that a wide History of English Literature could treat them as parallel and interrelated. It was even perhaps still within the power of a Scot of competent genius to prolong this co-equality and parallelism by such great creations in the Northern English as would have compelled South-English attention and study; but, as no such thing had happened, and as the Elizabethan ferment in England had supplied, in overwhelming overproportion, all that was noblest and richest in the recent literature of the total island, the speech of that literature was clearly paramount, and might look forward to the united inheritance.

Unless, therefore, the plodding Scottish writers had been prepared to put suddenly more of steam, more of the universal and tremendous, more of Heaven and Hell, into their plodding, their perseverance in their Scottish variety of English simply limited their chances to one-sixth of the English-reading constituency of Great Britain. Only a Burns or two produced at once, or a great theatre in the Canongate, with plays pouring into it from a score of dare-devil dramatists lodging round about in garrets and taverns, could possibly have saved them.

II. PRACTITIONERS OF THE NEW ENGLISH.—For a long while before James's accession to the English throne, or even before the likelihood of his accession, there had been so much communication between England and Scotland, and such frequent residence of Scots in England, that a partial conformation of the book-language of some Scottish writers to the standard English had been observable. Knox's *History of the Reformation in Scotland*, with all its raciness, exhibits something of this tendency, and might have been read by Englishmen with no other sense of oddity than might arise from occasional words and idioms, and certain Scottish peculiarities of spelling. The tendency had naturally increased after James's accession to the English throne had become a calculable probability, not only from the effects of that probability itself in directing Scottish thought towards England, but also on account of the unusually powerful influence which England was at this time able to exert in return. Whether James had been to succeed to the English throne or not, Scotland could not have remained impervious to ideas and forms from that wondrous neighbour literature which had sprung up in England since 1580, when Spenser first appeared as a poet, and heralded the great era of the Elizabethans. Books from London must have crossed the Tweed—heavy books of English Puritan theology for the most part, but with occasionally a copy of *The Shepherd's Calendar*, *The Facry Queene*, Sidney's *Arcadia*, Lyly's *Euphues*, a Play of Shakespeare, or some other messen-

ger of light and sweetness, slipped into the parcel; and these, coming into fit hands, and imparting a pleasure unknown before, must have been teachers also of a new phraseology and a new verbal melody. The majority of Scottish scholars and writers, as we have said, kept sturdily to their customary vernacular, or to that eclectic form of the vernacular which had been in use for book-purposes, but still was recognisedly Scottish; but here and there the taste for Sidney's English and Spenser's began to prevail, and to lead to imitations. At the Scottish Court of James, as was natural on all grounds, the influence appeared soonest. King James's own *Essays of a Prentise in the Divine Art of Poesie*, published at Edinburgh in 1585, when the royal author was nineteen years old, are sonnets and other metrical attempts in a kind of artificial English, though with a decided Scottish tang in the vocabulary and the grammar. He was probably encouraged in such efforts by a Thomas Hudson and a Robert Hudson,—two English musicians about his Court who themselves wrote sonnets. There was already about his Court, however, a native Scot who had somehow attained the same art, and practised it on a more considerable scale. This was no other than that William Fowler, Drummond's maternal uncle, who had become Private Secretary to Queen Ann. Among the Commendatory Poems prefixed to the King's *Prentise Essays* is a sonnet by Fowler, as well as one by Thomas Hudson. In 1587 Fowler completed, in manuscript, a translation of Petrarch's "Triumphs of Love," which the King honoured with a commendatory sonnet in return; and from that time forward Fowler, amid his duties at Holyrood, continued to write sonnets and other poems, varying the business with the making of anagrams,—for which ingenuity he seems to have had a passion. His Poetry remains to this day mostly in manuscript; but, from specimens of it that have been printed, it appears distinctly that in him, even more than in James, there was a studied approximation to the Southern English. Euphuism in prose-writing had certainly made its

way into Scotland long before James left it, and may be traced in some of the younger Scottish courtiers, such as Archibald Napier, the eldest son of Napier of the logarithms, and afterwards the first Lord Napier. And so, others and others being added gradually to the little group of courtly practitioners of the new English with the pen (for it was easier so than with the tongue), and the sonnets and other verses which the King continued to write, and to publish for circulation in England as well as in Scotland, showing less and less of Scotticism as the time for his removal to England drew near, we reach that important epoch.

When the King removed to England in 1603, he took a good many Scots with him and others followed him; and he and they together acquired the English style more perfectly among the English themselves, and a nearer acquaintance with its living Elizabethan models. This too reacted on Scotland. Coming and going periodically or occasionally between London and Edinburgh, the Scottish courtiers of the King acted as shuttles of connexion between the two countries, carrying to Scotland books, reports of books, English notions of literary taste, and doubtless, also, English criticisms on Scottish authorship. Fowler, as we have seen, was one of those that went to England; and he remained there for some time, still, apparently, in his official capacity to Queen Ann. Other and younger Scots, however, of similar literary tendencies, and better powers of execution, are heard of as at the English Court from 1603 onwards. A Sir Robert Aytoun, born in 1570, who was in England with the King as gentleman of the bedchamber, and who seems to have succeeded Fowler in the private secretaryship to Queen Ann, attained to considerable celebrity afterwards among the London poets and wits, and was probably known as a writer of English verses thus early. Another Scottish gentleman of the bedchamber was Sir Robert Kerr, afterwards Earl of Ancram, who had been born in 1578, and was also a versifier. A Sir David Murray of Gorthy, attached

to the household of the young Prince Henry, practised versification with some repute; and a volume of his, entitled *The Tragical Death of Sophonisba*, but containing other pieces, was published at London in 1611, the author styling himself on the title-page "David Murray, Scoto-Briton." The Scoto-Briton in chief, however, the Scot of far the widest and highest reputation as a writer of English Poetry, in and about the year 1610, was William Alexander of Menstrie.

Born in 1580, and therefore five years older than Drummond, Alexander had been educated partly at Glasgow University, and, after his return from foreign travels, had published at Edinburgh, in 1603, a *Tragedy of Darius*. He appears already to have been well known to the King, and regarded by him as a promising young poet; and, though he did not accompany the King to England, he immediately followed him. In 1604 he published in London *A Paræenesis to Prince Henry*, and also *Aurora, containing the First Fancies of the Author's youth*, the last being a collection of sonnets and other poems addressed to the Countess of Argyle. From that time, as one of the household of Prince Henry, he was much with the King, though visiting Scotland more frequently and regularly than most of the Scottish Courtiers. In the same year he republished in London his *Tragedy of Darius*, with another *Tragedy of Crœsus;* in 1605 he published *The Alexandrian Tragedy;* and in 1607 he added a fourth *Tragedy of Julius Cæsar*, re-issuing the other three with it under the general title of *The Monarchic Tragedies*. All these Tragedies are in rhyme, and in a stately, though diffuse and weak kind of English; and, in virtue of them and of his other poems, Alexander was indubitably, in 1610, the Scotsman most celebrated, if not the only Scotsman then recognised by English writers, as a master of the art of classic English verse. He was to live on for many years, writing more, but also involved more and more with public affairs, and was to be known in successive stages of his career as Sir William Alexander, Knight and Baronet, Viscount

Stirling, and Earl of Stirling. For the present, however, he was simply William Alexander of Menstrie. The old house of Menstrie, where he was born, still exists, in a finely-preserved state, in Clackmannanshire, not far from Alloa and not far from Stirling.

It was to this second band of Scottish writers, cultivating the pure new English, that Drummond attached himself. His constitution must have inclined him to it from the first; the example and precept of his Uncle Fowler may have helped originally;* and his visits to London in 1606 and subsequent years, with his purchases and readings of so many choice Elizabethan books, must have permanently decided him. As has been already noticed, his earliest preserved letters exhibit a nearly perfect emancipation from the Scottish vernacular, and from the factitious refinement of the same which had been adopted by many Scottish authors for book purposes, and a liking for select, ornate, and even somewhat Euphuistic English. His earliest verses, some of them written while James was still at Holyrood, so that his uncle Fowler, or his father, Sir John Drummond, might have brought them under the notice of that monarch, had doubtless also been in the strictest English style. Not by any means that the young Master of Hawthornden had abjured his nationality or ceased to feel a patriotic interest in all Scottish concerns. He was a Scot, we shall find, to the last, with a keen and even studious fondness for Scottish History and Traditions, including the traditions of old Scottish

* Fowler, whose Edinburgh residence seems to have been Dean House, a large mansion with orchards and gardens, on the outskirts of the City, died in 1614, when Drummond was eight-and-twenty years of age; so that the influence of the uncle over the nephew may have been considerable. In a Latin set of verses addressed to Drummond in after life by his old Humanity Professor, John Ray, much stress is laid on the fact that his mother was a Fowler; and in one or two of Fowler's Sonnets I have detected a likeness to Drummond's way of thinking, and even phrases of which Drummond was fond. After Fowler's death, his papers came into Drummond's possession, and were carefully looked after by him.—See Mr. Laing's contributions, *Arch. Scot.* IV. 70, 71, 230-233, and 236.

Literature; and I have no doubt that he could talk, and did talk, the Scottish vernacular to the last, in ordinary intercourse, as racily as his neighbours. He had simply perceived, with others, that English must now be the vehicle for those productions of Scottish intellect that were to become a component part of the Literature of Great Britain. He retained, deliberately or inadvertently, I may add, some slight traces of the Scot even in his English writing, at least in its private or manuscript state, as in using the form *ane* occasionally for the indefinite article, or preferring occasionally the Scottish form of the past participle of a verb, or sometimes putting *will* for *shall*. With this exception, English had become as natural to his pen as to that of any Londoner; and I do not see that he was conscious of any difficulty, or any peculiar purism, in the matter. Perhaps, indeed, by the time at which we are now arrived, that bilingual habit, of English for select public purposes of speech and writing, and the Vernacular for more slipshod and homely purposes, had pretty fully formed itself among the younger educated Scots, which we see transmitted into the subsequent century and the next.

So far as Drummond intended authorship, in English, in Latin, or in any other language, he had all the external means and appliances about him when he entered on his young lairdship in Hawthornden. What a romantic spot to live in and call one's own! What pleasant rooms, what views of dell and grove from the windows, what liberty of sauntering out-of-doors, or sitting musingly on a craggy seat, secure from all visits or interruptions, except those that one had pre-arranged! What a nice library in the chief room within, with a choice of books in all languages, and every book known and familiar to the fingers! Then, in cabinets beside the books, portfolios of engravings, printed music, various bundles of family-papers, all the notes of one's College-Lectures, all one's own little miscellany of attempts in verse and prose, and the commonplace-books in which one had copied out, for four years past, fine passages from the poets

and moralists, with miscellaneous anecdotes, apophthegms, memoranda, and references! In this last respect, it may be noted, Drummond had been exemplary from his boyhood, making extracts of whatever he particularly liked in books he borrowed, and keeping scroll copies even of his own more important letters.

To avoid writing Poetry in such circumstances was the real difficulty; and Drummond did not avoid it. There is no doubt that, amid his readings, his music, his walks, his visits to friends, their visits to him, and his correspondence with them, during the first three years of his lairdship (1610-1613), he wrote and carefully re-wrote and polished many Sonnets and other little Poems. It is possible even that he may have had some of these printed on loose leaves for his own satisfaction or for private circulation; which, we know, was one of his habits in later life. Thus, or in manuscript, he did, in a modest way, let it be known among friends that he wrote verses. In one of his letters, addressed to some lady, not dated in the scroll-copy, but apparently written about this time, he says: "Here you "have the Poems, the first fruits your beauty and many, many "good parts did bring forth in me. Though they be not much "worth, yet I hope ye will, for your own dear self's sake, deign "them some favour, for whom only they were done, and whom "only I wish should see them. Keep them, that hereafter, "when Time, that changeth everything, shall make wither those "fair roses of your youth, among the other toys of your cabinet "they may serve for a memorial of what once was, being so "much better than little pictures as they are like to be more "lasting, and in them are the excellent virtues of your rare "mind limned, though, I must confess, as painters do Angels "and the Celestial World, which represent them no ways as "they are, but in mortal shapes and shadows." Who the lady was is unknown. Not improbably she was a young lady of whom we shall hear presently, and of whose influence on Drummond's life we shall have to take express account. Pos-

sibly, however, it was some other fair one, only casually complimented by Drummond in the way described in the letter, and between whom and him there was to be no closer relation. If so, one wonders whether she did keep the poems in her cabinet, and live to look at them in her old age, when Drummond was famous and dead, remembering when they had been young together.

But, though Drummond wrote poems habitually during the three years in question, and added them to the little stock of more juvenile pieces he had kept, he was in no hurry to publish. The reason seems to have been partly his knowledge of the low condition into which Literature had fallen in Scotland, and his doubt whether, with so much of the highest contemporary excellence of all kinds in England, any moderate talent could bear up against the disadvantage. This feeling, at all events, appears strikingly in a letter of his, the subject of which assigns it most probably to the year 1613. A certain surviving cousin or relative of George Buchanan, designated only by his initials M. W. K., had consulted Drummond about the republication of Buchanan's Works, or a portion of them; and this was Drummond's reply:—

"Simonides, the Lyric Poet, was wont to say that to a perfect civil happiness, and to attain glory and fame, a man should have for his native soil some renowned city or place. Alas! to what, then, can we obscure men attain? What can we perform in this remote part of the earth, *extra solis lunæque vias?* If he who was born at Blane [Buchanan, born 1506, on the banks of the Blane in Stirlingshire] had had that happiness to have lived at the Tiber, he had not been inferior in fame to many who flourished in Augustus' time; and, if many of those famous Romans and Grecians had changed their countries with our cold heaths and mountains, this world had never heard tell of them more than of the Antipodes. A more learned man than your Cousin was this country has not brought forth; and now we see, by the incommodities of this country, his excellent works, especially his *Sphæra*, appear not to the world. Many noble pieces of our countrymen are drowned in oblivion *per*

σκοτιαν *Scotorum.* He is a Phœnix: amidst such great contempt of learning, and detraction of others' fame, who can escape oblivion? Envy ever followeth virtue; but more frequently amongst *us* than in the most renowned kingdoms. For the learned and virtuous amongst *them* are so many that she knoweth not how to direct her darts. The small number of them here gives her a constant mark to aim at. I would advise you to essay the publishing of his Works by the Germans; who always render virtue her due, and hold dear even deserving strangers."

And so Drummond lived on, in his retirement at Hawthornden, to the twenty-eighth year of his age without having himself published anything to disturb, for better or worse, that thick σκοτία *Scotorum*, that settled Scottish gloom.

CHAPTER IV.

TEARS ON THE DEATH OF MŒLIADES: FIRST MEETING WITH SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER: MISS CUNNINGHAM OF BARNS, AND THE STORY OF DRUMMOND'S FIRST LOVE: PUBLICATION OF HIS *POEMS*: KING JAMES IN SCOTLAND: *FORTH FEASTING*.

1613—1617.

THE event which first brought Drummond publicly forth as a poet was the death, on the 6th of November, 1612, of King James's eldest son, Henry, Prince of Wales, heir-apparent to the throne. Oh! what a calamity that seemed at the time. He was but eighteen years of age; but he had given such good promise in all ways that he was the young hope of the two nations, already contrasted by many with his father to that father's great disadvantage, and preferred by almost all to his younger and more sombre brother Charles, who now came in his place as the future sovereign of the British realms. Long afterwards, at least, when Charles was actually King, it was remembered that there had been this prophetic preference, and people often said, "O, if Prince Henry had lived!" Undoubtedly, at the time, the sensation was deep and universal. Each of the two Universities of Oxford and Cambridge sent out a volume of funereal verses; all the poets, great and small, sent out elegies or sonnets of grief; all the preachers preached sermons; there were biographic sketches, pamphlets, obituary memorials of all kinds: if the total literature in prose and verse caused by Prince Henry's death were collected now,

one would be astonished at the array of volumes, many of them printed on black-edged paper, and the pages of some presenting the peculiar ghastly appearance of white letters and white mourning devices printed on a black ground. To enumerate the English poets who wrote on the occasion would be to run over the names of nearly all the English poets of that time now known to our lists, and to resuscitate a great many more from the obscurities of Orcus.

The lamentation extended over Scotland. Among the booksellers and printers of Edinburgh, for example, the chief was Andrew Hart, or, as he spelt himself, Andro Hart, having his shop on the north side of the High Street, opposite the Cross.* From this shop there issued at least three little volumes to the memory of the dead Prince. The earliest (for some copies bear the date of 1612, and it must, therefore, have been published immediately after the news of the Prince's death reached Scotland) was *An Elegie on the Death of Prince Henrie*, in four leaves, by William Alexander of Menstrie. It is to be inferred that this poet, who had been for some years a gentleman of the Prince's chamber, either chanced to be in Scotland at the time, or considered it proper that there should be an Edinburgh publication of his grief. Next, with the date 1613, was a compilation of six leaves, entitled *Mausolæum, or the choicest Flowers of the Epitaphs written on the Death of the never-too-much-to-be-lamented Prince Henrie*, and consisting of reprinted Epitaphs by the English Poets, Chapman, Wither, Rowley, and Holland, together with one by an Irish or Scoto-Irish Walter Quin, a musician in King James's household, and one by Drummond. Thirdly, also dated 1613, was a finished elegy, wholly by Drummond, in six leaves, printed within black borders, and entitled

* The identical place, I believe, was afterwards the shop of the famous Archibald Constable through the greatest time of his publishing career (1795-1823). Here the *Edinburgh Review* was commercially hatched in 1802, after it had been planned by Sydney Smith and others in Jeffrey's residence in Buccleuch Place; and here were the great dealings in Scott's Poems and Novels between him and Constable.

Teares on the Death of Mœliades. This, in fact, is to be reckoned as Drummond's first publication.

The Elegy is in nearly 200 lines of rhymed verse, of the kind called Decasyllabics or Heroics. The form is that of a Pastoral; and we are told in a note that "the name which in these verses is given Prince Henry is that which he himself, in the challenges of his martial sports and mascards, was wont to use: MŒLIADES, *Prince of the Isles;* which, in anagram, maketh MILES A DEO." The versification is really fine, and is much more varied than might be expected from the general measure. Especially there is a very artistic paragraphing, or division into musical parts, helped by the closing of four of the interior paragraphs with this repeated couplet, which also closes the whole elegy:—

> "Mœliades, sweet courtly nymphs, deplore
> From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore."

Altogether, in reading the elegy, one is led to fix on Milton's *Lycidas* as the poem of subsequent celebrity most resembling it, even while so greatly superior to it; and one receives also an impression that Milton must have known it before he wrote *Lycidas.* Not only in the structure, and in certain particular lines and phrases, is this suggested; but, there is something of the same sustained pastoralism, the same poetical tact, the same skill in throwing historical facts into an ideal air. Thus:—

WHAT PRINCE HENRY MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

"Mœliades, O that by Ister's streams,
Amongst shrill-sounding trumpets, flaming gleams
Of warm encrimsoned swords, and cannons' roar,
Balls thick as rain poured by the Caspian shore,
Amongst crushed lances, ringing helms and shields,
Dismembered bodies ravishing the fields
In Turkish blood made red like Mars's star,
Thou ended hadst thy life and Christian war;
Or, as brave Bourbon, thou hadst made old Rome,
Queen of the world, thy triumph's place and tomb!

So Heaven's fair face, to the unborn which reads,
A book had been of thine illustrious deeds;
So to their nephews aged sires had told
The high exploits performed by thee of old—
Towns razed, and raised victorious, vanquished bands,
Fierce tyrants flying foiled, killed by thy hands;
And in dear arras virgins fair had wrought
The bays and trophies to thy country brought;
While some new Homer, imping pens to fame,
Deaf Nilus' dwellers had made hear thy name.
That thou didst not attain those honours' spheres,
It was not want of worth, O no! but years.
A youth more brave pale Troy with trembling walls
Did never see, nor she whose name appals
Both Titans' golden bowers, for bloody fights
Mustering on Mars's field such Mars-like knights.
The heavens had brought thee to the highest height
Of art and courage, showing all their might
When they thee framed. Ay me! that what is brave
On earth they as their own so soon should crave!
Mœliades, sweet courtly nymphs, deplore
From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore."

AN INVITATION TO GENERAL MOURNING.

Chaste Maids which haunt fair Aganippe's well,
And you in Tempe's sacred shade who dwell,
Let fall your harps, cease tunes of joy to sing;
Dishevellèd make all Parnassus ring
With anthems sad: thy music, Phœbus, turn
In doleful plaints, whilst Joy itself doth mourn.
Dead is thy darling, who decored thy bays,
Who oft was wont to cherish thy sweet lays,
And to a trumpet raise thine amorous style,
That floating Delos envy might this Isle.
You Acidalian archers, break your bows,
Your brandons quench, with tears blot beauty's snows,
And bid your weeping mother yet again
A second Adon's death, nay Mars's plain.
His eyes once were your darts; nay, even his name,
Wherever heard, did every heart inflame.
Tagus did court his love with golden streams,
Rhine with his towns, fair Seine with all she claims;
But ah! poor lovers, Death did them betray,
And, not suspected, made their hopes his prey.
Tagus bewails his loss with golden streams,
Rhine with his towns, fair Seine with all she claims.
Mœliades, sweet courtly Nymphs, deplore
From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore."

Perhaps Drummond's elegy on Prince Henry's death, slight as it is, was the most graceful and most intrinsically poetical of all the tributes evoked by the occasion in Great Britain. It is far finer, at all events, than Alexander of Menstrie's, in which that poet seems hardly to have done his best, and of which this is a specimen :—

" How can my heart but burst, while as my thoughts would trace
The great Prince Henry's gallant parts and not-affected grace?
Ah ! that I chanced so long (O worldly pleasure frail !)
To be a witness of the worth which I but live to wail !
How oft have I beheld (a world admiring it)
His martial sports even men amaze, his words bewitch their wit ;
Whose worth did in all minds just admiration breed.
When but a child, more than a man (ah ! too soon-ripe indeed),
Still temperate, active, wise, as born to do great things,
He really shew what he was, a quint-essence of kings,
With stately looks, yet mild ; a majesty humane
Both love and reverence bred at once ; enticed, yet did restrain.
What acting anywhere, he still did grace his part,
A courtly gallant with the King, a stately Prince apart ;
When both together were, O how all hearts were won
A sire so loving to behold, so dutiful a son !

In competition with such verses, though by a poet of established reputation, Drummond's elegy won on the popular taste; and Andro Hart had to print a second edition of it in the same year, and a third in 1614. But, though so much success as this attended Drummond's first publication, there is an interval of more than three years between it and his next. The records enable us to fill up this gap of three years (1613-1616) with two incidents of importance.

The first is the beginning of Drummond's friendship with his rival for the moment in the Prince Henry subject, Alexander of Menstrie. Although Drummond's acquaintance among the Scottish families of his time was large, and there is evidence that he already knew two of the small group of Scots at the English Court who had pretensions to literature—Sir David Murray of Gorthy and Sir Robert Kerr of Ancram—Alexander

and he had not had an opportunity of meeting. The opportunity came, however, in 1614. Alexander had meantime passed into the service of the new heir-apparent, Prince Charles, as gentleman-usher, had received the honour of knighthood, and had been appointed to the post of Master of Requests. With these new dignities, he and Lady Alexander were on one of their visits to Scotland when Drummond, on an excursion from Hawthornden, chanced to pass their house of Menstrie. He describes the result in a letter to some unknown friend. "As "to my long stay in these parts," he says, "ye shall impute it "[rather] to so sociable a company, from whom I am even loth "to depart, than to a wilful neglect of promised coming to you. "Fortune this last day was so favourable as by plain blindness "to acquaint me with that most excellent spirit and rarest gem "of our North, S. W. A. [Sir William Alexander]; for, coming "near his house, I had almost been a Christian father to one "of his children. He accepted me so kindly, and made me so "good an entertainment (which, whatsomever, with him I could "not have thought but good), that I cannot well show. Tables "removed, after Homer's fashion well satiate, he honoured me "so much as to show me his books and papers. This much "I will say, and perchance not without reason dare say: he "hath done more in one *day* than Tasso did all his *life* and "Bartas in his two *weeks*, though both one and the other be "most praiseworthy. I esteemed of him, before I was acquaint "with him, because of his works; but I protest henceforth I "will esteem of his works because of his own good, courteous, "meek disposition. He entreated me to have made longer "stay; and, believe me, I was as sorry to depart as a new-"enamoured lover would be from his mistress."

For the full understanding of this letter it is only necessary to explain that the "papers" of Alexander's which he was so kind as to show to Drummond, and to which Drummond refers enigmatically in such terms of praise, must have been the manuscripts or proof-sheets of a poem which Alexander had long

been engaged on and intended to be his greatest work, and which, when actually published that same year by Andro Hart of Edinburgh, bore the title of *Doom's-Day, or the Great Day of the Lord's Judgment.* It is a very long performance, in eight-line rhyming stanzas, and divided into twelve books, called the "The First Hour," "The Second Hour," &c. Perhaps it *is* Alexander's greatest work, though he himself allowed it in his dedication to be of "too melancholic a nature" for young minds; but I venture to say that, from the date of its publication till now, it has been read through by no mortal, except Sir William himself and three or four readers for the press in divers printing-offices. What does that matter? Talk of the first meeting of Goethe and Schiller, or of this other modern poet with that other modern poet! Have we moderns alone the deliciousness of such first meetings? Could not two people meet for the first time before the eighteenth century? Why, here, two hundred and sixty years ago, in the House of Menstrie, near Alloa in Clackmannanshire, which any one may see to this day, there was a model first meeting of two poets, with a pleasant dinner between them to begin with, and, after the cloth was removed, an infinity of literary chat, and as much inspection as you like of papers and proof-sheets! The elder of the two, Alexander, was thirty-four or thirty-five years of age; the younger, Drummond, was about twenty-eight. Alexander, though rather verbose in his printed remains for our modern tastes, may have been a most agreeable man personally, and full of interesting talk. At all events, he was "the rarest gem of our North" for young Drummond, and Drummond looked up to him admiringly, and prophesied that his *Doom's-Day* would beat all Tasso, or at least the *Divine Weeks and Works* of Bartas.

It is pleasant to add that there was no hypocrisy in all this. There was a real friendship between Drummond and Alexander from this time forward. They continued to take interest in each other's doings; and they corresponded regularly. Thus,

not to anticipate too much at present, there was an immediate exchange of poetic compliments between them, Drummond furnishing Alexander with a commendatory sonnet to be prefixed to his forthcoming *Doom's-Day*, and Alexander furnishing a similar sonnet for the next edition of Drummond's *Mœliades*. Also, besides a letter from Drummond to Alexander, written immediately after their meeting, and showing, in very respectful phraseology, how much he valued the new acquaintance, there are extant two of Alexander's to Drummond, sent from England within the next two years. In the first, dated London, April 12, 1615, and signed "your Loving Brother," Alexander speaks of certain criticisms he had taken the liberty of making on pieces which Drummond had submitted to his judgment; and in the second, dated Newmarket, Feb. 4, 1616, he tells of an interesting conversation he has just had with the King on a point of prosody, and encloses a copy of a Sonnet just composed by his Majesty, with copies of two of his own thereby occasioned. History is such a crush and jumble that we are obliged to forget such things; and, though Alexander's two letters are before me, with the temptation of the Royal sonnet in one of them, and the exact point of prosody about which the King and Alexander conversed at Newmarket, it is not worth while to quote them. What is chiefly of interest for us is that from 1614 onwards Alexander and Drummond were fast friends, calling each other, in pastoral fashion, Alexis and Damon.*

Friendship is great, but Love is greater; and it must have been about the time of the formation of Drummond's friendship

* Drummond's letter to some unnamed friend, describing his first meeting with Alexander, and his first preserved letter to Alexander himself after their meeting, are among those printed by Mr. David Laing from the Hawthornden MSS. (*Arch. Scot.* IV. 83, 84); the two Letters referred to from Alexander to Drummond are in the 1711 Edition of Drummond's Works (pp. 149, 150).—There remains, I should say, some little doubt as to the exact date of the first meeting of the two poets. Drummond's letter about their first meeting is not dated; from various circumstances, one would have

with Sir William Alexander that he was in the midst of an affair of far deeper consequence in his biography, though the recollection of the details of it is more hazy. The substance is given but curtly in the Memoir of Drummond prefixed to the collected edition of his works in 1711, when it would have been comparatively easy for the biographer, whether Bishop Sage or Thomas Ruddiman, if either of them had taken the trouble, to recover all the particulars. "Notwithstanding his close retirement and serious application to his studies," says the Memoir, "Love stole in upon him, and did entirely captivate his heart; "for he was on a sudden highly enamoured of a fine, beautiful "young Lady, daughter to Cunningham of Barns, an ancient "and honourable family. He met with suitable returns of "chaste love from her, and fully gained her affections; but, "when the day for the marriage was appointed, and all things "ready for the solemnization of it, she took a fever, and was "suddenly snatched away by it, to his great grief and sorrow." To this we may add that Barns, the seat of that family of Cunninghams to which the young lady belonged, is near Crail in Fifeshire, on the side of the Firth of Forth opposite to that on which Edinburgh and Hawthornden stand; that the direct distance of Barns from Hawthornden aslant the Firth is thirty miles or more; that Drummond had first seen the young lady on some visit of his to Fifeshire, not at Barns itself, but on the banks of the Ore Water, somewhat nearer Edinburgh; that the wooing, its difficulties, and the betrothal, may have spread over a year or two, during a portion of which time the young lady seems to have resided in Edinburgh or elsewhere on Drummond's own side of the Firth; and that the terrible blow of her death must have occurred in or near 1615.

supposed it earlier than 1614 by at least a year or two; and in Drummond's *Mœliades*, published in 1613, there is an allusion to Alexander under the name of Alexis, not necessarily implying personal acquaintance, but rather suggesting it. The reason for fixing on 1614 is that in Drummond's letter about the meeting he calls Alexander distinctly *Sir* W. A., and Alexander, if I may trust the usual authorities, had not that promotion till 1614.

So much for the prosaic particulars of time and place, as they have been preserved more uncertainly than might be wished. For the rest, Drummond himself, through a large portion of his writings, is the historian of his love-suit and of the effects of the bereavement upon his mind and life. For, though the old memoir is right in saying that "the grief for the death of his mistress" was unusually profound, and left in him a settled melancholy, it is demonstrably wrong in the statement that the immediate effect was to drive him abroad for eight long years of foreign peregrinations. He did go abroad again, but not now, nor for a good while to come. On the contrary, he seems to have shut himself up more closely than ever in Hawthornden, brooding on his sorrow, and telling it over and over to himself in verse, with a resolution to tell it also in that form to the world. In 1616, at all events, there appeared his second publication, entitled, *Poems: Amorous, Funerall, Divine, Pastorall: in Sonnets, Songs, Sextains, Madrigals: By W. D., Author of the Teares on the Death of Mœliades.* This, like the former, was published by Andro Hart. It was in such demand that a "second impression" was called for the same year, in which the title was simplified into *Poems: By William Drummond, of Hawthorne-Denne.**

This second Book of Drummond's may be called a Memorial of his Love and his Sorrow. For, though a portion of the con-

* Only one copy of the First Edition is known to exist now (*Lowndes's Bibl. by Bohn*). In the Maitland Club Edition of Drummond's Poetical Works the reprint is from the Second Impression. The old memoir, besides being wrong in the particular statement mentioned in the text, seems altogether to misdate Drummond's love-affair and the death of his betrothed; for it does not bring in that incident until it has mentioned writings of Drummond's which did not appear till 1623, thus suggesting, though not positively asserting, that the love-affair came after that date. As usual, subsequent memoirs have lazily followed the old one; so that, in all sketches of Drummond's life known to me, you are at and past the year 1623 before you hear a word of Drummond's love and of poor Miss Cunningham of Barns. Any ordinary reading of Drummond's own poetry would have shown that this was a post-dating by at least seven years, and that Drummond was known to the world in the character of a bereaved lover, celebrating his mistress, and lamenting her death, in 1616.

tents consists of a kind of Appendix of miscellaneous Madrigals, Epigrams, Sextains, and Sonnets, which may have been written at various times from his boyhood, some of them of a witty turn, one or two rather worse than witty, but almost all exhibiting Drummond's sweetness and clear softness of language, the real matter is found in what are distinguished as the "Poems" by special title, occupying the first three-fourths of the volume, and divided into two "Parts." On reading these two Parts consecutively, one finds that "The First Part" is a history of Drummond's love, with a celebration of the beauties and graces of his mistress while she was yet alive, and that "The Second Part" (though a reprint of *Mœliades* is included in it) comes as a fell sequel, commemorating his desolation and sorrow.

For a little history of love and its painful deliciousness there is nothing sweeter than the Poems of the First Part. Ranging among them as a whole, in any order, the reader has a version of the old, old story, good for any time, and requiring for scenery only woods, groves, a stream, a seashore, and a pair of lovers. Should he want to chronologize them, however, so as to see more precisely the story of the loves of the young Laird of Hawthornden and the beautiful Miss Cunningham of Barns, there is no difficulty:—First we see Drummond heart-whole, a reader and versifier about Love from his boyhood, but, as he says, in awful ignorance of the truth. He is happy in his lot and in Hawthornden.

"Dear wood, and you, sweet solitary place,
Where from the vulgar I estranged live,
Contented more with what your shades me give
Than if I had what Thetis doth embrace,
What snaky eye, grown jealous of my peace,
Now from your silent horrors would me drive,
When Sun, progressing in his glorious race
Beyond the Twins, doth near our pole arrive?
What sweet delight a quiet life affords,
And what it is to be of bondage free,
Far from the madding worldlings' hoarse discords,
Sweet flowery place, I first did learn of thee.
Ah! if I were mine own, your dear resorts
I would not change for princes' stately courts."

But by this time he is *not* his own. A fair volume, the volume of his fate, has been set before his eyes, convincing him of the absurdity of all his rhymings of Love hitherto, and teaching him the real mystery.

"That learned Grecian, who did so excel
In knowledge passing sense that he is named
Of all the after worlds Divine, doth tell
That at the time when first our souls are framed,
Ere in these mansions blind they come to dwell,
They live bright rays of that eternal light,
And others see, know, love, in Heaven's great height,
Not soiled with aught to reason doth rebel.
Most true it is; for straight at the first sight
My mind me told that in some other place
It elsewhere saw the idea of that face
And loved a love of heavenly pure delight.
No wonder now I feel so fair a flame,
Sith I her loved ere on this Earth she came."

In another sonnet he tells that the spot of this first blessed vision was by the Ore in Fifeshire. He enumerates, in a splendid list, all the famous rivers of the world, and concludes that not all of them together

"Have ever had so rare a cause of praise
As Ora, where this northern Phœnix stays."

There is much about her exquisite beauty. Thus:—

"Vaunt not, fair Heavens, of your two glorious lights,
Which, though most bright, yet see not when they shine,
And shining cannot show their beams divine
Both in one place, but part by days and nights;
Earth, vaunt not of those treasures ye enshrine,
Held only dear because hid from our sights,
Your pure and burnished gold, your diamonds fine,
Snow-passing ivory that the eye delights;
Nor, Seas, of those dear wares are in you found;
Vaunt not rich pearl, red coral, which do stir
A fond desire in fools to plunge your ground.
Those all more fair are to be had in her:
Pearl, ivory, coral, diamond, suns, gold,
Teeth, neck, lips, heart, eyes, hair, are to behold."

Again :—

"All other beauties, howsoe'er they shine
In hairs more bright than is the golden ore,
Or cheeks more fair than fairest eglantine,
Or hands like hers that comes the sun before,
Matched with that heavenly hue and shape divine,
With those dear stars that my weak thoughts adore,
Look but like shadows ; or, if they be more,
It is in that that they are like to thine.
Who sees those eyes, their force and doth not prove,
Who gazeth on the dimple of that chin,
And finds not Venus' son entrenched therein,
Or hath not sense or knows not how to love.
To see thee had Narcissus had the grace,
He sure had died with wondering on thy face."

Of the effects upon him of this new sense of feminine beauty, the tumult and wild longing it awoke within him, there is a semi-mystical allegory in an interpolated little poem. On a summer-day, in a wood surrounding a part of the flowery banks and sweet meanderings of the Ora, he falls asleep and has a dream. Out of a myrtle-bush there seem to burst on his sight three nymphs, the representatives of beauty at its freest, but one the paragon. They run across the verdure, and plunge into the stream, which half veils them. He is riveted by the contemplation, and would be riveted for ever, nothing doubting, when lo! a whirring of wheels, and the vision of a golden chariot, hooded with scarlet, in which sat a lady of august and awe-compelling mien. Straight to the banks of the stream the chariot is driven, and then away again, the three beauties caught up into it lightly, and lost to the view. Whirled away whither? Ah! to the Tower of Maiden Modesty, standing high on a rock of shining crystal, ample, gorgeous, open to all the heaven, nothing concealed, its arches of sparkling topaz, its walls all one window, but the passage to it barred by two flaming hills, a narrow bridge and gate the sole entrance, and these defended by a moat flooded with the inky tears of lovers.——The meaning of all which it is not difficult to discern. He was deliriously in love; but O! should the loved

one ever be his? There were difficulties, it seems, difficulties of various kinds, but chiefly in the young lady herself. Sometimes, indeed, she is near and gracious, and there seems hope. Thus:—

"O sacred blush, impurpling cheeks' pure skies
With crimson wings which spread thee like the morn!
O bashful look, sent from those shining eyes,
Which, though cast down on earth, couldst heaven adorn!
O tongue, in which most luscious nectar lies,
That can at once both bless and make forlorn!
Dear coral lip, which beauty beautifies,
That trembling stood ere that her words were born;
And you her words! words! no, but golden chains!"

Again, once when she stood in a garden, fingering flowers:—

"The winds and trees amazed
With silence on her gazed;
The flowers did smile, like those upon her face;
And, as their aspen stalks those fingers band,
That she might read my case,
A hyacinth I wished me in her hand."

Once he sees her in a boat on the Forth:—

"Slide soft, fair Forth, and make a crystal plain;
Cut your white locks, and on your foamy face
Let not a wrinkle be, when you embrace
The boat that earth's perfections doth contain."

At other times all is doubtful:—

"I joy, though oft my waking eyes spend tears;
I never want delight, even when I groan,
Best companied when I am most alone;
A heaven of hopes I have midst hells of fears."

Once the case is dreadful:—

"The Hyperborean hills, Ceraunus' show,
Or Arimaspus cruel, first thee bred;
The Caspian tigers with their milk thee fed,
And Fauns did human blood on thee bestow;
Fierce Orithya's lover in thy bed
Thee lulled asleep, where he enraged doth blow;
Thou did'st not drink the floods which here do flow,

But tears, or those by icy Tanais' head.
Sith thou disdains my love, neglects my grief,
Laughs at my groans, and still affects my death,
Of thee, nor heaven, I'll seek no more relief,
Nor longer entertain this loathsome breath,
But yield unto my star, that thou may'st prove
What loss thou hadst in losing such a love."

From this depth there is again a rebound, and all is ecstasy and gladness:—

"Phœbus, arise,
And paint the sable skies
With azure, white and red;
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tithon's bed,
That she thy cariere may with roses spread;
The nightingales thy coming eachwhere sing;
Make an eternal spring
Give life to this dark world which lieth dead;
Spread forth thy golden hair
In larger locks than thou wast wont before,
And, emperor-like, decore
With diadem of pearl thy temples fair;
Chase hence the ugly night,
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.
This is that happy morn,
That day, long wishèd day,
Of all my life so dark
(If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn,
And fates not hope betray)
Which, only white, deserves
A diamond for ever it should mark;
This is the morn should bring into this grove
My love, to hear and recompense my love."

Absence is one great torture; and the closing pieces of "The First Part" are the plaints of some one long period of absence, she by the banks of the Ora again, and he left at Hawthornden. He counts the nights that have passed since the parting; he looks at the deserted window that had shrined the dear image; he converses mournfully with a tress of her hair. Finally, this is the message which he sends across the Firth:—

"Tritons, which bounding dive
Through Neptune's liquid plain,

When as ye shall arrive
With tilting tides where silver Ora plays,
And to your King his watery tribute pays,
Tell how I dying live,
And burn in midst of all the coldest main."

Suddenly the black curtain falls, and we are in a world of woe. An interval has to be supposed, that dismal, unthinkable interval of the illness, the death, the burial somewhere, the numb, dumb, senseless anguish. That is past when "The Second Part" opens; the fountains of words are again unlocked; and it is to such strains as these that we listen:—

"Those eyes, those sparkling sapphires of delight,
Which thousand thousand hearts did set on fire,
Which made that eye of heaven that brings the light
Oft jealous stay amazed them to admire;
That living snow, those crimson roses bright,
Those pearls, those rubies, which did breed desire,
Those locks of gold, that purple fair of Tyre,
Are wrapt, ay me! up in eternal night.
What hast thou more to vaunt of, wretched world,
Sith she who cursèd thee made blest is gone?
Thine ever-burning lamps, rounds ever whorled,
Can unto thee not model such a one:
For if they would such beauty bring on earth
They should be forced again to give her birth."

"As in a dusky and tempestuous night
A star is wont to spread her locks of gold,
And, while her pleasant rays abroad are rolled,
Some spiteful cloud doth rob us of her sight,
Fair soul, in this black age so shined thou bright,
And made all eyes with wonder thee behold,
Till ugly Death, depriving us of light,
In his grim, misty arms thee did enfold."

"Sad Damon, being come
To that forever lamentable tomb,
Which those eternal powers that all control
Unto his living soul
A melancholy prison had prescrived,
Of hue, of heat, of motion quite deprived,
In arms weak, trembling, cold,
A marble he, the marble did enfold."

"This world is made a hell,
Deprived of all that in it did excel.
O Pan, Pan, winter is fallen in our May;
Turned is in night our day."

"Sweet soul, which in the April of thy years
So to enrich the heaven mad'st poor this round,
And now, with golden rays of glory crowned,
Most blest abid'st above the sphere of spheres,
If heavenly laws, alas! have not thee bound
From looking to this globe that all upbears,
If ruth and pity there above be found,
O deign to lend a look unto these tears.
Do not disdain, dear ghost, this sacrifice;
And, though I raise not pillars to thy praise,
Mine offerings take. Let this for me suffice:
My heart a living pyramid I raise;
And, whilst kings' tombs with laurels flourish green,
Thine shall with myrtles and these flowers be seen."

"I have nought left to wish: my hopes are dead;
And all with her beneath a marble laid."

Before the actual close of this series of melancholy ditties, there is a poem intended to suggest the beginning, at least, of a slow recovery of reason and spirit out of the depths of his misery. A celestial figure appears to him in a dream, remonstrates with him on his persistence in such unmanly and useless grieving, tells him of the beatified condition of the beloved, and calls upon him to fix his regards on all the unseen entities of that great world which now contains her, and to pursue his duties in the world of his present pilgrimage in the spirit of one chastened and dedicated to the service of the Highest. In consistency with this, one observes, after the whole series of the Love Poems proper, though included in the same Second Part which contains those of his despair, a little group separately entitled "Urania, or Spiritual Poems," and consisting of Sonnets and other pieces in a strain of devout religiousness, and one of them a Hymn of Prayer. With all this, however, the impression of the previous poems of agony and broken-heartedness remains the final one; so that, construing the latest

contents of the volume of 1616 into an image of the author's mental state in that year, we have to fancy him wandering about Hawthornden woods, or alternating between Hawthornden and Edinburgh, haggard and disconsolate, an object of pity to all who knew of his recent calamity. By way of historical coincidence, it may be noted that it was the year of Shakespeare's death at Stratford-on-Avon.

There *may* have been an intention by Drummond of a foreign journey at this time to divert his thoughts from things too near; but, if so, it was either not carried into effect, or the absence can have been but for a few months. For not only was he in Scotland through a great part of 1616, as we have had evidence; but he was certainly in Scotland in the early part of 1617, and then, despite his melancholy, in the midst of a bustle which agitated the whole country, or at least the whole of the Lowlands.

After an absence of fourteen years King James had resolved to revisit his native land. The effects of the announcement all over Scotland may be imagined. Not only was all the officialism, all the magistracy, of poor old Scotland stirred; but there was a commotion among the poets, fiddlers, orators, jewellers, portrait-painters, scene-decorators, tailors, mercers, drapers, and all artists whatsoever. All got their implements ready, that they might do their very best. At last the great event came to pass. On the 13th of May, 1617, James crossed the border at Berwick; on the 16th he entered Edinburgh; and he remained in Scotland till about the end of July, making a progress which included Linlithgow, Stirling, Dunfermline, Falkland, Perth, Cupar, St. Andrews, Dundee, Montrose, Paisley, Glasgow, and Dumfries. Of course, Edinburgh had most of him; and here he held a Parliament in person, where much was done openly, besides what was done privately, towards the accomplishment of one of the objects of his visit—the confirmation and extension of the Episcopal system of Church-government in Scotland, and

the introduction of Anglican ceremonies of worship. Round about these graver matters, and intertwined with them, one may guess the amount of pageanting, banqueting, and speechifying. The literary memorials of the occasion, in the shape of the speeches and addresses of welcome at the different towns, and the Latin, Greek, and other poems that were furbished up by local scholars and wits, exist in an elaborately edited folio volume, called Τα των Μουσων Εισοδια; *The Muses' Welcome to the High and Mighty &c., &c.*, published at Edinburgh in the following year.——Perhaps the drollest portion of the contents is an account of a formal Disputation for his Majesty's entertainment by the Professors of the University of Edinburgh. Actually, he had all of them out to Stirling Castle for the purpose on the 19th of July, where they had to fight before him in Latin for a whole evening, in the established academic style, like game-cocks in gowns, on certain selected questions for debate. Occasionally he struck in himself; and at the end, after supper, when they were brought in to be thanked, he complimented them before his courtiers thus: "Methinks these gentlemen, "by their very names, have been destined for the part which "they have performed to-day. *Adam* was the first father of all, "and therefore very fitly Adamson [Mr. John Adamson, an "ex-Professor whom Principal Charteris had deputed to preside "for him on the occasion] had the first part in this act. The "defender is justly called Fairly [Mr. James Fairly, one of the "Regents]: his theses had some *fairlies*, and he sustained "them very *fairly*, and with many *fair lies* given to his "opponents. And why should not Mr. Sands [Mr. Patrick "Sands, an ex-Regent] be the first to enter the *sands?* But "now I clearly see that all *sands* are not barren, for certainly "he hath shown a fertile wit. Mr. Young [Mr. Andrew "Young, one of the Regents] is very *old* in Aristotle; and Mr. "Reid [Mr. James Reid, another Regent] need not be *red* "with blushing for his acting to-day. Mr. King [Mr. William "King, another Regent] disputed very *kingly*, and of a *kingly*

"purpose, concerning the royal supremacy of reason over anger "and all passions." No notice having been taken of the Principal of the University, Mr. Henry Charteris, who, though he had shrunk from appearing in the debate, was one of the company, and the King having been reminded of this by some one, the omission was at once remedied thus: "Well, his "name agreeth very well with his nature; for *charters* contain "much matter, yet say nothing, but put great purposes in "men's mouths." Whatever may have been thought of these royal compliments by their recipients, what followed made amends. "I am so satisfied" continued his Majesty, "with "this day's exercise, that I will be god-father to the College of "Edinburgh, and have it called THE COLLEGE OF KING JAMES; "for, after the foundation of it had been stopped for several "years in my minority, as soon as I came to any knowledge, I "zealously held hand to it, and caused it to be established. "And, although many look upon it with an evil eye, yet I will "have them to know that, having given it this name, I have "espoused its quarrel." To the extent of giving the University the benefit of his name, he was as good as his word; for he forwarded from Paisley, July 25, 1617, a letter to the Magistrates and Town Council of Edinburgh, ordering it to be called thenceforth THE COLLEGE OF KING JAMES.*

Drummond, who may have been drawn from his retirement by the whirl and excitement of the King's Visit to Scotland, and involved in it to some small extent personally, thought it his duty, at all events, not to be wanting with his own particular tribute of respect. Accordingly, by far the finest literary product of the Visit was a longish English Poem of his in

* The actual speeches in the disputation, by Adamson, Sands, Young, Reid, and King, are given in *The Muses' Welcome*, pp. 221-231; but the King's punning colloquy at supper is only generally described there, and its substance given in a set of English verses, and three Latin versions of the same, written, by way of report, by some of the learned auditors. I take the extended prose report of his Majesty's discourse from Dalzel's *History of the University of Edinburgh*, II., 67, 68.

which he represented the River Forth and all her region as rejoicing and vocal with the unusual honour. *Forth Feasting: A Panegyric to the King's Most Excellent Majesty* is the title of the Poem. Though afterwards included in the general collection of the Memorials of the Visit, it was separately published at Edinburgh in 1617, and, of course, by Andro Hart. By this time, indeed, one begins to connect the old printer with Drummond, and to fancy Drummond's lounges in Andro Hart's shop in the High Street, for the purpose of looking over Hart's books, and especially the foreign books which he imported, as one of his weekly recreations. "Weel, Hawthornden, and hoo are you the day?" we seem to hear the old printer saying to him regularly every time he dropped in.

Forth Feasting will be sufficiently described by four extracts:—

THE FORTH'S INVITATION TO THE SCOTTISH STREAMS AND LAKES.

"And you, my Nymphs, rise from your moist repair;
Strew all your springs and grots with lilies fair:
Some swiftest-footed get her hence and pray
Our floods and lakes come keep this holiday:—
Whate'er beneath Albania's hills do run,
Which see the rising or the setting sun,
Which drink stern Grampius' mists or Ochils' snows:
Stone-rolling Tay, Tyne tortoise-like that flows,
The pearly Don, the Dees, the fertile Spey,
Wild Navern, which doth see our longest day,
Ness smoking sulphur, Leven with mountains crowned,
Strange Lomond for his floating isles renowned,
The Irish Ryan, Ken, the silver Ayr,
The snaky Doune, the Ore with rushy hair,
The crystal-streaming Nid, loud-bellowing Clyde,
Tweed, which no more our kingdoms shall divide,
Rank-swelling Annan, Lid with curled streams,
The Esks, the Solway where they lose their names:
To every one proclaim our joys and feasts,
Our triumphs; bid all come and be our guests."

SKETCH OF KING JAMES'S LIFE.

'When years thee vigour gave, O then how clear
Did smothered sparkles in bright flames appear!
Amongst the woods to force a flying hart,

To pierce the mountain-wolf with feathered dart,
See falcons climb the clouds, the fox ensnare,
Outrun the wind-outrunning dædal hare,
To loose a trampling steed alongst a plain,
And in meandering gyres him bring again,
The press thee making place, were vulgar things.
In admiration's air, on glory's wings,
O! thou far from the common pitch didst rise,
With thy designs to dazzle Envy's eyes!
Thou sought'st to know this All's eternal source;
Of ever-turning heavens the restless course,
Their fixèd eyes, their lights which wandering run:
Whence Moon her silver hath, his gold the Sun;
If Destine be or no, if planets can
By fierce aspécts force the free will of man;
The light and spiring fire, the liquid air,
The flaming dragons, comets with red hair,
Heaven's tilting lances, artillery and bow,
Loud-sounding trumpets, darts of hail and snow,
The roaring element with people dumb,
The Earth, with what conceived is in her womb,
What on her moves, were set unto thy sight,
Till thou didst find their causes, essence, might.
But unto nought thou so thy mind didst strain
As to be read in man and learn to reign,
To know the weight and Atlas of a crown,
To spare the humble, proudlings pester down.
When from those piercing cares which thrones invest,
As thorns the rose, thou wearied wouldst thee rest,
With lute in hand, full of celestial fire,
To the Pierian groves thou didst retire:
There, garlanded with all Urania's flowers,
In sweeter lays than builded Thebæ's towers,
Or them which charmed the dolphins in the main,
Or which did call Eurydice again,
Thou sung'st away the hours, till from their sphere
Stars seemed to shoot, thy melody to hear.
The god with golden hair, the sister maids,
Left nymphal Helicon, their Tempe's shades,
To see thine Isle; here lost their native tongue,
And in thy world-divided language sung."

JAMES'S PEACEFUL REIGN.

"That murder, rapine, lust, are fled to hell,
And in their rooms with us the Graces dwell,
That honour more than riches men respect,
That worthiness than gold doth more effect,
That piety unmaskèd shows her face,

That innocency keeps with power her place,
That long-exiled Astræa leaves the heaven,
And useth right her sword, her weights holds even,
That the Saturnian world is come again,
Are wished effects of thy most happy reign.
That daily peace, love, truth, delights, increase,
And discord, hate, fraud, with encumbers cease,
That men use strength not to shed others' blood,
But use their strength now to do others good.
That fury is enchained, disarmèd wrath,
That, save by Nature's hand, there is no death,
That late grim foes like brothers other love,
That vultures prey not on the harmless dove,
That wolves with lambs do friendship entertain,
Are wished effects of thy most happy reign.
That towns increase, that ruined temples rise,
And their wind-moving vanes plant in the skies,
That ignorance and sloth hence run away,
That buried arts now rouse them to the day,
That Hyperion far beyond his bed
Doth see our lions ramp, our roses spread,
That Iber courts us, Tiber not us charms,
That Rhine with hence-brought beams his bosom warms,
That evil us fear and good us do maintain,
Are wished effects of thy most happy reign."

PRAYER TO JAMES TO REMAIN IN SCOTLAND.

"O! long, long haunt these bounds, which by thy sight
Have now regained their former heat and light!
Here grow green woods, here silver brooks do glide,
Here meadows stretch them out, with painted pride
Embroidering all the banks; here hills aspire
To crown their heads with the ethereal fire—
Hills, bulwarks of our freedom, giant walls,
Which never fremdling's slight nor sword made thralls;
Each circling flood to Thetis tribute pays;
Men here in health outlive old Nestor's days;
Grim Saturn yet amongst our rocks remains,
Bound in our caves with many-metaled chains;
Our flocks fair fleeces bear, with which for sport
Endymion of old the moon did court;
High-palmèd harts amidst our forests run,
And, not impaled, the deep-mouthed hounds do shun;
The rough-foot hare him in our bushes shrouds,
And long-winged hawks do perch amidst our clouds.
The wanton wood-nymphs of the verdant spring
Blue, golden, purple flowers shall to thee bring;
Pomona's fruits the panisks; Thetis' girls

Thy Thule's amber with the ocean pearls;
The Tritons, herdsmen of the glassy field,
Shall give thee what far-distant shores can yield,
The Serian fleeces, Erythrean gems,
Vast Plata's silver, gold of Peru streams,
Antarctic parrots, Ethiopian plumes,
Sabæan odours, myrrh, and sweet perfumes;
And I myself, wrapt in a watchet gown,
Of reeds and lilies on my head a crown,
Shall incense to thee burn, green altars raise,
And yearly sing due pæans to thy praise."

Naturally, one stumbles a little now over such panegyric on King James. The contrast between such passages and what is now universally felt and written about the same king might check our modern flatterers and make living princes shudder. The Scottish Solomon, however, had some good confused qualities, which could perhaps be construed into "great" while he shambled about alive; and Drummond, when he wrote so, under the license of the poetic form, and amid the pageantry of a patriotic occasion, need not be thought of as even smilingly dishonest. How did Bacon speak and write of James, and how had Shakespeare himself written poetically of him at the end of his *King Henry VIII?*

Drummond's panegyric was at least disinterested. No honour or emolument came to him from King James's visit, and none had been expected. More fortunate in this respect was his brother-in-law, Mr. John Scot, the Director of the Scottish Chancery. This gentleman and lawyer, whom we left in 1610 as Mr. John Scot of Knightspottie, in Perthshire, had been getting on in the world since then, and no longer bore that inherited designation. In October 1611, being then only twenty-five years of age, he had obtained a charter of the lands of Overtown, Nethertown, Caiplie, and Pitcorthie, in Fifeshire; in November of the same year he had obtained a charter of the lands and barony of Tarvet, in the same county, with a strong old tower on the lands, which is still extant; and, after wavering about for a new collective name for all this acquired property,

and contenting himself apparently for some time with the translation of his title from "Scot of Knightspottie" to "Scot of Caiplie," he had conceived the bright idea of combining the name *Scot* with the name *Tarvet*, and re-christening all his Fifeshire lands as *Scotstarvet*. This having been at length duly confirmed by legal ceremonial, he becomes henceforth for us, as he has long been in Scottish memory, "Scot of Scotstarvet." Nay, but there was more. The King's visit of 1617, bringing honours to so many of his countrymen, did not leave *him* undistinguished. He had knighthood conferred upon him, and was appointed one of his Majesty's Scottish Privy Council. He, therefore, became "Sir John Scot of Scotstarvet," and his wife, the Poet's sister, became Lady of Scotstarvet. Several sons and daughters of a total family of nine had already been born to them. When Drummond visited Scotstarvet, near Cupar, it was but a good forenoon's walk to Barns, between Crail and Kilrenny, where the beautiful Miss Cunningham had lived, or to the banks of the Ore Water, where he had first met her.

CHAPTER V.

DRUMMOND'S POETRY: FARTHER SPECIMENS, WITH A CRITICISM.

1617—1618.

THE year 1617, which we have now reached, is a convenient stopping-place in Drummond's life, and gives pause for a little critical enquiry. At the age of thirty-one, by three several publications in Edinburgh, he may be said now to have offered himself, however modestly, into that fraternity of English poets proper, into which, by the votes of its London committee of chiefs, only Sir William Alexander, and perhaps Sir Robert Aytoun, of his contemporary fellow-countrymen, had been admitted before him. What was likely to be the judgment on these offered poems of a new candidate, these strains from Hawthornden? Before trying to answer this question, it is right, in justice to Drummond, to have a few more specimens from him before us. What has been already quoted is available as evidence; but, as most of those passages have been quoted for biographic and historic reasons, they do not exhibit Drummond fully in his intellectual and poetical character, and it is right that we should see him in a few more extracts that may supply the deficiency:—

SONNET.

"The Sun is fair, when he with crimson crown
And flaming rubies leaves his eastern bed;
Fair is Thaumantia in her crystal gown,
When clouds engemmed hang azure, white, and red;
To western worlds when wearied day goes down,
And from Heaven's windows each star shows her head,
Earth's silent daughter, Night, is fair, though brown;

Fair is the Moon, though in love's livery clad;
Fair Chloris is when she doth paint Aprile;
Fair are the meads, the woods; the floods are fair;
Fair looketh Ceres with her yellow hair,
And apples' Queen when rose-cheeked she doth smile.
That Heaven and Earth and Seas are fair is true;
Yet true that all please not so much as you."

ADDRESS TO THE DEAD PRINCE.

"Dear Ghost, forgive these our untimely tears,
By which our loving mind, though weak, appears;
Our loss, not thine, when we complain, we weep.
For thee the glistering walls of Heaven do keep
Beyond the Planets' wheels, above that source
Of Spheres that turns the lower in its course;
Where Sun doth never set, nor ugly Night
Ever appears in mourning garments dight;
Where Boreas' stormy trumpet doth not sound,
Nor clouds, in lightning bursting, minds astound.
From care's cold climates far and hot desire,
Where time is banished, ages ne'er expire,
Amongst pure sprites environèd with beams,
Thou think'st all things below to be but dreams,
And joy'st to look down to the azured bars
Of Heaven, indented all with streaming stars,
And in their turning temples to behold
In silver robe the Moon, the Sun in gold,
Like young eye-speaking lovers in a dance,
With majesty by turns retire, advance.
Thou wonder'st Earth to see hang like a ball,
Closed in the ghastly cloister of this All;
And that poor men should grow so madly fond
To toss themselves for a small foot of ground;
Nay, that they even dare brave the powers above
From this base stage of change that cannot move."

Mœliades.

A KISS.

"Hark, happy lovers, hark!
This first and last of joys,
This sweetener of annoys,
This nectar of the gods
Ye call a kiss, is with itself at odds,
And half so sweet is not
In equal measure got
At light of sun as it is in the dark:
Hark, happy lovers, hark!"

A VISION IN A WOOD.

"As more I would have said,
A sound of whirling wheels me all dismayed,
And with the sound forth from the timorous bushes,
With storm-like course, a sumptuous chariot rushes,
A chariot all of gold: the wheels were gold,
The nails and axle gold on which it rolled;
The upmost part a scarlet veil did cover."

Poem, entitled "A Song."

SONNET.

"With flaming horns the Bull now brings the year;
Melt do the mountains' horrid helms of snow;
The silver floods in pearly channels flow;
The late bare woods green anadems do wear;
The nightingale, forgetting winter's woe,
Calls up the lazy morn her notes to hear;
There flowers are spread which names of princes bear,
Some red, some azure, white, and golden grow;
Here lows a heifer, there baa-wailing strays
A harmless lamb, not far a stag rebounds;
The shepherds sing to grazing flocks sweet lays,
And all about the echoing air resounds.
Hills, dales, woods, floods, and everything doth change;
But she in rigour, I in love am strange."

SCRAP.

"If this vain world be but a sable stage
Where slave-born man plays to the scoffing stars."

From a Sonnet.

THE MEETING-PLACE.

"Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise;
If that ye, winds, would hear
A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,
Your stormy chiding stay;
Let Zephyr only breathe,
And with her tresses play,
Kissing sometimes these purple ports of Death.
The winds all silent are;
And Phœbus in his chair,
Ensaffroning sea and air,
Makes vanish every star;
Night like a drunkard reels
Beyond the hills to shun his flaming wheels;

The fields with flowers are decked in every hue;
The clouds bespangle with bright gold their blue;
Here is the pleasant place,
And everything save her who all should grace."

From "A Song."

SONNET.

"What doth it serve to see Sun's burning face,
And skies enamelled with both Indies' gold,
Or Moon at night in jetty chariot rolled,
And all the glory of that starry place?
What doth it serve Earth's beauty to behold,
The mountain's pride, the meadow's flowery grace,
The stately comeliness of forests old,
The sport of floods which would themselves embrace?
What doth it serve to hear the Sylvans' songs,
The wanton merle, the nightingale's sad strains,
Which in dark shades seem to deplore my wrongs?
For what doth serve all that this world contains,
Sith she for whom those once to me were dear
No part of them can have now with me here?"

THE VANITY OF LIFE.

"And tell me, thou who dost so much admire
This little vapour, smoke, this spark or fire,
Which life is called, what doth it thee bequeath
But some few years which birth draws out to death?
Which if thou paragon with lustres run,
And them whose cariere is but now begun,
In Day's great vast they shall far less appear
Than with the sea when matchèd is a tear.
But why wouldst thou here longer wish to be?
One year doth serve all Nature's pomp to see;
Nay, even one day and night. This Moon, that Sun,
Those lesser fires about this round which run,
Be but the same which under Saturn's reign
Did the serpenting seasons interchain.
How oft doth life grow less by living long!
And what excelleth but what dieth young?"

From a Poem, entitled "A Song."

SONNET.

"If with such passing beauty, choice delights,
The Architect of this great round did frame
This palace visible which World we name,
Yet silly mansion but of mortal wights,

How many wonders, what amazing lights,
Must that triumphing seat of glory claim
Which doth transcend all this great All's high heights,
Of whose bright sun ours here is but a beam!
O blest abode! O happy dwelling-place!
Where visibly the Invisible doth reign!
Blest people, who do see true beauty's face,
With whose fair dawnings He but earth doth deign,
All joy is but annoy, all concord strife,
Matched with your endless bliss and happy life."

A PRAYER.

"Great God, whom we with humble thoughts adore,
Eternal, Infinite, Almighty King,
Whose palace heaven transcends, whose throne before
Archangels serve and Seraphim do sing;
Of nought who wrought all that with wondering eyes
We do behold within this spacious round;
Who mak'st the rocks to rock, and stand the skies;
At whose command the horrid thunders sound;
Ah! spare us worms; weigh not how we, alas!
Evil to ourselves, against Thy laws rebel:
Wash off those spots which still in conscience' glass,
Though we be loth to look, we see too well.
Deserved revenge O do not, do not take.
If Thou revenge, what shall abide Thy blow?
Pass shall this world, this world which Thou didst make,
Which should not perish till thy trumpet blow.
For who is he whom parents' sin not stains,
Or with his own offence is not defiled?
Though Justice ruin threaten, Justice' reins
Let Mercy hold, and be both just and mild."

From "Spiritual Poems."

PHILLIS.

"In petticoat of green,
Her hair about her eyne,
Phillis beneath an oak
Sat milking her fair flock:
Among that strained moisture, rare delight!
Her hand seemed milk in milk, it was so white."

SONNET.

"My lute, be as thou wast when thou didst grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove,
When immelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds on thee their ramage did bestow.

Sith that dear voice which did thy sounds approve,
Which used in such harmonious strains to flow,
Is reft from earth to tune those spheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?
Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphan wailings to the fainting ear;
Each stop a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear:
Be therefore silent as in woods before;
Or, if that any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widowed turtle still her loss complain."

How do these and the previous passages that have been quoted from Drummond strike us in respect of poetic merit? How, in particular, do they strike us in comparison with that aggregate of English poetry in James's reign into the midst of which they came?

Not badly, by any means! "Very fairly," we may say, raising the estimate. "They are extremely good," we may say, still rising in our appreciation, "though they fall short of the highest, and the fit of the wording to the metre and rhyme is sometimes both forced and slack." So much by way of general impression; but one may venture on an observation or two more specific and incisive:—

1. What strikes us throughout in Drummond's pieces is the combination of a certain poetic *sensuousness*, or delight in the beauty of scenery, colours, forms, and sounds, with a tender and rather elevated *thoughtfulness*. "Warm encrimsoned swords," "golden bowers," "Hydaspes' pearly shore," "Night's pale queen," "a sumptuous chariot all of gold," "a scarlet veil," "Phœbus in his chair, ensaffroning sea and air," "the clouds bespangling with bright gold their blue," "the Moon rolling at night in jetty chariot," "Serian fleeces, Erythrean gems, Plata's silver, gold of Peru, Antarctic parrots, Ethiopian plumes, and Sabæan odours"—such phrases as these, and such passages as that in which there is the fond enumeration of the Scottish rivers by their names and epithets, exemplify at once the presence in Drummond's mind of the element we have called *sensuousness*. It is an essential element of poetic genius; but

in some poets it is so pronounced as almost to seem in excess. Keats's poetry, for example, is a perfect maze, an endlessly-rich wilderness, of such luxuriances of sound and colour, such sensuous verbal sweets. Drummond, with more of monotony, is yet Keats-like in as far as he possessed, in a pleasing degree, and in sufficient variety, that love of delicious imagery and phraseology which almost always marks a real poet. At the same time the general effect was tempered, redeemed from mere lusciousness, and perhaps thinned, by a considerable presence in his mind of the other, and more intellectual, element (which Keats also possessed in no ordinary degree) of pensive reason, or *thoughtfulness*. In many of his poems this domination of the artistic sensuousness by a philosophical pensiveness may be distinctly observed, and not least in some of his sonnets. Drummond, whether from his intimacy with the Italian poets, or from other causes, was especially fond of this form of composition, and wrote so much in it, and so well, that he came to be named, even in his life-time, "the Scottish Petrarch." More recently, Southey, Hallam, and other critics, have spoken of Drummond's sonnets as indubitably among the best in the English language after Shakespeare's, Milton's, and some of Wordsworth's.

2. Although Drummond had steeped himself in Italian, French, and Spanish poetry, and especially in Italian, there is proof that he had studied the English Elizabethan poets with peculiar affection, and with a desire to fashion himself by them. Nay more, one can refer him to that particular class or series of English poets, descending out of Elizabeth's reign into the reigns of James I. and Charles I., for whom the name "Spenserians" is perhaps the best collective designation. Under this name I would include that succession of English poets, from about 1580 to about 1640, in whom, apart from the dramatists, but with some of the dramatists to be classed with them for their minor and non-dramatic pieces, the tradition of pure poetry was best kept up. The reason of the name is that

the poets of this series all confessed a certain allegiance to Spenser as their master and exemplar, and continued his style of rich sensuous description and purely ideal phantasy, generally with a tendency also to his favourite form of the pastoral, and sometimes, though not always, with his liking for allegory. In the list may be mentioned, after Spenser himself, Shakespeare for his earlier poems, Drayton and others of the Shakespearian group on similar grounds, Fairfax, the brothers Giles and Phineas Fletcher, William Browne, and finally, a little later on, Milton, while yet only promising his independent greatness. Now, the Scottish Drummond links himself on at a certain point to this fine English list. Perhaps the English Spenserian to whom he comes closest is William Browne, the author of *Britannia's Pastorals*. Browne was almost exactly of Drummond's age; in the very year, 1613, in which Drummond made his first appearance in his *Tears on the Death of Mœliades*, Browne had made *his* first appearance in a poem on the very same subject, named more directly *An Elegy on Prince Henry;* and Browne's *Pastorals*, partly published in the same year, were completed in 1616, when Andro Hart sent forth Drummond's collected Poems. The coincidence, however, is more than one of time; it extends to the manner of the two poets. One might read some detached passages of Drummond's and think them Browne's, or of Browne's and think them Drummond's, though Drummond is decidedly the superior, and much the clearer in his cutting and finish. The resemblance is the more curious because there is no evidence that either poet, when he first took his place, had heard of the other's existence. There is, at least, no trace of a copy of Browne in Drummond's library. Among the English books in that library, however, as we have seen, there was even an over-proportion of choice earlier poetry of the Spenserian sort. There is evidence, in the marginal markings and underlinings in Drummond's hand, still to be seen in some of these books, how carefully they had been read, and with what lingering over their finer passages and phrases. There

is no doubt that flakes and recollections from them, as well as from the how less known Italian, French, and Spanish poets, may be found in Drummond's own verse. Such, by the very law of memory in its relation to invention, must always be the case; and it is a different thing from plagiarism. Two instances, however, almost bordering on plagiarism, are worth notice. *Forth Feasting*, in her various panegyric on King James, dwells at some length on that monarch's poetic gifts or powers of song, telling him that, when he retired from state-business into the Pierian groves, lute in hand and garlanded, his lays were sweeter than the fabled ones which had "charmed the dolphins," and ending

> "Thou sungst away the hours, till from their sphere
> Stars seemed to shoot, thy melody to hear."

Aha! Master Drummond! Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act II., Scene 1.

> "Thou remember'st
> Since once I sat upon a promontory,
> And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
> Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
> That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
> And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
> To hear the sea-maid's music."

Again, in the seventh piece of our last set of extracts from Drummond, the reader may have noted that powerful phrase about the effects of Phœbus or the rising sun,

> "Night like a drunkard reels
> Beyond the hills to shun his flaming wheels."

This too is from Shakespeare; for in *Romeo and Juliet*, one of the plays which we know Drummond had read, we have (Act II., scene 3)—

> "And fleckèd darkness like a drunkard reels
> Forth from Day's path and Titan's fiery wheels."

The fault of such borrowing, if it be a fault, is venial; and one is

glad to see that Drummond was so well acquainted with the three plays of Shakespeare which were in his library. I believe that he had sipped again and again the honey of these plays and of the two other pieces of Shakespeare that were in his possession. Perhaps, indeed, he had read more largely in Shakespeare than can be proved by such direct evidence. I am inclined to think he knew Shakespeare's Sonnets. They had been published in 1609.

3. I have spoken of a certain pensive, or reflective, vein to be found in Drummond's poetry, tempering and sometimes saddening its luxuriousness. The observation may now take a more specific form. In several of the passages quoted, and in many that have not been quoted, one is struck with the recurrence of such phrases as "this All," "this great round," "this palace visible which World we name," "Day's great vast," "this vapour, smoke, or spark, called Life," and their speculative and sentimental cognates. This is most significant. Here in Drummond, a young Scottish gentleman of the early part of the seventeenth century, we find, in a degree even unusual, that mood which, in one form or another, will be found underlying all literary genius, or human genius of any sort, that has worked touchingly on the world. It is the *metaphysical* mood. It is that mood which, however rich and splendid be the image formed of the whole physical Universe in which man lives, and which rolls itself for ever round him in diurnal and nocturnal show, yet will always be thinking of it as only a painted phantasmagory hung in an infinite unknown, and will always be tending towards the utmost verge of this phantasmagory, wondering what bounds it in and what lies eternally beyond. We all know the Shakespearian expression of this mood,—

> "We are such stuff
> As dreams are made of; and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep."

Well, of this mood, the deepest that man can come to by all

natural effort, there is a tinge, little less than Shakespearian in its intensity, in our amiable North Briton. It was not, however, I believe, by any indoctrination from Shakespeare that he had caught the mood; it was, I believe, the natural working-out of a constitutional tendency. From the contemporary theology of his countrymen, and the controversies connected with it, he seems to have stood singularly aloof, shutting himself up in a natural piety that did not inquire much about creeds and forms of doctrine, though sympathizing, on grounds of political conservatism, rather with the Episcopacy which James was establishing in Scotland than with the zealous popular Presbyterianism which was struggling for repossession. Glad enough to see the country have its bishops and all quiet Anglican church-forms, and reverent of those forms so far as now and then to write a hymn heralding the church-tone of some of Herbert's, he yet tended in the main to a style of religious musing which was philosophic and general rather than theological, and which indeed might have been Pagan with only a Christian suffusion. "This All," "this vapour we call Life," "this palace visible which we name our World"—these, I repeat, are among the favourite phrases of Drummond; and they indicate unmistakeably the themes of his ultimate meditations, and the nature, extent, and limit of his metaphysics. The mood, I think, does not differ much from that discernible so continually in Shakespeare. But in Drummond (and this is really curious) it is associated with a definite optical imagination of "the All," a definite visual cosmology, which cannot be called Shakespearian, but is more like an anticipation of Milton's boldness in astronomical diagram. Through Drummond's poems, as afterwards through Milton's, there runs a constant fancy of the whole physical frame of things according to the strict teachings of the Ptolemaic or Alphonsine astronomy, or to such renderings of these in vision as a poet might adopt. The brown earth in the centre; then the pale moon in her sphere; then the other six planets successively in *their* spheres, but with Sol or Sun outlord-

ing them all in glory; beyond all these planetary spheres the vaster revolution of the one sapphire sphere whose glittering burden is the whole multitude of the stars; and so at length to the *primum mobile*, or outmost shell, whose wheeling incloses all, harmonises all, and separates the total orb of Cosmos from blackness or nothingness unimaginable:—this was the universe of Drummond's musings, "the All" about which he puzzled himself. Let him again speak for himself:—

"How that vast Heaven entitled First is rolled,
If any other worlds beyond it lie,
And people living in Eternity,
Or essence pure that doth this All uphold;
What motion have those fixèd sparks of gold;
The wandering carbuncles that shine from high,
By sprites or bodies contrar-wise in sky
If they be turned, and mortal things behold;
How Sun posts heaven about, how Night's pale Queen
With borrowed beams looks on this hanging Round;
What cause fair Iris hath, and monsters seen
In Air's large fields of light and Sea's profound:
Did hold my wandering thoughts, when thy sweet eye
Bade me leave all and only think of thee."

We are yet, be it remembered, only at the year 1617; or let us include another year, and say 1618. Has Drummond, so far, been introduced sufficiently? I think he has. Do we not see him, any night in those two years, at his door-porch in Hawthornden, or on his solitary walk along the cliff on which the house stands, or deeper down the glen in the leafy labyrinth? Edinburgh is dumb in the distance; the glen is dark; the banks on the opposite side are glimmering and silvery; up through the darkness and the silver glimmer comes the murmuring of the Esk; at hand, in the antique rock, with its strange excavations, there is an unearthly eeriness, as of moanings and clanking chains from an inscrutable past; but overhead all the while is the blue vault with its luminaries, and superb among these the full-orbed moon. Thither, and chiefly at the moon, the poet gazes as he walks, all the sights and sounds of the

glen playing into his senses and fancies, but ending in the one thought, how all this visible round, from dark earth to the last depth of the spangled concave, is but a mystic transitory vision, and the one wonder what Eternal Essence beyond surrounds, upholds, and pervades the Allegory. But lo! he has regained his door-porch; and there, in this night of moonlight, soft as any Italian night, though the scene on which it rests is Scottish, let us leave him for the present.

CHAPTER VI.

LITERARY LONDON: DRUMMOND'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH DRAYTON: BEN JONSON'S JOURNEY TO SCOTLAND: HIS VISIT TO DRUMMOND, AND THEIR HAWTHORNDEN CONVERSATIONS.

1618—1619.

ACCOUNT has been taken of the impressions likely to be made now by Drummond's poetry so far as it had been published before the year 1618. But what were the impressions made on his contemporaries of that year, and especially on the jury of poets, wits, and critics in London, by whose opinions the place of a new candidate for honour in the English world of letters was principally determined?

Who were the chiefs of that jury? Shakespeare, after some ten or twelve years of retirement from London, was recently dead, leaving his fame to chance, and half of his plays still in manuscript. But there survived, of the Elizabethans, besides such men of non-poetical note as Bacon and the scholar Camden, these poets and dramatists—Chapman, Daniel, Sylvester, Drayton, Webster, Sir John Davies, Dr. Donne, Ben Jonson, Marston, Dekker, Heywood, and Fletcher; round whom, as younger comers of James's own reign, and therefore more nearly coevals of Drummond, were Sir John Beaumont, Giles and Phineas Fletcher, Massinger, Ford, George Wither, William Browne, and others. Central figure in this group of surviving Elizabethans, mixed with younger Jacobans, was Ben Jonson. He was now in the forty-fifth year of his age, not yet appointed nominally to the laureateship, but in expectation of that hon-

orary post when Daniel should leave it—already practically laureate by King James's favour, and of larger bulk in the public eye than any of his seniors or juniors, and dominating them all by the mass, variety, and loudness of his powers. Jonson's dictatorship in the London world of letters, and in the tavern-life in which that world had so much of its being, was an established fact, not only known in London itself, but rumoured in quiet country places, when London and its delights were the theme of conversation. Though he does not seem yet to have set up his throne in that "Devil Tavern" in Fleet Street which he afterwards made famous as his "Oracle of Apollo," he had his clubs or meetings in other taverns, frequented by his admirers for the pleasures of wine and literary talk under his boisterous presidency, and resorted to by stray visitors from the provinces for the chance of an introduction to him, that they, too, might thus be enrolled among the wits and good fellows of the right metropolitan brotherhood, or, as the phrase was, be "sealed of the tribe of Ben." Of course, in some quarters, Ben's dictatorship was resented. Some of his quieter Elizabethan seniors, like Chapman, Daniel, and Drayton, appear even to have preferred a country life, or, at least, a life in the shade, after Ben's loud mastery in London had begun. In London itself, behind his back, all sorts of evil things were said of him. His huge corpulency and his rocky visage were in themselves never-ending matter of joke; his ill-girt mode of life, in one continual round of drink, debt, and mendicancy, save when he shut himself up for his proper work and produced some laborious play, masque, or poem, was a too obvious mark for comment; and in his egotism, his dogmatism in talk, his quarrelsomeness, his carelessness what harsh or savage things he said about anybody or everybody, there were special provocations to everybody and anybody in turn. Nevertheless, there he sat, supreme in his order, with a bludgeon for his sceptre. There might be the buzz of criticism and sarcasm all round him, but it was hushed in his presence. Nobody dared meddle with him face to face.

You had to be big Ben's subject or to keep out of his way. And so, what with his undoubtedly great qualities, his real weight of metal, and what with his abundant sociability and his personal imperiousness and force of tongue into whatever society he came, there was no man in all London better known than Ben among those who took any interest in books, plays, or poetry, from the King and his courtiers downwards, and no man whose judgments were more quoted. Perhaps, indeed, there was no living Londoner, belonging to the literary craft, or metropolitan band of wits and dramatists, of whose physiognomy and ways a more distinct idea had been carried over the whole island by gossip, or respecting whom scholars and readers at all distances from London were more curious. With a difference, or with several important differences, Ben Jonson's position in the English world of letters in and about 1618 was like that of his namesake, Dr. Samuel, a hundred and fifty years later. Nor were the men themselves unlike. Both rolled up Fleet Street with the same unwieldy gait; both were hypochondriac in temperament, and sought refuge from the horrors of hypochondria in perpetual club-life; both were dictatorial in talk, and used the butt-end of the pistol when they missed fire; and, if there were screws loose in Ben morally that were nobly tight afterwards in Dr. Samuel, the laxness was compensated by a greater poetical richness. Nay, at the heart of Ben too, ill-girt and full of bluster and faults as was his life among his fellows, there was a stalk of essential nobleness, an abiding rough notion of what constitutes true worth in literature or in anything else, and a scorn of the reverse. Hear him in an epistle, written after the present date, declare the ideal he aspired to himself, and the qualities he would exact in all that desired to be sealed of his tribe :—

"Live to that point I will for which I am man,
And dwell as in my centre as I can,
Still looking to and ever loving Heaven,
With reverence using all the gifts thence given :

'Mongst which if I have any friendships sent,
Such as are square, well-tagged, and permanent,
Not built with canvas, paper, and false lights,
As are the glorious scenes at the great sights;
And that there be no fevery heats nor colds,
Oily expansions or shrunk dirty folds,
But all so clear and led by Reason's flame
As but to stumble in her sight were shame;
These I will honour, love, embrace, and serve,
And free it from all question to preserve.
So short you read my character, and theirs
I would call mine; to which not many stairs
Are asked to climb. First give *me* faith, who know
Myself a little; I will take *you* so
As you have writ yourself: now stand, and then,
Sir, you are sealèd of the Tribe of Ben."

How was a new poet, living so far north as the vicinity of Edinburgh, to be heard of in that London world of wits and critics, over which Ben Jonson presided? In the first place there was a book-trade even then between Edinburgh and London. Andro Hart, I daresay, had his London agents. Still, the thing would not have been so easy but for those living links of connexion that we wot of between the Scottish or Edinburgh world and the world of London. Were there not those Scots who had gone south to be in attendance on James at his English Court, but were perpetually coming and going, or at least sending and fetching, between the two kingdoms? Among these, above all, were there not Drummond's bosom-friend Sir William Alexander, now gentleman-usher to Prince Charles, and his other friends, Sir Robert Kerr, Sir Robert Aytoun, and Sir David Murray? Drummond saw these friends of his when they came to Scotland, and corresponded with them while they were in England; and it may have been through them that copies of his *Mœliades*, his *Poems*, and his *Forth Feasting*, found their way to London. But, indeed, copies of the *Mœliades*, from the very nature of its subject, must have been about the English Court from the time of its publication; and copies of the *Forth Feasting* must have been taken to England by some of the numerous retinue of the

King who were with him in Scotland in that royal progress which the poem celebrated. By the year 1618, accordingly, a few people here and there in England, including some of the London wits, had heard of a Master William Drummond, a Scottish gentleman, living near Edinburgh, who wrote verses that were really English. Among these, doubtless, was Ben Jonson. Not only was he too wide-awake to let any new appearance escape him in that realm of British Poetry over which his sway extended; but Sir William Alexander, Sir Robert Kerr, and Sir Robert Aytoun, who were all among Ben's acquaintances, and in the habit of meeting him, would have been sure to report Drummond's recent volumes to him even had he missed them himself. There is proof, in short, that he had read them, or portions of them, soon after they had issued from the Edinburgh press.

The first person of the English fraternity of poets, however, who stretched out a hand of liking and recognition to Drummond through the space that separated them was not Ben Jonson, but Ben Jonson's senior, Michael Drayton.

This worthy, born one year before Shakespeare, and in Shakespeare's own county of Warwick, had begun his literary career in London about the same time that Shakespeare had begun his, and had been one of Shakespeare's private friends and public competitors from that early date. As far back as 1598, when Shakespeare had written about half his plays and most of his minor poems, so that critics ranked him as the first of English dramatists, and also as among the best of English lyrists and elegiac poets, Drayton, in consequence of a series of pieces nearly as bulky, including his *Heroical Epistles*, *Barons' Wars*, and *Legends*, had been named with respect among the English tragic dramatists, and also among the English lyrists, elegiac poets, and epigrammatists. Through James's reign, though Shakespeare had then far over-topped him, and Ben Jonson and others had thrown him into the shade, he had sustained or increased his reputation by additional writings, the chief of which

was the first part of his ponderous but interesting *Polyolbion, or a Chorographical Description of Great Britain, digested into a Poem*, published in 1613. And now, five years after this last publication, and two years after Shakespeare's death (which had happened, as tradition will have it, close after Shakespeare's too hospitable reception of Drayton and Ben Jonson, in a visit they paid to him at Stratford-on-Avon), Drayton, at the age of fifty-five, was living on, generally in London, but often in the country, a mildly radiant veteran in comparison with Ben, but more liked by those who preferred profuse poetry of a Spenserian tinge to Ben's massive intellectualism. Of such a taste, I should say, was Drummond. As long ago as 1606, when we first hear of his readings in Shakespeare, he had read at least one of Drayton's poems; in 1611 he had two of Drayton's books in his library; in 1612 he added to his acquaintance with Drayton by reading his *Heroical Epistles*, *Barons' Wars*, and *Legends*; and in 1613, when the first part of Drayton's *Polyolbion* appeared, that book found its way at once to Hawthornden. To this last date, on the other hand, there is no proof that Drummond had read anything else of Ben Jonson than his *Epigrams*. When, therefore, during the next five years (1613-18), Drummond ventured to offer himself among the English poets of his generation, there was probably no surviving Elizabethan whose good word about what he had published he would have valued more than Drayton's.'

We are not left to guess on the subject. Among the papers of Drummond posthumously published there is a brief one which the editors entitled *Character of Several Authors*, but which evidently consists of mere remarks loosely jotted down by him in the course of his readings, without systematic intention. They are not dated; but, as Shakespeare is spoken of in them as still alive, and as Sir William Alexander is mentioned by his knightly title, they must have been written mainly between 1613 and 1616. They are an authentic indication, therefore, of Drummond's tastes and preferences, at that time,

in the matter of poetry. Here is the substance of them, all that refers to Drayton duly retained:—

"The Authors I have seen on the subject of Love are the Earl of Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyatt (whom, because of their antiquity, I will not match with our better times), Sidney, Daniel, Drayton, and Spenser. He who writeth *The Art of English Poesy* [Puttenham] praiseth much Raleigh and Dyer; but their works are so few that are come to my hands I cannot well say anything of them. The last we have are Sir William Alexander and Shakespeare, who have lately published their works. Constable, saith some, hath written excellently; and Murray, with others, I know, hath done well, if they could be brought to publish their works; but of secrets [books not made public] who can soundly judge? The best and most exquisite poet of this subject, by consent of the whole senate of poets, is Petrarch. . . . Among our English poets, Petrarch is imitated, nay surpassed in some things, in matter and manner. In matter none approach him to Sidney, who hath songs and sonnets in matter intermingled; in manner the nearest I find to him is W. Alexander. . . . After which two, next, methinks, followeth Daniel, for sweetness in rhyming second to none. Drayton seemeth rather to have loved his Muse than his Mistress, by I know not what artificial similes; this showeth well his mind, but not the passion. As to that which Spenser calleth his *Amoretti*, I am not of their opinion who think them his; for they are so childish that it were not well to give them so honourable a father. Donne, among the Anacreontic Lyrics, is second to none, and far from all second. . . . I think, if he would, he might easily be the best epigrammatist we have found in English. . . . Drayton's *Polyolbion* is one of the smoothest pieces I have seen in English, poetical and well prosecuted; there are some pieces in him I dare compare with the best Transmarine Poems. The 7th song [of the *Polyolbion*] pleaseth me much; the 12th is excellent; the 13th also (the Discourse of Hunting passeth with any poet); and the 18th, which is the last in this edition of 1614. I find in him, which is in most part of my compatriots [by "compatriots" Drummond here means "Englishmen," his fellow-islanders], too great an admiration of their country; on the history of which whilst they muse, they forget sometimes to be good poets. Sylvester's Translation of *Judith* and the *Battle of Ivry* [poems by the French Bartas]

are excellent. He is not happy in his inventions [*i.e.*, his original works]." *

It must have been a real pleasure to Drummond, having such a liking for Drayton as is here shown, when, some time in 1618, a friend of Drayton's, called Joseph Davis, then on a visit to Scotland for some reason or other, found him out at Hawthornden or in Edinburgh, and delivered some message to him from Drayton, partly of kindly paternal greeting on account of his poetry, and partly introductory of Joseph Davis himself. Drummond seems to have shown Joseph Davis, whoever he was, all the attention in his power; and, either by Davis, when he returned to London, or by some other conveyance, he sent this letter to Drayton:—

"*To the Right Worshipful* MR. MICHAEL DRAYTON, Esq.

"SIR,

"I have understood by Mr. Davis the direction he received from you to salute me here; which undeserved favour I value above the commendations of the greatest and mightiest in this Isle. Though I have not had the fortune to see you (which sight is but like the near view of pictures in tapestry),

* The paper of which this is a condensation will be found at pp. 226,227 of the 1711 edition of Drummond's Works. It is a pity it is not dated. From some of the phrases one might infer that it was written, at least in part, at a considerably earlier date than between 1613 and 1616; but among the particulars that assign most of it to that date is the criticism of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, the first part of which did not appear till 1613. The mention of Shakespeare is very slight, and his conjunction with Sir William Alexander monstrous; but it must be remembered that, in the particular connexion, it is only Shakespeare's minor Poems that are thought of. The omission of Ben Jonson's name is noteworthy: Drummond then hardly knew his Poems.—After the mention of Sylvester quoted in the text, Drummond proceeds thus: "Who likes to know whether he or Hudson hath the advantage of *Judith*, "let them compare the beginning of the 4th Book, 'O silver-bowed Diana,' "&c.; and the end of the 4th Book 'Her waved locks,' &c., the midst of "the 8th Book 'In Ragau's ample plain,' &c." The Hudson here thought of as quite comparable to Sylvester is that Thomas Hudson of whom we have already heard (antè p. 28) as an English musician at the Scottish Court of King James, and then associated with Drummond's uncle Fowler. He had published at Edinburgh in 1584 a translation of the *History of Judith* by Du Bartas. Sylvester's translation of the same was a later affair.

yet, almost ever since I could know any, ye have been to me known and beloved. Long since your amorous (and truly *Heroical*) *Epistles* did ravish me; and lately your most happy *Albion* [*Polyolbion*: Part I.] put me into a new trance—works (most excellent portraits of a rarely endued mind) which, if one may conjecture of what is to come, shall be read, in spite of envy, so long as men read books. Of your great love, courtesy, and generous disposition, I have been informed by more than one of the worthiest of this country; but what before was only known to me by fame I have now found by experience: your goodness preventing me in that duty which a strange bashfulness, or bashful strangeness, hindered me to offer unto you. You have the first advantage: the next shall be mine; and hereafter you shall excuse my boldness if, when I write to your matchless friend, Sir W. Alexander, I now and then salute you, and in that claim, though unknown, to be

"Your loving and assured friend,

"W. DRUMMOND."

There could hardly be a more gentlemanly letter than this; but Drummond, not content with it, seems to have followed it up with one still more exuberant. "Your great learning," he says in the scroll of a second letter, "first bred in me "admiration, then love. . . . When first I looked into "your *Heroical Epistles*, I was rapt from myself, and could "not contain myself from blazing that of you which both "your worth and my love deserved; although whatever I "can say of you is far under your ingine and virtue. So "far as I can remember of our Vulgar Poesy, none hath "done better, or can do more, and from none can we "expect more."

Receiving this, or something like it, in addition to the first letter (and one notes that it was about the time when London was astir with the execution of Sir Walter Raleigh, Oct. 29, 1618), Drayton replied thus:—

"*To my Honourable Friend,* MR. WILLIAM DRUMMOND, *in Scotland.*

"MY DEAR NOBLE DRUMMOND,

"Your Letters were as welcome to me as if they had come from my mistress; which I think is one of the fairest and worthiest living. Little did you think how oft that noble friend of yours, Sir William Alexander (that man of men), and I have remembered you before we trafficked in friendship. Love me as much as you can, and so I will you: I can never hear of you too oft, and I will ever mention you with much respect of your deserved worth. I enclose this letter in a letter of mine to Mr. Andrew Hart of Edinburgh, about some business I have with him, which he may impart to you. Farewell, noble Sir; and think me ever to be

"Your faithful Friend,

"MICHAEL DRAYTON.

"LONDON, 9 Nov., 1618.

"Joseph Davis is in love with you."

One likes the flowing amiability of this letter of the veteran Elizabethan, but is curious also as to the business he could have with Andro Hart of Edinburgh. Andro Hart, it may be remembered, was Sir William Alexander's publisher, as well as Drummond's. Was Drayton in difficulties with the London publishers as to the bringing out of the rest of his *Polyolbion*, and had Sir William Alexander recommended a negotiation with Andro Hart? Had Drayton a notion that Hart might speak to Drummond on the subject, and that Drummond might help? This was actually the case. Here, for proof, is Drummond's third letter to Drayton, written before he had received Drayton's reply to the two former, and when he was doubtful whether they had reached him:—

"*To the Right Worshipful* MICHAEL DRAYTON, Esquire.

"SIR,

"I have understood by Sir W. Alexander's letters ye have not received my last. If I could have thought of their loss, or coming so late, I had prevented them ere now by

others. I am oft with Sir W. and you in my thoughts, and desire nothing more than that by letters we may oft meet and mingle our souls. Your Works make you ever present to me; than which there is not any book I am more familiar with, nor any by which I esteem myself more happy by familiarity contracted with the author. I long to see the rest of your *Polyolbion* come forth; which is the only epic poem England, in my judgment, hath to be proud of; to be the author of which I had rather have the praise than, as Aquinas said of one of the Fathers' commentaries, to have the seignory of Paris. These our times now are so given to envenomed satires and spiteful jests that they only taste what is rank, smelling, and hoarse. Out of what part of the world your late prosaic versers have their poesies it is hard to find: it may be said of their new fits of poetizing at Court: "*Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.*"

Evidently Drummond had heard something from Sir William Alexander about Drayton's difficulties with his *Polyolbion*, though as yet in writing to Drayton he speaks only generally. But on the 20th of December, 1618, having meanwhile received Drayton's own epistle, he is more explicit. On that day, indeed, he sent to London *two* letters of sympathy with complaining authors. One was to Sir William Alexander himself, full of affection. "Never any friendship of mine," he says, "went so "near my thoughts as yours, because I never thought any so "worthy. It is all the treasure and conquest, when death shall "remove this pageant of the world from me, that I have here "to vaunt of; neither would I wish another epitaph and *Hic* "*jacet* over my grave than that you esteemed me worthy of "your friendship. There is nothing I long so much for as to "see the perfection of your Works. May Fortune one day be "ashamed to see such a spirit so long attend the ungrateful "court, that deserves to have the sovereignty of all Parnassus!" Sir William, it appears from this, had his troubles, though they were not money ones: he did not find himself sufficiently appreciated. Drayton's trouble, however, was of a more definite and immediate nature; and to him Drummond wrote, on the same day, thus:—

"*To the Right Worshipful* MR. MICHAEL DRAYTON, Esq.

"SIR,

"If my letters were so welcome to you, what may you think yours were to me, which must be so much more welcome in that the conquest I make is more than that of yours. They who by some strange means have had conference with some of the old heroes can only judge that delight I had in reading them; for they were to me as if they had come from Virgil, Ovid, or the Father of our Sonnets—Petrarch. I must love this year of my life more dearly than any that forewent it, because in it I was so happy to be acquainted with such worth. Whatever were Mr. Davis's other designs, methinks some secret Providence directed him to these parts only. For this I will, in love of you, surpass as far your countrymen as you go beyond them all in true worth, and shall strive to be second to none, save your fair and worthy mistress. Your other letters I delivered to Andrew Hart, and have been earnest with him in that particular. How would I be overjoyed to see our North once honoured with your Works as before it was with Sidney's.* Though it be barren of excellency in itself, it can both love and admire the excellency of others.

"December 20, 1618."

At this point, leaving the *Polyolbion* affair still hanging, we must interrupt the correspondence between Drummond and Drayton,† because a burlier figure than either tumbles in on the scene. For, while the first message of Drayton to Drummond, and Drummond's reply, were passing through the four hundred miles that separated Edinburgh from London, Ben Jonson himself, no less, was actually on the tramp northwards,

* Drummond alludes to the third Edition of Sidney's *Arcadia;* which was published by Robert Waldegrave at Edinburgh in 1599, with the title "The Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia, now the third time published, with sundry new additions of the same Author."

† The letters of the correspondence, so far as quoted, will be found partly in the 1711 Edition of Drummond's Works, dispersed into two places, viz., p. 153 and pp. 233—234, partly among Mr. David Laing's Excerpts from the Hawthornden MSS., *Arch. Scot.* IV. 90. The copies of Drummond's letters, except the last, are not dated; but consideration of them in relation to Drayton's letter determines their dates and succession easily enough.

through those four hundred miles, on a visit to Drummond's country.

What induced Ben, at the age of forty-five, to this adventure, rather longsome and difficult in those days, can partly be guessed. There had been a considerable fuss about Scotland all through England for the last fifteen years or more; and Literature, in its quest after subjects, is always determined in those directions in which events have already roused popular interest and inquisitiveness. It would accordingly be easy to prove that, since the death of Elizabeth and the accession of James, there had been a tendency, among the English dramatists and other popular writers, to Scotland and Scottish history, as offering to the English Muse a yet unhackneyed field of fine wild subjects. The division of the country into the Lowlands and Highlands; the strange manners and speech of even the former and more accessible division, and the absolutely savage and mountainous mystery of the other; the antiquities of both; the battle-fields, and other memorials telling of their mutual wars and their joint-wars against English invasion; Edinburgh, Stirling, Linlithgow, Dunfermline, Perth, with their palaces and castles, which had been the birth-places or residences of the kings of the Stuart line, or kings still earlier; the original seats and estates of minor Scottish persons and families that had transplanted themselves into England, or lived half the year at the English Court: about all this there had been long a growing rumour and a growing curiosity. Add that James's royal visit to Scotland in 1617, with so many Englishmen in his train, after his fourteen years of absence, had given a fresh fillip to the English interest in Scotland and Scottish matters; and Ben Jonson's resolution in 1618 to make a journey to his Sovereign's native North will seem natural enough. A book might come out of it, a book that would sell; a drama might come out of it, a drama that would please the king, and be as picturesque for the Londoners as Shakespeare's *Macbeth* had been! Who knew what might come out of it? Scotland had not a Ben Jonson in her every

day; and might not the eye of a Ben Jonson, roving over the hills and lakes of Scotland, her cities and men, their manners, and their humours, extract thence such matter of literary novelty as should astonish or beneficially irritate the natives, and amuse the English? Here, also, there was an anticipation in Ben Jonson's life of what was to be done by his namesake, and successor in corpulency and the literary dictatorship of London, Dr. Samuel. When Bozzy lugged Dr. Samuel out of Fleet Street and Cheapside, and hauled him away in triumph into the Scottish Lowlands, and thence into the far Highlands, the adventure itself, the delight of a plunge out of London monotony into a splendid unknown savagery, was the main inducement; but there was the prospect all the while of social note-taking in the new region, and materials for a book when he came back. Not otherwise, one hundred and fifty-five years earlier, did Ben Jonson, with no Bozzy to pilot him, make up his mind for the same unusual feat of travel. A few months in Scotland for one whose life for so many years had been a round of the London streets and taverns, varied only by runs into the suburbs or some of the nearer English counties, would be the most bracing possible form of holiday, and worth the trouble were it nothing else; but one might pick up somewhat among the Scots, to be turned to account on one's return, and pay one's expenses. With all this, however, there was one motive in Ben Jonson's visit to Scotland which was absent in Dr. Samuel's later visit. If any one had hinted to Dr. Johnson that he was of Scottish descent, he would have knocked the person down; but Ben not only was of Scottish descent and knew it, but was fond of letting the fact be known. His father, who had died a month before Ben's birth in Westminster in 1574, had been a grave English Protestant minister, apparently of the Puritan stamp; and Ben, through all his hard youth of bricklaying and book-learning together, entailed upon him by his mother's second marriage with a master-bricklayer, and again through the struggles of his authorship, had cherished in some

nook of his rough heart the memory of this father whom he had never seen, and the knowledge that that father's father had been a Johnston of Annandale in Scotland. "Johnston" had been softened into "Johnson" or "Jonson," and the Scottish descent thereby disguised. But what of that? One had still the Scottish blood in one that had been in the veins of those Johnstons of Annandale, who were said to have been for generations a noted Border clan, celebrated in Scottish songs and ballads; and, in passing into Scotland, one might take that district in the way, and look up the scenes of one's ancestors. Something of this "salmon-like instinct," as King James called it, of re-ascending to one's origin did mingle with Ben Jonson's other motives to his Scottish journey, and imparted a kindliness to his preconceptions of Scotland which Bozzy would have given guineas to see in Dr. Samuel's.

Ben's intention of visiting Scotland, especially as he announced that he was to make the whole journey on foot, was the subject of a good deal of talk and banter in London. The King seems to have encouraged him and wished him well through it. Bacon, the man in all London whom Ben respected most, and who had just been raised to the Lord-Chancellorship as Baron Verulam, had his joke on the occasion. He told Ben, when he called to take leave, that "he loved not to see poesy go on other feet than poetical dactylus and spondæus." But this was not the worst of the business. No sooner was Ben's intention public than it entered into the head of another Londoner, John Taylor the Water-poet, who earned his living by rowing a passage-boat on the Thames, but was universally known also as a humourist, and a writer of doggerel verses which he hawked about for sale, that he too would make a journey to Scotland, beating Ben in this, that he would not only do it on foot, but would do it without taking a penny in his pocket. It was Ben's belief that the Water-poet had been egged on to this by some of the wags about town, to turn his own expedition into ridicule. It was as if, after a gentleman's

chariot had set out in proper style on the north road, a costermonger's cart had been despatched in mischief to follow it, or as if behind a civic dignitary, marching in some procession, a lout of comic reputation had been posted to ape his gestures. So, at all events, it seemed to Ben. Nevertheless, duly some time in June, or early in July 1618, he did set out as advertised, taking to the great north road, as I should think, staff in hand, by Islington, Highgate, Finchley and Barnet. The Water-poet followed by the same route, on the 14th of July.

A month was a fair allowance in those days for a foot-journey between London and Edinburgh. Accordingly, as we find that Taylor the Water-poet reached Edinburgh on the 13th of August, we may suppose that Ben Jonson had preceded him into Scotland by a week or a fortnight. What places he had visited on his route we do not know: only we find that he had provided himself with a new pair of shoes at Darlington in Durham, and suffered a good deal from them for a day or two; and it is fair to assume that from Darlington he had struck westward, Carlisle-ways, so as to enter Scotland by his ancestral Annandale, and reach Edinburgh through the counties of Dumfries and Peebles. Neither of the inn at which he first put up in Edinburgh, nor of his movements generally after he was within the bounds of Scotland, have we any such accurate record as Bozzy's care has preserved for us of the Scottish tour of the great Dr. Samuel. It was the autumn-time, the fittest for travelling in the country-parts of the Lowlands, and in such parts of the Highlands as were then accessible to travel at all; and, as not a few of the Scottish lords and gentlemen of the English Court, known to Ben, and who may have concurred in inviting him to Scotland, were then back in their Scottish homes, it is possible that, without settling in Edinburgh first, he made a round of some of the western and southern districts. Gifford, in his *Life of Ben Jonson*, expressly mentions "the connexions of the Duke of Lennox" as among the Scottish friends from whom he expected hospitality; and it is certain

that Ben did make personal acquaintance, in the course of his tour, with the Lennox district of Scotland, including the beauties of Lochlomond, and perhaps a touch more of the Highlands in that vicinity, where Rob Roy afterwards lurked and held rule. But, then as now, August and September were the likeliest months for a tour in that beautiful region, and glimpses of its mountains, glens, and lochs. The Water-poet, at all events, as he told people in his account of his *Pennyless Pilgrimage*, when he published it, did the Highland part of *his* Scottish rambling in this season, leaving Edinburgh late in August, after he had been about a week there, and, "after five-and-thirty days hunting and travel" in the Highlands, returning to Edinburgh before the end of September. Till then he and Ben Jonson had not crossed each other in their wanderings; but, both by this time having done a good deal of Scotland in different directions and in different sorts of society, they did meet once before Taylor set out on his return to London. "The day before I came from Edinburgh," says Taylor in his account of this return journey, "I went to Leith, where I found "my long-approved and assured good friend, Master Benjamin "Jonson, at one Master John Stuart's house. I thank him for "his great kindness towards me; for, at my taking leave of him, "he gave me a piece of gold of two-and-twenty shillings to drink "his health in England; and withal willed me to remember his "kind commendations to all his friends. So, with a friendly fare-"well, I left him as well as I hope never to see him in a worse "state; for he is amongst noblemen and gentlemen that know "his true worth and their own honours, where with much "respective love he is worthily entertained." One is glad to know that Ben had gold to give away. Probably Taylor vowed to him "by the faith of a Christian," as he did afterwards in his book, that the story that he had undertaken the Scottish expedition "in malice or mockage" of him was utterly false; and, though Ben still believed that he had been urged to it by others in London with that view, he could not but pity

the poor man all forlorn in Leith, and think how he could ever get back again to his wherry on the Thames. Thanks to Ben's piece of gold, he did get back all safe in quicker time than he had come; for he was in London on the 18th of October, ready to open the budget of his news to any who would listen, and tell in what clover among the Scots he had left Master Jonson.

The Water-poet's absence from London had been for three months only; but Ben's absence was prolonged over nine months in all, some six of which were spent in Scotland. From September on through the winter of 1618-19 he seems to have ranged about among various friends in the southern counties; there is a hint of his having been as far north as St. Andrews; but Edinburgh or Leith appears to have been his head-quarters. One fancies his great figure seen day after day, for a month or two in that winter, in the fields between Leith and Edinburgh, or climbing the old Canongate and High Street from Holyrood to the Castle, or seated in Andro Hart's shop, or descending some of the closes for a call, or sauntering out as far as the College, or again, in various directions, to Musselburgh and Pinkie, Craigmillar, and such-like spots of local fame in the neighbourhood. Scores of the Edinburgh and Leith people of that day must have seen him, talked with him, entertained him; and he himself remembered afterwards among the number with special regard "the beloved Fentons, the Nisbets, the Scots, the Livingstons." Unfortunately, none of these thought of taking notes of the sayings and doings of their illustrious visitor. In short, but for one acquaintanceship which Ben Jonson formed in the course of his Scottish visit, we should have barely known that there was such a visit, and it would not have been an event of so much distinction as it is in British literary history. This was his acquaintanceship with Drummond of Hawthornden.

The traditional statement that Jonson came to Scotland "on purpose to visit Drummond" is a pure imagination. He knew

of Drummond's existence, and of his poetry, and he may have thought of him as one of the Scots he would like to see; but his journey had been undertaken for much more miscellaneous reasons, and the meeting with Drummond was but an episode in it. Their first meeting may have occurred soon after Jonson's arrival in Edinburgh, or before Taylor saw Jonson in Leith; and there may have been occasional meetings besides in Edinburgh houses through the winter of 1618-19. But the meeting of meetings, the one long meeting which made the two men thoroughly known to each other, and Drummond's account of which has been faithfully transmitted to our time, was during the two or three weeks which Jonson spent with Drummond continuously, by invitation, in Drummond's own house in Hawthornden. The exact weeks cannot be determined; but they were certainly before January 17, 1619, and may have been some time about the Christmas-season of that year. Better than most myths of the kind is the myth which would tell us exactly how the visit began. Drummond, it says, was sitting under the great sycamore-tree in front of his house, expecting his visitor, when at length, descending the well-hedged avenue from the public road to the house, the bulky hero hove in sight. Rising, and stepping forth to meet him, Drummond saluted him with "Welcome, welcome, royal Ben!" to which Jonson replied "Thank ye, thank ye, Hawthornden!" and they laughed, fraternized, and went in together.

For two or three weeks, at all events, Drummond had Ben Jonson all to himself. There would, doubtless, be friends from Edinburgh, perhaps Scot of Scotstarvet and two or three more, asked out every other day to make dinner-company for the great man; and, again, once or twice, Drummond and Ben may have trudged into Edinburgh together in the forenoon, or walked together by cross-roads to the house of some neighbour of Drummond's. (Carriages were not then much in fashion near Edinburgh, and I do not think Drummond kept one, or had a horse fit for a rider of Ben's size.) But then, even when there

were other guests at Drummond's table, Ben would be the principal talker; and, when Ben and Drummond walked briskly together in the winter-weather by the paths in the glen itself, close to the house, or on the high-way or cross-roads near, Ben would still be talking, and Drummond chiefly listening. You must remember also that Drummond's was a bachelor's household, and that, when he and Ben were alone together in the evenings, and the candles were lit in the chief room, and the supper was removed, there would still be wine on the board. Then, if you know anything of the two men, you can see the scene as distinctly as if you had been peeping through the window. You can see the two sitting on snugly by the ruddy fire far into the night, hardly hearing the murmur of the Esk and the moaning of the wind outside, but talking of all things in heaven or earth, Ben telling anecdotes of his London acquaintances back to Shakespeare, and reciting scraps of poetry, and pronouncing criticisms on poets, and Drummond now and then taking out a manuscript from a desk and modestly reading as much as Ben would stand, and Ben helping himself and going off again, and the noise and the laughter always increasing on his part, till Drummond at length would grow dizzy with too much of it, and light their bedroom tapers by way of signal. And next morning you may be sure it would be a late breakfast, and Ben would be surly and taciturn for a while; but gradually he would come round, and the day's talk would begin again. As surely, I repeat, as if you had been a spy sent to watch, this is what went on in Hawthornden House during that fortnight or so when the great Ben from London was the guest of the cultured Drummond.

The visit was one to be marked with a red mark in Drummond's calendar. Here he had been for many years in his Scottish retirement, far from the London world of politics and letters, and with only such information from that world as might be blown to him among his books by rumour, or brought occasionally by Sir William Alexander and other friends. But

now he had under his own roof the very laureate of the London world, the man who had known everybody of note in it since Elizabeth was queen, and whose habits of talk made him the very paragon of gossips. It was, doubtless, a great treat. But there is nothing perfect under the sun. There is evidence that Drummond, when he had Ben all to himself, began to feel that he had caught a Tartar. Ben's own poetry, it is to be remembered, the poetry of general and miscellaneous strength rather than of the pure and soft musical vein, was not that which would have predisposed Drummond to forgive him his personal faults from a sense of literary allegiance. Hence, though he was scrupulously polite to Ben all the while he was his guest, and must have thought him one of the most massive and impressive fellows he had ever met, his private feeling, as he sat opposite, watching the vast bulk in the chair, and the lighting up of his surly visage as he swilled off glass after glass, must have been "Can this really be the accepted living chief of British Literature?" Fortunately for us, nevertheless, Drummond, whose leisurely life had led him, as we know, into the habit of abundant note-making and keeping of commonplace-books, did make notes of Ben Jonson's conversations. Here is a sample of the items which, while Ben was with him or immediately afterwards, he thus jotted down :—

BEN'S GOSSIP ABOUT VARIOUS EMINENT PEOPLE.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.—"Queen Elizabeth never saw herself after she became old in a true glass : they painted her, and sometimes would vermilion her nose. She had always, about Christmas Evens, set dice that threw sixes or fives (and she knew not they were other) to make her win, and esteem herself fortunate. . . . King Philip had intention, by dispensation of the Pope, to have married her."

ELIZABETH'S EARL OF LEICESTER.—"The Earl of Leicester gave a bottle of liquor to his lady, which he willed her to use in any faintness ; which she, after his return from Court, not knowing it was poison, gave him, and so he died [Sept. 1588]."

KING JAMES.—"The King said Sir P. Sidney was no poet; neither did he see ever any verses in England [equal] to the Sculler's [*i.e.*, to Taylor the Water-poet's]. . . He [Ben Jonson] said to the King that his master, Mr. George Buchanan, had corrupted his ear when young, and learnt him to *sing* verses when he should have *read* them. . . . Sir Francis Walsingham said of our King, when he was ambassador in Scotland, '*Hic nunquam regnabit supernis.*'"

INIGO JONES.—"He [Ben Jonson] said to Prince Charles of Inigo Jones, that, when he wanted words to express the greatest villain in the world, he would call him an Inigo."

BEN'S CENSURE OF ENGLISH WRITERS, LIVING AND DEAD, AND GOSSIP ABOUT THEM.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.—"That Sidney did not keep a decorum in making every one speak as well as himself. . . . For a Heroic Poem, he said, there was no such ground as King Arthur's fiction; and that Sir P. Sidney had ane intention to have transformed all his *Arcadia* to the stories of King Arthur. . . . Sir P. Sidney was no pleasant man in countenance, his face being spoiled with pimples, and of high blood, and long. . . . The Countess of Rutland [died 1612] was nothing inferior to her father, Sir P. Sidney, in poesy."

SPENSER.—"Spenser's stanzas pleased him not, nor his matter. . . . That, the Irish having robbed Spenser's goods, and burnt his house and a little child new born, he and his wife escaped, and after he died for lack of bread in King Street, and refused twenty pieces sent to him by my Lord of Essex, and said he was sorry he had no time to spend them. That, in that paper Sir W. Raleigh had (from Spenser) of the Allegories of his *Faery Queene*, by the 'Blatant Beast' the Puritans were understood, by the 'False Duessa' the Queen of Scots."

RALEIGH.—"That Sir W. Raleigh esteemed more of fame than conscience. The best wits of England were employed for making his *History*. Ben himself had written a piece to him of the Punic war, which he altered and set in his books. Sir W. Raleigh hath written the life of Queen Elizabeth, of which there is copies extant."

HOOKER.—"Hooker's *Ecclesiastical History*, whose children

are now beggars, [is the best book in English] for Church matters."

SOUTHWELL THE JESUIT.—"That Southwell was hanged; yet, so he [Ben Jonson] had written that piece of his, *The Burning Babe*, he would have been content to destroy many of his."

SHAKESPEARE.—"That Shakespeare wanted art. . . . Shakespeare, in a play, brought in a number of men saying they had suffered shipwrack in Bohemia, where there is no sea near by some hundred miles."

LORD BACON.—"My Lord-Chancellor of England wringeth his speeches from the strings of his band, and other counsellors from the picking of their teeth."

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.—"Overbury was first his friend; then turned his mortal enemy."

DANIEL.—"Samuel Daniel was a good, honest man, had no children; but no poet. . . . Daniel was at jealousies with him."

DRAYTON.—"That Michael Drayton's *Polyolbion*, if he had performed what he promised to write (the deeds of all the worthies), had been excellent: his long verses pleased him not. . . . Drayton feared him, and he esteemed not of him."

CHAPMAN AND FLETCHER.—"That the translations of Homer and Virgil in long Alexandrines were but prose. . . . That Chapman and Fletcher were loved of him. . . . That, next himself, only Fletcher and Chapman could make a masque."

SYLVESTER, FAIRFAX, AND HARRINGTON.—"That Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas was not well done, and that he [Ben Jonson] wrote his verses before it [an epigram of high commendation by Jonson, prefixed, among others, to Sylvester's book] ere he understood to confer [*i.e.*, compare with the original]. Nor that of Fairfax's [the translation of Tasso]. . . . That Sir John Harrington's *Ariosto*, under all translations, was the worst." . . .

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.—"That Francis Beaumont loved too much himself and his own verses. . . . Francis Beaumont died ere he was 30 years of age."

MARSTON.—"He beat Marston, and took his pistol from him. Marston wrote his father-in-law's preachings, and his father-in-law his [Marston's] Comedies."

DR. DONNE.—"That Donne's *Anniversary* was profane and full of blasphemies: that he told Mr. Donne if he had written of the Virgin Mary it had been something; to which he answered that he described the idea of a woman, and not as she was. That Donne, for not keeping of accent, deserved hanging. . . . He esteemeth John Donne the first poet in the world in some things. Affirmeth Donne to have written all his best pieces ere he was 25 years old. . . . The conceit of Donne's *Transformation*, or *Metempsychosis*, was that he sought the soul of that apple which Eva pulled, and thereafter made it the soul of a bitch, then of a she-wolf, and so of a woman. His general purpose was to have brought in all the bodies of the Heretics from the soul of Cain, and at last left it in the body of Calvin. Of this he never wrote but one sheet; and now, since he was made Doctor, repenteth highly, and seeketh to destroy all his Poems. . . . Donne's grandfather, on the mother side, was Heywood the Epigrammatist. That Donne himself, from not being understood, would perish."

SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER AND SIR ROBERT AYTOUN.—"Sir W. Alexander was not half kind to him, and neglected him, because [he, Sir W., was] a friend to Drayton. . . . That Sir R. Aytoun loved him dearly."

SELDEN.—"[Among important books] Selden's *Titles of Honour*, for antiquities; and ane book of *The Gods of the Gentiles whose names are in Scripture*. . . . J. Selden liveth on his own; is the law-book of the Judges of England; the bravest man in all languages."

NAT FIELD.—"Nat Field was his [Jonson's] scholar, and he had read to him the Satires of Horace and some Epigrams of Martial."

A PACK OF ROGUES AND FOOLS.—"That Sharpham, Day, Dekker, were all rogues, and that Minshew was one. . . . That Abraham Fraunce, in his English Hexameters, was a fool. . . . That Markham was not of the faithful, *i.e. Poets*, and but a base fellow. That such were Day and Middleton."

BEN'S OPINIONS OF CLASSICAL AUTHORS.

"That Petronius, Plinius Secundus, Tacitus, spoke best Latin; that Quintilian's 6th, 7th, and 8th Books were not only to be read, but altogether digested. Juvenal, Persius, Horace, Martial, for delight; and so Pindar. . . . Lucan, taken in parts, excellent; altogether, naught. . . . Tacitus, he said, wrote the secrets of the Council and Senate, as Suetonius did those of the Cabinet and Courts."

BEN'S OPINIONS OF FOREIGN AUTHORS.

"He thought not Bartas a poet, but a verser, because he wrote not fiction. He cursed Petrarch for redacting verses to sonnets; which he said were like that tyrant's bed, where some who were too short were racked, others too long cut short. That Guarini, in his *Pastor Fido*, kept not decorum, in making shepherds speak as well as himself could. . . . That Bonnefonius' *Vigilium Veneris* was excellent. . . . That the best pieces of Ronsard were his odes."

[*Note by Drummond here*—"All this was to no purpose, for he neither doth understand French nor Italians."]

BEN'S TALK ABOUT HIMSELF AND HIS OWN WRITINGS.

"His Grandfather came from Carlisle, and, he thought, from Annandale to it; he served King Henry VIII., and was a gentleman. His Father lost all his estate under Queen Mary, having been cast in prison and forfeited; at last turned minister; so he [Ben] was a minister's son. He himself was posthumous-born, a month after his father's decease; brought up poorly; put to school by a friend (his master Camden); after taken from it, and put to another craft, which he could not endure; then he went to the Low Countries; but, returning soon, he betook himself to his wonted studies.

"In his service in the Low Countries, he had, in the face of both the camps, killed ane enemy, and taken *opima spolia* from him; and since his coming to England, being appealed to the fields, he had killed his adversary [a player named Gabriel Spencer, in 1598], who had hurt him in the arm, and whose sword was ten inches longer than his; for the which he was imprisoned and almost at the gallows. Then took his religion by trust, of a priest who visited him in prison. Thereafter he was twelve years a Papist. . . . In the time of his close

imprisonment, under Queen Elizabeth, his judges could get nothing of him to all their demands but *Ay* and *No*. They placed two damned villains, to catch advantage of him, with him; but he was advertised by his keeper: of the spies he hath ane epigram. [No LIX. of Ben's 'Epigrams.']

"He married a wife who was a shrew, yet honest. Five years he had not been with her, but remained with my Lord Aubigny.

"When the King came in England at that time the pest was in London, he [Ben], being in the country at Sir Robert Cotton's house with old Camden, saw in a vision his eldest son, then a child and at London, appear unto him with the mark of a bloody cross on his forehead, as if it had been cutted with a sword; at which amazed he prayed unto God, and on the morning he came to Mr. Camden's chamber to tell him; who persuaded him it was but ane apprehension of his phantasy, at which he should not be disjected: in the meantime comes there letters from his wife of the death of that boy in the plague. He appeared to him, he said, of a manly shape, and of that growth that he thinks he shall be at the Resurrection.

"He was delated by Sir James Murray to the King for writing something against the Scots in a play *Eastward Ho!* and voluntarily imprisoned himself with Chapman and Marston, who had written it amongst them. The report was that they should then have had their ears cut and noses. After their delivery he banqueted all his friends; there was Camden, Selden, and others. At the midst of the feast his old Mother drank to him, and showed him a paper which she had, if the sentence had taken execution, to have mixed in the prison among his drink, which was full of lusty strong poison; and, that she was no churl, she told she minded first to have drunk of it herself.

"He had many quarrels with Marston; beat him, and took his pistol from him; wrote his *Poetaster* on him. . . .

"Sir W. Raleigh sent him governor with his son, *anno* 1613, to France. This youth, being knavishly inclined, among other pastimes . . . caused him [Ben] to be drunken, and dead drunk, so that he knew not where he was; thereafter laid him on a car, which he made to be drawn by pioneers through the streets, at every corner showing his governor stretched out, and telling them that was a more lively image of the crucifix than any they had: at which sport young Raleigh's mother delighted much, saying his father young was so inclined; though the father abhorred it. . . .

"He was Master of Arts in both the Universities, by their favour, not his study. . . . He can set horoscopes, but trusts not in them. He, with the consent of a friend, cozened a lady, with whom he had made appointment to meet ane old Astrologer in the suburbs; which she keeped, and it was himself disguised in a long gown and a white beard, at the light of dim-burning candles, up in a little cabinet reached unto by a ladder. . . . Every first day of the new year he had £20 sent him by the Earl of Pembroke to buy books. . . . One day being at table with my Lady Rutland [Sidney's daughter and a poetess], her husband, coming in, accused her that she kept table to poets; of which she wrote a letter to him [Ben], which he answered. My Lord intercepted the letter, but never challenged him. . . . After he was reconciled with the Church, and left off to be a Recusant, at his first communion, in token of true reconciliation, he drank out all the full cup of wine. . . . He hath consumed a whole night in lying looking to his great toe, about which he hath seen Tartars and Turks, Romans and Carthaginians, fight in his imagination. . . . Northampton was his mortal enemy, for beating, on a St. George's day, one of his attenders: he was called before the Council for his *Sejanus*, and accused both of Popery and Treason by him. . . . Sundry times he hath devoured his books, *i.e.*, sold them all for necessity. . . . He hath a mind to be a churchman; and, so he might have favour to make one sermon to the King, he careth not what thereafter should befall him, for he would not flatter though he saw death. . . . He never esteemed of a man for the name of a Lord. . . . He was better versed and knew more in Greek and Latin than all the poets in England, and quintessence their brains.

"Of all his Plays he never gained £200. . . . The half of his Comedies were not in print. . . . He hath a Pastoral [written long ago] entitled *The May Lord*. His own name [in it] is Alkin, Ethra the Countess of Bedford's, Mogibell Overbury, the old Countess of Suffolk an Enchantress; other names are given to Somerset's Lady, Pembroke, the Countess of Rutland, Lady Wroth. In his first story Alkin cometh in mending his broken pipe. [This Pastoral is lost]. . . . That Epithalamium that wants a name in his printed works was made at the Earl of Essex's marriage. . . . A Play of his upon which he was accused [is called] *The Devil is an Ass*. According to Comœdia Vetus in England, the Devil was

brought in either with one Vice or other; the play done, the Devil carried away the Vice. [But] *he* brings in the Devil so overcome with the wickedness of the age that he thought himself ane Ass. Παρεργους [?] is discoursed of the Duke of Drounland [?]. The King desired him to conceal it. [Accordingly, though the play was acted in 1616, it was not printed till long afterwards.] . . . He hath commented and translated Horace's *Art of Poesy:* it is in dialogue-ways; by Criticus he understandeth Dr. Donne. The book that goes about, *The Art of English Poesy*, was done twenty years since, and kept long in writ as a secret. . . . He had written a Discourse of Poesy both against Campion and Daniel, especially this last; where he proves couplets to be the bravest sort of verses, especially when they are broken, like Hexameters, and that cross rhymes and stanzas (because the purpose would lead him beyond eight lines to conclude) were all forced. . . . Pembroke and his lady discoursing, the Earl said the women were men's shadows, and she maintained them. Both appealing to Jonson, he affirmed it true; for which my Lady gave a penance to prove it in verse. Hence his epigram [printed in his Works]. . . . He had ane intention to have made a Play like Plautus's *Amphitrio;* but left it off, for that he could never find two [actors] so like others that he could persuade the spectators they were one. . . . That piece of *The Pucelle of the Court* [the epigram of that name printed among his 'Underwoods'] was stolen out of his pocket by a gentleman who drank him drowsy, and given Mistress Boulstred [the subject of it]; which brought him great displeasure. . . .

"He wrote all his [poetry] first in prose, for so his master Camden had learned him. Verses stood by sense without either colours or accent ['which yet other times he denied,' adds Drummond]. . . . A great many epigrams were ill because they expressed in the end what should have been understood by what was said. . . . He scorned such verses as could be transponed. . . . He scorned anagrams. . . . His *impresa* [device for a seal] was a compass with one foot in centre, the other broken; the word [motto] *Deest quod duceret orbem.* . . . His arms were three spindles or rhombi; his own word [motto] about them *Percunctabor* or *Perscrutator.* . . . Of all styles he loved most to be named 'Honest,' and hath of that ane hundred letters so naming him. . . . In his merry humour he was wont to name himself 'The Poet.' . . .

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"He had ane intention to perfect ane Epic Poem, entitled *Heroologia*, of the Worthies of this country roused by Fame, and was to dedicate it to his country: it is all in couplets, for he detesteth all other rhymes. . . . He hath intention to write a Fisher or Pastoral Play and set the stage of it in the Lomond Lake. . . . He is to write his foot Pilgrimage hither, and to call it *A Discovery*. In a Poem [now lost] he calleth Edinburgh

'The heart of Scotland, Britain's other eye.'"

BEN'S READINGS TO DRUMMOND, AND HIS FAVOURITE QUOTATIONS FROM HIMSELF AND OTHERS.

"He read his translation of that ode of Horace, *Beatus ille qui procul negotiis*, and admired it. . . . He read the Preface of his *Art of Poesy*, upon Horace's *Art of Poesy*, where he hath ane apology of a play of his, *St. Bartholomew's Fair*. . . . The most commonplace of his repetition was a Dialogue Pastoral between a shepherd and a shepherdess about singing [*The Musical Strife*, now printed among Ben's "Underwoods"]: another *Parabostes Pariane*, with his letter; that Epigram of Gout; my Lady Bedford's Buck [No. LXXXIV. of Ben's "Epigrams"]; his Verses of Drinking, "Drink to me only with thine eyes," "Swell me a bowl" [in *The Poetaster*], &c.; his Verses of a Kiss. . . . He read a Satire of a Lady come from the Bath; Verses on the Pucelle of the Court, Mistress Boulstred, whose epitaph Donne made; a satire telling there was no abuses to make a satire of, and in which he repeateth all the abuses in England and the World. . . . [Donne's] verses of *The Lost Chain* he hath by heart [the piece is printed among Donne's "Elegies," and consists of 114 lines], and that passage of *The Calm*, "That dust and feathers do not stir, all was so quiet" [these are not the exact words: see the poem among Donne's "Letters"]. . . . Sir Henry Wotton's verses of a Happy Life he hath by heart; and a piece of Chapman's translation of the 13th of the Iliads, which he thinketh well done. . . . He hath by heart some verses of Spenser's *Calendar*, about wine, between Colin and Percy [probably a passage near the end of the 10th Eclogue, where, however, the speakers are Pierce and Cuddie]. . . . He had oft [in his mouth] this verse, though he scorned it:

"So long as we may, let us enjoy this breath,
For nought doth kill a man so soon as Death."

BEN'S CRITICISMS OF DRUMMOND'S POETRY, AND ADVICES TO HIM.

"His censure of my verses was that they were all good, especially my Epitaph of the Prince [*Mœliades*], save that they smelled too much of the Schools, and were not after the fancy of the time; for a child, says he, may write after the fashion of the Greek and Latin verses in running: yet that he wished, to please the King, that piece of *Forth Feasting* had been his own. . . . He recommended to my reading Quintilian; who, he said, would tell me the faults of my verses as if he lived with me. . . . He said to me that I was too good and simple, and that oft a man's modesty made a fool of his wit. . . . He dissuaded me from Poetry, for that she had beggared him, when he might have been a rich lawyer, physician, or merchant."

From these specimens (and they are by no means the whole)*

* In the 1711 edition of Drummond's Works (pp. 224-226) there was printed a very imperfect, though not unfair, compilation of Drummond's Memoranda of Ben's visit, under the title of "Heads of a Conversation betwixt the famous Poet Ben Johnson and William Drummond of Hawthornden, January 1619." This compilation, which the editors of that edition had thought sufficient, was all that was accessible for more than a hundred years; and it was on it that Gifford, in his *Life of Jonson*, founded his perverse, and utterly absurd and bulldog-like, attacks on Drummond for supposed malignity, &c. When Mr. David Laing began, in 1827, his examination of the Hawthornden MSS. in the possession of the Antiquarian Society of Scotland, he hoped to find the originals of the precious Notes among those MSS. In this he was disappointed,—finding only the empty envelope which had contained the Notes, and which bore the inscription, "*Informations and Manners by Ben Jonson to W. D.*, 1619;" but his further search was rewarded by discovering, in a miscellaneous collection of MSS., entitled *Adversaria*, in the hand-writing of the Scottish antiquary, Sir Robert Sibbald, preserved in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, a complete transcript of the missing document, made by that antiquary, apparently between 1700 and 1710. From this transcript, headed "*Informations by Ben Jonson to W. D., when he came to Scotland upon foot*, 1619," Mr. Laing edited the long-lost relic, with valuable notes, in a paper read before the Society of Scottish Antiquaries, January 9, 1832, and afterwards published in their *Transactions* (*Arch. Scot.*, IV., 241-270). A separate edition of the same, with a Preface by Mr. Laing, appeared in 1842 as one of the publications of the Shakespeare Society. Altogether, this is one of the most interesting of the many services to Literary History that have been rendered by Mr. Laing in the course of his life-long labours and researches.——In the text I have taken but the portion of the Notes that seemed suitable for this volume, and have given these a systematic arrangement under headings.

it will be seen what *noctes cœnæque* those were in Hawthornden House about Christmas 1618-19, when Ben was Drummond's guest. The morsels of Ben's talk so preserved for us are worth pages of our dry literary histories of that period, and have helped, indeed, to give those histories more flavour than they would otherwise have had. While we are obliged to Drummond for so much, it is ungracious to complain of deficiency; but there is one defect for which we can hardly forgive him. Why have we only that meagre scrap about Shakespeare? Why, when Drummond had beside him the man who could have told more about Shakespeare personally than any other living, did he not tap this particular fountain of gossip in his guest, and keep it flowing for several hours? What a world of trouble to Shakespeare's future biographers might have been saved by one such hour! The omission is the more remarkable because, as we have seen, Drummond had been one of Shakespeare's earliest admirers in Scotland, and had his well-fingered copies of Shakespeare's Poems and three of his Plays on his book-shelves, in the very room where he and Ben were sitting together. So it chanced, however, that, while Ben poured out so much about himself, and was even a little large upon Dr. Donne, Shakespeare was barely mentioned. Did Shakespeare's elusiveness of publicity while he was alive actuate his disembodied spirit, and was the prayer on his tombstone at Stratford-on-Avon already operative,—

> "Good Friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
> To dig the dust enclosed here.
> Blest be the man that spares these stones;
> And cursed be he that moves my bones"?

Ben had been out of Drummond's house for some time, but the after-relish of his visit was still fresh, when Drummond sent him this note, addressed to him in his lodging in Leith, or wherever else he was staying.

"*To His worthy Friend* MR. BENJAMIN JOHNSON.

"SIR,

"Here you have that Epigram which you desired, with another of the like argument. If there be any other thing in this country unto which my power can reach, command it: there is nothing I wish more than to be in the calendar of them who love you. I have heard from Court that the late masque was not so approved of the King as in former times, and that your absence was regretted. Such applause hath true worth, even of those who otherwise are not for it. Thus, to the next occasion, taking my leave, I remain

"Your loving friend,

"January 17, 1649." "W. DRUMMOND.

Jonson immediately reciprocated with this characteristic missive:—

"To the Honouring Respect born of the Friendship contracted with the Right Virtuous and Learned MR. WILLIAM DRUMMOND, and the perpetuating the same by all offices of love hereafter, I, BENJAMIN JOHNSON, whom he hath honoured with the leave to be called His, have with mine own hand, to satisfy his request, written this imperfect song:—

"ON A LOVER'S DUST MADE SAND FOR AN HOUR-GLASS.

"Do but consider this small dust here running in the glass,
By atoms moved;
Could you believe that this the body ever was
Of one that loved,
And in his mistress' flaming playing like the fly
Was turned to cinders by her eye?
Yes! and, in death as life unblest,
To have't exprest,
Even ashes of lovers find no rest.

"Yet, that love, when it is at full, may admit heaping, receive another; and this is

"A PICTURE OF MYSELF.

"I doubt that Love is rather deaf than blind;
For else it could not be
That she
Whom I adore so much should so slight me,
And cast my suit behind.

I am sure my language to her is as sweet,
And all my closes meet
In numbers of as subtle feet,
As makes the youngest he
That sits in shadow of Apollo's tree.
O ! but my conscious fears,
That fly my thoughts between,
Prompt me that she hath seen
My hundreds of grey hairs,
Told six and forty years,
Read so much waist as she cannot embrace
My mountain belly and my rocky face ;
And all these though her eyes have stopped her ears."

"January 19, 1619."*

What a cracking of society there would be if all people had learnt the supreme honesty of never saying to a man's face, or writing to him in letters, anything but exactly what they thought of him all in all in their own minds, or might write about him privately ! Precisely two days after Drummond had sent to Jonson in his Leith lodging the little note that has been quoted, and on the very day, it would appear, when he received Ben's flourishing testimonial of reply, with its poetical enclosures ("Jannary 19, 1619"), this is what he appended to his Memoranda of Ben's visit by way of summary of the impressions which Ben's personal presence and demeanour had made upon him :—"He [Ben Jonson] is a great lover and "praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others; given "rather to lose a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and "action of those about him (especially after drink, which is one "of the elements in which he liveth); a dissembler of ill parts "which reign in him, a bragger of some good that he wanteth ;

* Both these Poems of Ben, slightly altered, appear in his Works, the first entitled "The Hour-Glass," the second entitled "My Picture, left in Scotland." I print them, with a correction or two, from the copies from Ben's MS. to Drummond given in the 1711 edition of Drummond's Works, pp. 154-155. It would appear, from Mr. David Laing's examination of the Sibbald copy of Drummond's Notes of his Conversations with Ben, that Drummond had copied them out, and appended them to these Notes, prefixing to the first, "He sent me this Madrigal," and to the second, "And that which is, as he said, a Picture of Himself." See *Arch. Scot.*, IV. 268-9.

"thinketh nothing well but what either he himself or some of "his friends and countrymen hath said or done: he is "passionately kind and angry; careless either to gain or keep; "vindictive, but, if he be well answered, at himself. For any "religion, as being versed in both. Interpreteth best sayings "and deeds often to the worst. Oppressed with phantasy, which "hath ever mastered his reason, a general disease in many "poets. His inventions are smooth and easy; but above all "he excelleth in a Translation." This is, no doubt, a perfectly honest summing-up of Drummond's impressions; he was quite entitled to put it on paper if he chose; and Ben Jonson's admirers ought to be the last to object to such frankness. At the same time it does come a little gratingly in the context of the interchanged letters between the two men; and, with all allowance for any temporary discomfort to Drummond as Ben's host, one cannot but see that his fastidious tastes and his literary predilections disqualified him for admitting to his liking, as fully as another might have done, such a huge creature as Ben, faults and all. Perhaps also one can trace in Drummond's words something of the irritation of a Scot at the *spretæ injuria patriæ*. Although he himself acknowledged the literary barrenness of Scotland at that time in comparison with England, and did not over-estimate the exceptions that might be found in Sir William Alexander's poetry and his own, yet *Nos etiam colimus Phœbum* had been a growing feeling with him; and it may have been a little hard to hear Ben Jonson talk patronizingly of recent Scottish attempts as not bad for a region so far from the London centre, and recommend a course of Quintilian and English Grammar as discipline for something better.

Leaving his character behind him, as we must all do, Ben set out from Leith on his journey homewards on the 25th of January, 1619. He set out, Drummond tells us, in the same pair of shoes that had brought him from Darlington five months before, and with a resolution that they should carry him as far

as Darlington again. Probably Drummond saw him off. At all events, he had promised Drummond that, if he died on the way, he would leave instructions that the papers he had written about Scotland during his visit should be sent to Drummond exactly as they were; and Drummond, on his side, had undertaken to forward to Ben in London certain descriptions of Edinburgh, the Lomond Country, &c., needed for that more complete narrative of his tour which he meant to write, and for his projected Pastoral on Lochlomond.

Ben seems to have performed his return journey in a very leisurely manner, breaking it into stages, and quartering himself here and there with his friends and acquaintances along his route. From one of these rests he must have sent a letter to Edinburgh, though not to Drummond himself; for among the preserved scrolls of Drummond's letters there is the following :—

"*To my good Friend* BEN JONSON.

"SIR,

"After even a longing to hear of your happy journey, Mr. Fenton shew me a letter from you, remembering all your friends here, and particularly (such is your kindness) me. If ever prayers and good wishes could have made a voyage easy, yours must have been; for your acquaintance here in their thoughts did travel along with you. The uncertainty where to direct letters hath made me this time by-past not to write: when I understand of your being at London I shall never, among my worthiest friends, be forgetful of you. I have sent the Oath of our Knights, as it was given me by Herald Drysdale: if I can serve you in any other matter, you shall find me most willing. Thus, wishing that the success of your fortunes may answer our desires, I commit you to the tuition of God.

"EDINBURGH, 30th of April, 1619."

It seems doubtful whether this letter was sent, or at least in this form (for there is another scroll-copy of it, slightly different); but there is no such doubt about the following, written to Drummond by Jonson shortly after his arrival in London :—

"*To my worthy, honoured, and beloved Friend,* MR. WILLIAM DRUMMOND, *Edinburgh.*

"MOST LOVING AND BELOVED SIR,

"Against which titles I should most knowingly offend if I made you not at length some account of myself, to come even with your friendship—I am arrived safely; with a most catholic welcome, and my reports not unacceptable to His Majesty. He professed, I thank God, some joy to see me, and is pleased to hear of the purpose of my Book: to which I most earnestly solicit you for your promise of the Inscriptions at Pinkie, some things concerning the Loch of Lomond, touching the government of Edinburgh to urge Mr. James Scot, and what else you can procure for me with all speed. Especially I make it my request that you will enquire for me whether the students' method at St. Andrews be the same with that at Edinburgh, and so to assure me, or wherein they differ. Though these requests be full of trouble, I hope they shall neither burden nor weary such a friendship, whose commands to me I will ever interpret a pleasure.—News we have none here, but what is making against the Queen's funeral; whereof I have somewhat in hand, which shall look upon you with the next [Queen Ann died March 2, 1619]. Salute the beloved Fentons, the Nisbets, the Scots, the Livingstons, and all the honest and honoured names with you; especially Mr. James Writh, his wife, your sister, &c.; and, if you forget yourself, you believe not in

"Your most true friend and lover,

"BEN JOHNSON.

"LONDON, 10th of May 1619."

Drummond's reply to this has not been preserved; but that he did send a reply, enclosing most of the information that Ben Jonson wanted, appears from a subsequent letter. It is a long one and must be abridged:—

To his worthy friend M. BENJAMIN JONSON.

"SIR,

"The uncertainty of your abode was a cause of my "silence this time past. I have adventured this packet upon "hopes that a man so famous cannot be in any place of the City

"or Court where he shall not be found out. In my last I sent "you a description of Lochlomond, with a map of Inchmeri- "noch, which may by your book be made most famous; with "the form of the Government of Edinburgh, and the method "of the Colleges of Scotland. For all inscriptions, I have been "curious to find out for you the *Impresas* and *Emblems* on a "Bed of State, wrought and embroidered all with gold and "silk by the late Queen Mary, mother to our sacred Sovereign; "which will embellish greatly some pages of your book, and is "worthy of remembrance." Here accordingly follows a curious and exact list of mottoes and emblems of divers royal and historical personages, all of which had been wrought and embroidered on the said Bed of State by the hands of Mary, Queen of Scots, during her youth in France. The first was Mary's own emblem or device, "the Loadstone turning to the Pole," with this anagram of her name for motto, SA VERTU M'ATIRE (MARIE STEWART): both having reference, Drummond adds, "to a crucifix before which, with all her royal ornaments, she "is humbled on her knees most lively, with the word *Undique*." Then come the emblems and mottoes of Mary's mother, Mary of Guise, of her uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine, of Henry II. and Francis I. of France, of Henry VIII. of England, and many others, all punctiliously described. The Bed of State, so executed by the fingers of the poor young Queen in her happy youth, seems to have been a very marvel of needlework; for Drummond says, "I omit the arms of Scotland, England, and "France, severally by themselves, and all quartered in many "places of this bed; the workmanship is curiously done, and "above all value; and truly it may be of this piece said, "*Materiam superabat opus.* I have sent you, as you desired, "the oath which the old valiant knights of Scotland gave when "they received the order of knighthood; which was done with "great solemnity and magnificence.

"W. DRUMMOND.

"July 1st, 1619."

With this letter the correspondence between Drummond and Ben Jonson, so far as it has been preserved, comes to an abrupt close;* for, though Ben lived to 1637, there is no record

* The first of the three letters last quoted is given among Mr. Laing's Extracts from the Hawthornden MSS. (*Arch. Scot.*, IV. 86); the other two are given in the 1711 edition of Drummond's Works, pp. 154-5, and p. 137.

of any farther intercourse between them. What is worse, the literary fruits of Ben's tour in Scotland, which Drummond took such friendly pains to mature, were never given to the world. The projected *Lochlomond Pastoral*, which might have been a kind of anticipation of Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, seems to have remained a mere sketch in Ben's mind; and, though he did complete, in some poetical form, the general account of his Scottish Tour, and the King and all London were expecting it with considerable interest, the manuscript perished, with others, in the fire which burnt Ben's lodgings some time in 1620. So we learn from himself in his poem on the accident called *An Execration upon Vulcan;* where, after saying that, if he had foreseen the fire and its fondness for paper, he would have taken care to cram his lodging with stuff fit for burning, he adds this list of his lost MSS.—

> "But in my desk what was there to accite
> So ravenous and vast an appetite?
> I dare not say a body, but some parts
> There were of search and mastery in the Arts.
> All the old Venusine in poetry,
> And lighted by the Stagirite, could spy
> Was there made English; with a Grammar too,
> To teach some that their nurses could not do,
> The purity of Language; *and, among*
> *The rest, my Journey into Scotland, sung*
> *With all the adventures;* three books not afraid
> To speak the fate of the Sicilian Maid
> To our own ladies; and, in story there
> Of our fifth Henry eight of his nine year,
> Wherein was oil, beside the succours spent
> Which noble Carew, Cotton, Selden lent;
> And twice-twelve-years-stored-up Humanity,
> With humble gleanings in Divinity
> After the Fathers, and those wiser guides
> Whom faction had not drawn to study sides."

What of Drayton all this while? Drummond's last letter to him, as we saw, was on the 20th of December, 1618. Ben Jonson had then been for some time in Scotland; but, as may be inferred from various circumstances, the letter had been written before

Ben and Drummond had had their famous meeting. Hence there had been no mention of Ben in it. But, as we have seen, Drummond and Ben had discoursed about Drayton, among the rest, in their Hawthornden colloquies, and Ben had given Drummond but a so-so character of Drayton on the whole. Drayton and he did not agree well together; Drayton was afraid of him, and he had no esteem for Drayton, though he allowed that his *Polyolbion* might have been an excellent book, if he had kept to his promise of bringing in all the legends of English heroism into it, and had not written it in such a long unreadable kind of verse! This may not have been pleasant to Drummond, whose last letters to Drayton had been expressly in praise of the *Polyolbion*, with hopes that the continuation of it, which the London publishers were declining, might be published from Andro Hart's Edinburgh press. Fortunately, these letters had not been answered while Ben Jonson was in Scotland, so that there had been no opportunity of any farther criticism of Drayton by Ben in connexion with so definite an adoption of the *Polyolbion* by the Scots. But three months after Ben had left Scotland, though before he was back in London, Drummond received this letter of explanation from Drayton—

"*To my noble friend*, MR. WILLIAM DRUMMOND *of Hawthornden.*

"MY NOBLE FRIEND,

"I have at last received both your letters [that of December 20, 1618, and its predecessor], and the last in a letter of Sir William Alexander's enclosed, sent to me into the country, where I have been all this winter, and came up to London not above four days before the date of these my letters to you. I thank you, my dear, sweet Drummond, for your good opinion of *Polyolbion*. I have done twelve Books more; that is, from the 18th Book (which was Kent, if you note it), all the east parts, and north to the River Tweed; but it lieth by me, for the Booksellers and I are in terms. They are a company of base knaves, whom I

both scorn and kick at. Your love, worthy friend, I do heartily embrace and cherish; and the ofter your letters come the better shall they be welcome. And so, wishing you all happiness, I commit you to God's tuition, and rest ever

"Your assured friend,

"MICHAEL DRAYTON.

"LONDON, 14th April, 1619.

"I have written to Mr. Hart a letter, which comes with this."*

Nothing, after all, came of Drayton's incipient negotiation with Andro Hart. That Edinburgh worthy, who had been in business as far back as 1596, and had then been in trouble for his bookselling and his Presbyterian activity, died in good old age in December, 1621, leaving the business to John Hart, his son; and the second part of Drayton's *Polyolbion* still ran the gauntlet of the proper London booksellers. It did at last see the light, through one of these booksellers, in 1622, when the addition of the twelve new "Songs" or Books which Drayton had composed to the eighteen which had been published in 1613, and which had meanwhile been enriched by Selden's learned annotations, completed the work to its present size of thirty Books. About the same time, or a little before (1619 and 1620), Drayton had been successful in obtaining a London publisher for a new collection of his miscellaneous Poems. But, though thus independent at length of that expected Scottish rescue from the London book-trade in which Drummond had been willing to assist, the English veteran retained an affection for Drummond to the end of his days. They were never to meet; but letters continued occasionally to pass between them. Nay more, in an interesting metrical Epistle of Drayton's to one of his English friends *On Poets and Poesy*, both Drummond and Sir William Alexander were handsomely commemorated. In that Epistle, which gives a critical and really pleasant sketch of the History of English Poetry, begin-

* Drummond's Works, p. 153.

ning with Chaucer and Gower, and descending through Surrey, Wyatt, Gascoigne, and Churchyard, all punctually named and characterized, to Spenser, Sidney, Warner, Marlowe, Nash, Shakespeare, Daniel, Ben Jonson, Chapman, Sylvester, Sandys, and the rest of the Elizabethan group, and so to the two Beaumonts and William Browne, as the latest English comers, Drayton devotes a special paragraph to the only two Scottish poets whom he cared to include in so glorious a company :—

> So Scotland sent us hither for our own
> That man whose name I ever would have known
> To stand by mine, that most ingenious knight
> My Alexander, to whom in his right
> I want extremely. Yet, in speaking thus,
> I do but show the love that was 'twixt us,
> And not his numbers; which were brave and high,
> So like his mind was his clear poesy.
> And my dear Drummond, to whom much I owe,
> For his much love, and proud was I to know
> *His* poesy. For which two worthy men,
> I Menstrie still shall love, and Hawthornden."

CHAPTER VII.

LAST SIX YEARS OF KING JAMES'S REIGN: KERR OF ANCRAM'S BANISHMENT: AFFAIRS OF SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER: VARIOUS LETTERS OF DRUMMOND; HIS *FLOWERS OF SION* AND *CYPRESS GROVE*.

1619—1625.

THE six years of Drummond's life immediately succeeding those rich ones of Drayton and Ben Jonson reminiscence are years of comparative dearth. Living on at Hawthornden, with Edinburgh by way of near variety, and now and then an excursion within moderate limits, Drummond persevered quietly among his books and papers, receiving tidings of the wide world around him, ruminating these tidings in his philosophic melancholy, and distributing more or less of his thoughts in his correspondence with friends.

The year 1620 opened with an incident of some interest to him on grounds of private friendship. His friend Sir Robert Kerr of Ancram, Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the King, had got into serious trouble. Though past forty years of age, he had had a quarrel at Newmarket, where the Court then was, with a gigantic young bully, called Charles Maxwell, and had killed him in a duel. Fortunately, the dead man was only a Scotchman too, and even his relatives were in no great agony about losing him. Still it was an awkward affair; and, for the

sake of appearances, Kerr had to go for a while into exile in Holland.

His friends were naturally concerned. The affair is mentioned, with much sympathy for Kerr, in a brief note from Sir William Alexander to Drummond, dated "Newmarket, 7 February," in which the recent death of Samuel Daniel the Poet (Oct., 1619) is also mentioned. Drummond, however, had already heard of Kerr's trouble; and there are three friendly letters of his to Kerr in relation to it. In the first, dated Feb. 10, 1620, he takes Kerr gently to task for his rashness. "It was too "much hazarded in a point of honour. Why should true valour "have answered fierce barbarity, nobleness arrogancy, religion "impiety, innocence malice, the disparagement being so vast? ". . . The lives of twenty such as his who hath fallen, in "honour's balance, would not counterpoise your one." The other two letters are undated in the preserved copies, but must have followed in the same year at a little interval. In one Drummond seeks to amuse Kerr by sending him some anagrams on his name which he had found in turning over his uncle Fowler's papers. That old gentleman and poet, as we know, had been an inveterate maker of anagrams; and, in twisting and retwisting Kerr of Ancram's name amongst others, in its Latinized form, ROBERTUS CARUS ANCRAMUS, he had hit upon these three combinations of the letters—CURANS RECTURUS AMABOR ("Taking care and coming to rule, I shall be loved"), which Drummond properly passes by as rubbish; AT SUM ARCENS ROBUR ARCUS ("But I am a bow resisting violence"), of which Drummond thinks something relevant might be made; and CUR ARMA ROBUSTE CURANS ("Why robustly managing arms?"), which Drummond thinks prophetical of Kerr's mishap. "Why should ye be so strong in arms in this clime of Sybarites?" he adds; and the rest of the letter is taken up with a tirade against anagrams. "They are the most idle study in the world of learning"; and any devotee to them must be *homo miserrimæ patientiæ*, as his good uncle Fowler had found to his cost!

"Of all the Anagrammatists, and with least pain, he was the best "who out of his own name, being 'Jacques de la Chambre,' "found 'La Chambre de Jacques,' and rested there; and next "to him here at home a gentleman who, his mistress's name "being 'Anna Græme,' found it an *Anagram* already." The next letter, addressed to Kerr in his temporary banishment, is more serious, and begins thus:—

"However Fortune turn her wheel, I find you still yourself, and so ballasted with your own worth that you may outdare any storm. This is that jewel which neither change of court nor climates can rob you of; of what is yours you have lost nothing. By this quadrant I have ever measured your height; neither here could the vapours of Court make me err. Long since I learnt not to esteem of any golden butterflies there but as of counters whose places give them only worth. You are born to act brave parts on this theatre of the world: as your Prince is wise, so I am assured he is well read in man, and knows you are not one to be lost. What know you to what end that Sovereign Wisdom who hath hitherto been so strong a defence with you hath removed you from your own country? By this means you may return more welcome, more beloved, and with greater honour, than when you left her. . . ."*

The Court of King James, whether it was at Newmarket or in London, was not the most comfortable of places for sensitive people. You did not need to kill a man; it was enough if you interfered with his Majesty's monopoly in the translation of King David's Psalms. Even while in Scotland, King James had felt that the translation of these Psalms might be a fit work for himself, as uniting the two capacities of King and Poet, so rarely combined since the days of the Hebrew original. But, since his accession to the English throne, the work had engaged him more definitely. Setting his bishops and divines to work, he had at length, in 1611, provided his subjects with an authorized

* The Letters here quoted or described will be found, in their order, as follows:—Drummond's Works, p. 151 and p. 138, *Archæol. Scot.* (Extracts from Hawthornden MSS.) pp. 85, 86, Drummond's Works, pp. 141-2.

version of the whole Bible unsurpassed by any European version; but he had reserved for himself the task of perfecting such a metrical version of the Psalms for public and private worship as should supersede Sternhold and Hopkins's old version of 1563 in England, and the modification of the same which had been in use in Scotland since 1565. Every now and then, accordingly, when the cares of State or of royal swinishness allowed him a pious moment, he had been hammering at the Psalms, revising an old version of one and tuning it to the right pitch, or quite re-versifying another. Naturally, he had taken those of his courtiers into his confidence who had any turn for that kind of work; and among these had been Sir William Alexander, and perhaps also Sir Robert Kerr and Sir Robert Aytoun. There was, in fact, a little committee at Court for versifying the Psalms, in the centre of which was the King, with Sir William Alexander for his right-hand man. Of course, however, the thing was bruited abroad; and, though a new metrical version of the Psalms was a work on which many people throughout the island might have employed themselves independently, and indeed attempts at it had been left in manuscript or printed by not a few during the preceding half century, the King's example seems to have given at length a peculiar stimulus to Psalm-translation, and made it a settled amusement for poets in their leisure hours. While his Majesty was so laudably employed, why should not those of his subjects who professed the same craft turn out a version of a Psalm now and then, to lighten his Majesty's labours? This does not seem to have been what his Majesty wanted. He would do the whole work with his own royal skill; or, at least, he and his good friend, Sir William Alexander, would manage it between them—Alexander giving him the benefit of his advice, and perhaps occasionally contributing a version of a Psalm to be compared with his Majesty's own version, but still all passing through his Majesty's judgment, so as to issue finally as his Majesty's. The peculiar division of labour does not seem to

have been perfectly agreeable to Sir William; but what could a gentleman-usher do? He may have fumed over the whole business when he was alone; but, when the King said, "Menstrie, we left aff at Psalm twenty-twa: the next's a teuch ane, but fine and short; lat's hae a try at *it*," he had to be ready as second violin.

I do not know whether they were engaged on the Psalm I have mentioned in the beginning of the year 1620; but certainly they were then over some particular Psalm. Apparently also it must have been a "tough" one; for Alexander had communicated whereabouts they were to Drummond, probably with a notion that Drummond might come in as a partaker in the whole business, and that this Psalm might be his introduction. Drummond, in any case, had given a day or two to the Psalm in Hawthornden, and sent the result to Alexander. Here was the answer; which it was perhaps as well for Alexander that the King did not see:—

"BROTHER,

"I received your last letter, with the Psalm you sent; which I think very well done. I had done the same long before it came; but He prefers his own to all else, though perchance, when you see it, you will think it the worst of the three. No man must meddle with that subject; and therefore I advise you to take no more pains therein; but I, as I have ever wished you, would have you to make choice of some new subject, worthy of your pains; which I should be glad to see. I love the Muses as well as ever I did, but can seldom have the occasion to frequent them. All my Works are written over in one Book, ready for the press; but I want leisure to print them. So, referring all further to our old friend, Sir Archibald Acheson, who is coming home, I continue

"Your loving Friend,

"W. ALEXANDER.*

"LONDON, 18th April 1620."

* From Drummond's Works (1711), p. 151.

A letter of Drummond's, though undated and without address in the scroll-copy, will at once be recognised as his answer to Alexander on the receipt of this:—"I think Tasso had some "reason of his madness, now in spending such time and labour, "and reaping nothing but 'O, well done!' Great men in this "age either respect not our toys at all; or, if they do, because "they *are* toys, esteem them only worthy the kiss of their "hand: but especially Princes who are so inclined themselves. "A Prince becomes jealous of possessors of those excellencies "which he findeth in himself; thence it seldom happens that "learned Princes advance learned men. Herefore Nero killed "Lucan, and opened Seneca's veins; for, as Tacitus tells, it "was a crime to make verse in that time. We admire those "things we want, and contemn what we possess. Yet I must "call these times abject; in which it is a more worthy exercise "to be a ballader, study to paint the face, or follow some wild "beast, than have the most noble faculties of wit." This must have been written in consolation to Sir William Alexander, of whose worries at Court Drummond had better knowledge than we can have now.*

Not so certainly of the same year, but very probably so, and most distinctly in continuation of the same strain, are two other letters to Alexander, of which copies remain. Alexander had been dangerously ill with tertian ague; and the first of the letters is Drummond's congratulation on his recovery. "Ye "may think," he says, "how your letters moved me, when even "yet, at the remembrance of the accident, I am in a horror. "How miserable had the estate of so many been, which all "love your life; for, none being so well loved, this grief had "been universal." Alexander had replied, entering rather gloomily into particulars as to the state of his fortunes at Court; and Drummond's next is longer and more intimate;—"That ye "are relieved of your tertian ague," he says, "*et tibi et mihi* "*gratulor.* Ye should not despair of your fortunes. He who

* Mr. Laing's Extracts from the Hawthornden MSS., *Arch. Scot.*, IV. 88.

"drew you there and fixed me here contrary to our resolutions, "He only from all danger may vindicate our fortunes, and "make us sure. He to this time hath brought me in the world "to be, without riches, rich; and then most happily did it fall "out with me when I had no hope in Man left me; and this "came to me because on Him, and not on Man, my hopes "relied. And therefore, that now I live, that I enjoy a dear "idleness, sweet solitariness, I have it of Him and not from "Man. Trust in Him; prefer not to certainties uncertain "hopes. *Conspiravit in dolores nostros hæc æstas: sola Dies "poterit tantum lenire dolorem;* for we have what to plain and "regret together; and I what alone I must lament." These last words are surely to be noted. Were they not written with a sigh, and an arrest of the pen, that the writer might lift his eyes, mutter a moment to himself, and look round his solitary room? Four years had passed since his love-bereavement; but the image of his dead betrothed was still continually before him, and his heart still haunted the grass that waved above her grave.*

That very year Drummond thought he was to die. There had been a cessation of his letters to Alexander for some time, when, in the close of the year, Alexander received the following, dated Nov., 1620:—"When ye have understood the cause of "my long silence, I hope I shall not only obtain pardon, but "pity: as our Petrarch says, *Spero trovar pictà non che perdono.* "These months by past, as to some great states, to me too "have been fatal; for these eight weeks I have been languish-"ing in sickness, and that more by the ignorance of physicians "(which, being nowhere good, are here naught) than by any "defect of nature: for, my disease being a pain of the side, "they cannot tell to what to ascribe the cause, nor how to help "me. If it shall happen me now to die, ye have lost a great "admirer of your worth; and the greatest conquest I have

* The two undated letters quoted from in this paragraph are among Mr. Laing's Extracts from the Hawthornden MSS.: *Arch. Scot.*, IV. 89.

"made on earth is that I am assured ye love my remembrance." With this letter, or about the same time, there went to Alexander a Sonnet of Drummond's, addressed to him in farewell, the pathos of which and its autobiographic precision have made if oftener quoted in sketches of Drummond than any other:—

"Though I have twice been at the gates of Death,
And twice found shut those gates which ever mourn,
This but a lightening is, truce ta'en to breath;
For late-born sorrows augur fleet return.
Amidst thy sacred cares and courtly toils,
Alexis, when thou shalt hear wandering Fame
Tell Death hath triumphed o'er my mortal spoils,
And that on earth I am but a sad name,
If thou e'er held me dear, by all our love,
By all that bliss, those joys, Heaven here us gave,
I conjure thee, and by the Maids of Jove,
To grave this short remembrance on my grave:—
Here Damon lies, whose songs did sometime grace
The murmuring Esk: may roses shade the place!"

Had Drummond died then, he would have been but thirty-five years of age, and the inscription on his tombstone would have had to be made by one who was five years his senior. As it happened, however, he was to outlive Alexander, and have the charge for some years of *his* memory in the world.

The years 1621 and 1622 slip away, one hardly knows how. Of dated particulars belonging to these years, one notes only a commendatory sonnet or two of Drummond's prefixed to the book of some scribbling Scottish acquaintance, together with a brief note from Michael Drayton, and Drummond's reply to the same. Letters, it would appear, had passed between Drayton and Drummond subsequent to that one of Drayton's of April, 1619, where we broke off the correspondence: at least, there is an undated copy of one of Drummond's to Drayton which, as it refers to the collection of Drayton's Poems then forthcoming in London, was probably written in answer to that:—"The summer might as well come without flowers,"

Drummond there says to Drayton, "as Sir William Alexander "without letters. We have oft been inquisitive about your "Poems, wondering they are not come from the press. I long "to hear the progress of your Poems printed: there is no verses "I delight more to read than yours, *Shine as the moon among* "*the lesser stars.*"—From this we see that Sir William Alexander and his lady, in their summer visits to Scotland, generally brought Drummond a packet of remembrances from London friends; and from the same letter we learn that "old Sir William Erskine," Lady Alexander's father, had recently been in London, seen Drayton there, and been charged by him with a scolding to Drummond, for not writing oftener. Again, however, there had been remissness, but this time on Drayton's part. On the 22nd of November, 1621, however, he again writes "To my dear, noble Friend, Mr. William Drummond, of Hawthornden, in Scotland." There is nothing of the least consequence in the letter, beyond the continued liking for Drummond indicated by this superscription. "I am oft thinking whether this long silence proceeds from you or me:" "my long being in the country this summer:" "Believe me, worthy William, I am more than a fortnight's friend; where I love, I love for years," &c. It is explained that Sir William Alexander is then with the Court at Newmarket, but that Lady Alexander had promised to see the letter conveyed to Drummond. As Lady Alexander probably knew that there was nothing of particular moment in the letter, she forgot her promise; and it did not reach Drummond till April 20, 1622, exactly five months after it had been written, when in fact she brought it herself. Drummond's reply, accordingly, is that he and Drayton had best excuse themselves for their long mutual silence, and, like Adam and Eve, agree to lay the blame on a third party. He will undertake to give Lady Alexander the rating she deserves; even a music-book which she has brought as a present to Drummond shall not save her; and Drayton, having Sir William Alexander all to himself in London, may take vengeance upon

him in Drummond's name for never having answered enquiries he had made about Drayton regularly for a year past. Still there was cause for regret. "A whole year to have gone, paper being so cheap, and never one letter!"*

The affairs of Sir William Alexander were in a new flush of prosperity about this time. The first settlement of the Pilgrim Fathers in the American colony of New Plymouth (1620) had led to much speculation as to the future of that "New England" within the bounds of which the little colony had been planted, and as to the prospects of British colonization in America generally; and the scheme had been projected of a "New Scotland," or "Nova Scotia," north of New England, to be a field of emigration more especially for Scotchmen, and on Scottish principles, and to include not only the little bit which now retains the name of Nova Scotia, but a vast tract of the lands and islands about the St. Lawrence, extending into the present Canada. The tract, or part of it, had belonged to France, and was occupied thinly by French stragglers; but it was claimed by Great Britain. Combined with the scheme, and to assist its working, there was to be a new resort to that device of Baronetcies, or purchaseable hereditary dignities, inferior to the Peerage, which James had already found useful in raising funds for the plantation of Ulster. For a sum of £150 sterling any one might be made a Nova Scotia baronet, and have "heritably disponed unto him six thousand good and sufficient "acres of Nova Scotia ground; which, being but at the rate "of sixpence an acre, could not be thought very dear, consi- "dering how prettily, in the respective parchments of disposi- "tion, they were bounded, and designed fruitful corn-land,

* Drayton's Letter to Drummond mentioned in this paragraph will be found in Drummond's Works, p. 154; the two of Drummond to Drayton in Mr. Laing's Hawthornden Extracts, *Arch. Scot.*, IV. pp. 90, 91. These two are undated; but the substance of the earlier, which is printed second by Mr. Laing, dates it approximately, and the other is dated exactly by its reference to Drayton's of Nov. 22, 1621, as received April 20, 1622.

"watered with pleasant rivers, running alongst most excellent "and spacious meadows; nor did there want abundance of "oaken groves in the midst of very fertile plains, and here and "there most delicious gardens and orchards, with whatever else "could, in matter of delightful ground, best content their "fancies." This is a rather mischievous description of the scheme when it came to its full maturity; and as yet it was but in its infancy. But already Sir William Alexander was at the head of it. Whether he had suggested it to the king, or the king had suggested it to him, certain it is that on the 21st of September, 1621, there was made out a Royal Charter, granting to him and to his heirs all "the continent lands and islands" marked out for the new province, with powers to use their mines and forests, erect cities, hold courts and markets, sub-grant lands, and coin money. These powers as yet existed but on paper; and the baronetcies had yet to be applied for, and the funds, and emigrants to be forthcoming, before Sir William could assume the Transatlantic sovereignty vested in him. But it was a splendid outlook for him and his family; and little wonder that in 1622 his complaints of Court neglect ceased. He was willing now to help the king with the Psalms, or anything else, as much as might be required; but otherwise he had his attention more and more diverted from Poetry, and turned to the subjects of American colonization and Nova Scotia stock.*

The year 1623 was a rather remarkable one in Drummond's life. There remain, indeed, but three letters of his which can be distinctly assigned to this year. One, dated December 6, is a letter to some young cousin, warning him of the dangers of his intimacy with a certain "envious gentleman," and advising him either to break off the intimacy, or else to be "so close and

* The mischievous description of the Nova Scotia scheme in the text I have taken (at second hand) from a pamphlet of the eccentric Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty, published in 1652.

secret" in his demeanour with him that of his "chief and most sovereign actions he be altogether ignorant." For "all other evils may be remedied, Envy excepted." "Each other vice seemeth human; Envy the vice and sin of Devils." This moral certainly does not appertain to the year 1623 in particular; but the other two letters, both written apparently late in the year, are expressly historical. One is to some unknown friend; but it is so exactly in the strain of the other, to Sir William Alexander, that quotation from the latter will suffice:—

"Though the late sorrows and cares befallen me, by the loss "of my nearest friends, could never make me forgetful of you, "yet have they had the power this long time to silence me. . . . "What the cruelty of wars do elsewhere [*i.e.*, on the Continent, "then in the beginning of the Thirty Years' War,] a still and "gentle mortality hath done here. For many years funerals "have not been so frequent as in this one, 1623; few bands of "kindred, friendship, societies, being which have not now been "broken. This mortality might have the name of Pestilence, "save that the dying are not deprived of the company of their "friends, and accustomed burial. What is recorded of the "1348,—that churchyards were not ample enough to inter the "dead, but new grounds were digged up,—is fallen true in "this; and, as is told of the 1120, in the time of the Emperor "Henry IV., that the third of mankind was swept off the earth, "we may here say of the 1623 that the Almighty Providence "hath decimate our poor north. This is perhaps a part of that "wrath which the late defects of the great lights above, and a "blazing star, did prognosticate to us: the malignity of this "was about the 9th of July, at what time was an unhappy "commixtion of contrary lights of Jupiter and Saturn with each "other. That affection which was divided before to all them "gone will I gather and set only upon you, for you only are "worthy of it; whom may the Heavens long preserve."——In corroboration of this letter there are various contemporary records, telling of a woful famine throughout Scotland in 1623,

and an extraordinary mortality in consequence. Thus we read in Calderwood's *History of the Kirk of Scotland* this paragraph relating to that year:—"The famine increased daily, till at last "many both in burgh and land died of hunger. Many poor "people came to Edinburgh for succour, of which number "some died in the streets. The Fast was observed in Edin- "burgh the last Sabbath of June and first of July. The causes "of humiliation were the present famine, the fear of idolatry to "creep in again, the danger the Prince was in for body and "soul [the affair of the Spanish match for Prince Charles then "pending]. But the main sin—to wit, the erecting of the state "of Bishops, the beginning of defection, and ground of farther "defection to follow—was not touched. . . . Immediately "after the Fast was ended, that same night, the 7th of July, "there was such a fire in the heaven, with thunder and fire- "flaught, that the hearers and beholders thought that verily the "Day of Judgment was come." Among the previous prognostics of the dire crisis, on the information of the same authority, may be reckoned an immense fiery dragon seen in the air on the 3rd of June, 1622, and the unaccountable fall of the portrait of King James in the palace of Linlithgow, June 20, 1623, when it was broken to pieces.*

Not from Drummond's letters should we have gathered that this year of sadness and mortality in Scotland was the year also of the publication of another book of his. Such, however, is the fact. *Flowers of Sion: By William Drummond, of Hawthorne-denne: to which is adjoyned his Cypresse Grove,* is the title of the new volume, published at Edinburgh in 1623 by John Hart, the successor of Andro. We must linger a little over this volume of Drummond's, the fourth in the series of his publications.

* *Drummond's Works*, p. 144; Mr. Laing's *Hawthornden Extracts*, *Arch. Scot.*, 92, 93; Calderwood's *History* (Wodrow Society Edition), VII. 577.

As the title suggests, the volume consists of a number of poems of a religious character, followed by a kindred prose essay. The Poems are, in the main, a selection from those he had written during the seven years that had elapsed since the publication of his more miscellaneous collection of 1616; but several of the later ones in that collection, printed in it under the special title of "Urania, or Spiritual Poems," are reprinted in this with alterations. All the pieces are short, varying from the mere madrigal of a few lines, or the simple sonnet (which was still Drummond's favourite form), to a continuous composition of nine or fifteen pages in heroic rhyme. Only one piece attains the last-named length, and it is a fragment of a larger intended Poem which had been left unfinished. Drummond used to say of himself that short pieces suited his habits best, and that he had never applied his mind to any great or long subject.

The most note-worthy thing, however, about the Poems in this new volume is their expressly, and almost monotonously, serious character. If Drummond had meanwhile continued to write such sweet ditties of mere sensuous description, or such occasional epigrams of luxuriant wit, or such Petrarchian love-sonnets, as had composed a considerable part of his former volume, all such pieces are now suppressed and excluded; nor, what is more remarkable, are there any more of those poems of direct reference to his own love-bereavement, those "mournings for a mistress dead," which had imparted such a final interest of a personal kind to the former volume. That great grief, we can see, still remained; but he had beaten it down into the roots and secrecies of his own spirit, to be conversed with there by himself alone, and talked of no more between himself and the world. Not the less is this new volume an expression of moods and feelings which had resulted from that rooted sorrow, and were but its re-appearance in a transmuted form.

In our criticism of Drummond's earlier Poems, we detected a certain intellectual peculiarity, qualifying and ruling the sweet

general sensuousness, or delight in beauty of colour, sound, form, beauty of grove, landscape, ocean, and of the varied meteorology of cloud and sparkle that overhangs the earth. We detected, amid this, a certain prevalence of what we called the metaphysical element. This Nature, this physical All of form and colour, sea and earth, cloud and clear sky, sun and moon, stars and constellations, time and space, was but a painted show, a vast hanging and wheeling orb or succession of orbs, environed by a boundless unknown, wherein lay the key and reason of the whole manifestation. The constancy of this mode of thinking in Drummond's mind from his youth, the more than usually strong hold it had taken of his musings and imaginings, was proved abundantly by quotation and extract. It was added that, save for the natural piety, the wondering and worshiping melancholy, involved in such a habitual mode of conception, there was nothing specially religious in Drummond's poetry at that time, and that his musings under the sway of his dominant idea might have been recognised as differing from Pagan precedents only by a Christian suffusion. There was an exception, we said, in the few poems, under the title of "Urania or Spiritual Poems," that seem to have been the latest written, and that were inserted into the volume almost avowedly as exercises of the author's spirit under the severe teaching of his grief. In these the religiousness, though with little trace of the formal theology of the pulpit, was more markedly Christian in its tone. One or two of them were hymns of Christian sentiment, and the last was an outburst of prayer.

Now the *Flowers of Sion*, published in 1623, are a prolongation of this latest mood of 1616. As if to signalize this fact, the title *Spiritual Poems* is preserved as an alternative for *Flowers of Sion*, and the opening piece is one of these, reprinted, with alterations, from the former volume :—

THE INSTABILITY OF MORTAL GLORY.

"Triumphant arches, statues crowned with bays,
Proud obelisks, tombs of the vastest frame,

Colosses, brazen Atlases of fame,
Fanes vainly builded to vain idols' praise,
States which unsatiate minds in blood do raise
From the Cross-Stars unto the Arctic Team,
Alas! and what we write to keep our name,
Like spiders' cauls, are made the sport of days
All only constant is in constant change:
What done is is undone; and, when undone,
Into some other figure doth it range.
Thus moves the restless world beneath the moon:
Wherefore, my mind, above Time, Motion, Place,
Thee raise, and steps not reached by Nature trace."

And so on, in the same, or in similar strains, the volume proceeds, containing Sonnets "On Human Frailty," "On the Brevity of Life," "No Trust on Time," "World's Joys are Toys," "Earth and all on it Changeable," "Faith above Reason," &c., but also a series of more expressly Christian and Biblical poems, with such headings as "Nature must yield to Grace," "The Miserable state of the World before the Incarnation of God," "The Angels for the Nativity of our Lord," "Amazement at the Incarnation of God," "For the Baptist," "For the Magdalene," "For the Prodigal," "A Hymn of the Passion," "Upon the Sepulchre of our Lord," "An Hymn of the Resurrection," "An Hymn of the Ascension," "An Hymn on the Nature, Attributes, and Works of God," "An Essay on the Great and General Judgment of the World."

Of the Poems on Scriptural subjects the following may serve as specimens:—

THE ANGELS FOR THE NATIVITY OF OUR LORD.

"Run, Shepherds, run where Bethlem blest appears!
We bring the best of news; be not dismayed:
A Saviour there is born, more old than years,
Amidst Heaven's rolling heights this Earth who stayed.
In a poor cottage inned, a Virgin Maid
A weakling did him bear who all upbears;
There is he poorly swadled in manger laid
To whom too narrow swadlings are our spheres.
Run, Shepherds, run, and solemnize his birth!
This is that night, no, day grown great with bliss,

In which the power of Satan broken is.
In Heaven be glory, peace unto the Earth!
Thus singing through the air the Angels swam,
And cope of stars re-echoèd the same."

FROM "AN HYMN OF THE PASSION."

"Poor wights, behold His visage pale as lead,
His head bowed to his breast, locks sadly rent,
Like a cropt rose that languishing doth fade.
Weep, Nature, weep; astonished World, lament;
Lament, ye winds, you heaven that all contains;
And thou, my soul, let nought thy grief relent.
Those hands, those sacred hands, which hold the reins
Of this great All, and kept from mutual wars
The elements, bear rent for thee their veins;
Those feet which once must tread on golden stars
For thee with nails would be pierced through and torn;
For thee Heaven's King from Heaven himself debars.
This great heart-quaking dolour wail and mourn,
Ye that long since Him saw by might of faith,
Ye now that are, and ye yet to be born.
Not to behold his great Creator's death,
The Sun from sinful eyes hath veiled his light,
And faintly journeys up Heaven's sapphire path;
And, cutting from her brows her tresses bright,
The Moon doth keep her Lord's sad obsequies,
Impearling with her tears this robe of Night.
All staggering and lazy lour the skies;
The earth and elemental stages quake;
The long since dead from bursted graves arise."

FROM "AN HYMN OF THE ASCENSION."

"Bright portals of the sky,
Embossed with sparkling stars,
Doors of Eternity
With diamantine bars,
Your arras rich up-hold,
Loose all your bolts and springs,
Ope wide your leaves of gold
That in your roofs may come the King of Kings.
Scarfed in a rosy cloud,
He doth ascend the air;
Straight doth the Moon him shroud
With her resplendent hair;
The next encrystalled Light
Submits to him its beams;

And He doth trace the height
Of that fair Lamp which flames of beauty streams.
He towers those golden bounds
He did to Sun bequeath;
The higher wandering rounds
Are found his feet beneath;
The Milky Way comes near;
Heaven's axle seems to bend
Above each burning sphere,
That robed in glory Heaven's King may ascend.
O well-spring of this All,
Thy Father's image vive,
Word, that from nought did call
What is, doth reason, live,
The soul's eternal food,
Earth's joy, delight of Heaven,
All Truth, Love, Beauty, Good,
To thee, to thee, be praises ever given!"

Even in these poems on strictly Scriptural themes there may be discerned the intensely metaphysical habit of Drummond's mind, and the persistency with which, in the service of this habit, he had always before him that definite optical image of the Cosmos, or physical All, which was taught by the Ptolemaic or pre-Copernican Astronomy. That "All" was a vast hanging phantasmagory of successive spheres of transparent space wheeling round the central Earth, the sphere of the Moon nearest, then that of Mercury, then that of Venus, then that of the Sun, then that of Mars, then that of Jupiter, then that of Saturn, then the sphere of all the Fixed Stars, and then two other hypothetical spheres beyond, the outermost of which bounded all the rest in, and separated, as by a shell of semi-opaque rotundity, the entire Physical Universe it enclosed from the still engirdling infinitude of the inconceivable. Of this metaphysical habit, and this definite optical conception of the Universe in connexion with it, we had proof in Drummond's earlier poems; and lo! they accompany him still, even when he selects a subject from the Evangels, and would write a Christian hymn! Even his most peculiar *Flowers of Sion* grow out of this ground of permanent metaphysical meditation. But

take another passage or two, where he is musing near the precincts of the Church, rather than within her garden :—

THE WORLD A GAME.

"This world a hunting is,
The prey poor Man; the Nimrod fierce is Death;
His speedy greyhounds are
Lust, Sickness, Envy, Care,
Strife that ne'er falls amiss,
With all those ills that hunt us while we breathe.
Now, if by chance we fly
Of these the eager chase,
Old Age with stealing pace
Casts up his nets, and there we panting die."

THE BOOK OF THE WORLD.

"Of this fair volume which we World do name
If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,
Of Him who it corrects, and did it frame,
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare,
Find out his power, which wildest powers doth tame,
His providence extending everywhere,
His justice, which proud rebels doth not spare,—
In every page, no, period of the same!
But silly we, like foolish children, rest
Well-pleased with coloured vellum, leaves of gold,
Fair dangling ribbons; leaving what is best,
Of the great Writer's sense ne'er taking hold:
Or, if by chance our minds do muse on aught,
It is some picture on the margin wrought."

THE INVISIBLE WORLD OF GOD AND HIS ANGELS.

"As far beyond the starry walls of Heaven
As is the loftiest of the Planets seven
Sequestered from this Earth, in purest light,
Outshining ours as ours doth sable Night,
Thou, all-sufficient, omnipotent,
Thou ever-glorious, most excellent,
God various in names, in essence one,
High art enstallèd on a golden throne,
Outreaching Heaven's wide wastes, the bounds of nought,
Transcending all the circles of our thought.
With diamantine sceptre in thy hand,
There thou giv'st laws, and dost this world command,
This world of concords, raised unlikely-sweet,
Which like a ball lies prostrate at thy feet. . . .

All's Architect, Lord of this Universe,
Wit is engulphed that would thy greatness pierce. . . .
In those vast fields of light, etherial plains,
Thou art attended by immortal trains
Of intellectual Powers, which thou brought forth
To praise thy goodness and admire thy worth,
In numbers passing other creatures far,
Since most in number noblest creatures are;
Which do in knowledge us no less outrun
Than moon doth stars in light, or moon the sun.
Unlike, in orders ranged and many a band
(If beauty in disparity doth stand),
Archangels, Angels, Cherubs, Seraphines,
And what with name of Thrones amongst them shines,
Large-ruling Princes, Dominations, Powers,
All-acting Virtues of those flaming towers:
These freed of umbrage, these of labour free,
Rest ravishèd with still beholding thee;
Inflamed with beams which sparkle from thy face,
They can no more desire, far less embrace.
Low under them, with slow and staggering pace,
Thy handmaid Nature thy great steps doth trace."

THE ASTRONOMICAL WORLD OF MAN.

"Stars, host of Heaven, ye Firmament's bright flowers,
Clear lamps which overhang this stage of ours,
Ye turn not there to deck the weeds of Night,
Nor pageant-like to please the vulgar sight;
Great causes, sure ye must bring great effects.
But who can descant right your grave aspects?
He only who you made decipher can
Your notes: Heaven's eyes, ye blind the eyes of Man.
Amidst these sapphire far-extending heights
The never-twinkling ever-wandering Lights
Their fixèd motions keep. One, dry and cold,
Deep-leaden cóloured, slowly there is rolled:
With rule and line for time's steps measured even,
In twice three lustres he but turns his heaven.
With temperate qualities and countenance fair,
Still mildly smiling, sweetly debonair,
Another cheers the world, and way doth make
In twice six autumns through the Zodiack.
But hot and dry, with flaming locks and brows
Enraged, this in his red pavilion glows.
Together running with like speed, if space,
Two equally in hands achieve their race:
With blushing face this oft doth bring the day,

And ushers oft to stately stars the way;
That, various in virtue, changing, light,
With his small flame engems the veil of Night.
Prince of this court, the Sun in triumph rides,
With the year snake-like in herself that glides,
Time's dispensator, fair life-giving source,
Through sky's twelve posts as he doth run his course,
Heart of this All, of what is known to sense
The likest to his Maker's excellence;
In whose diurnal motion doth appear
A shadow, no, true portrait of the year.
The Moon moves lowest, silver sun of night,
Dispersing through the world her borrowed light,
Who in three forms her head abroad doth range,
And only constant is in constant change.
Sad Queen of Silence, I ne'er see thy face
To wax or wane, or shine with a full grace,
But straight amazed on Man I think, each day
His state who changeth; or, if he find stay,
It is in dreary anguish, cares and pains,
And of his labours death is all the gains."

Passing from the *Flowers of Sion* to the appended little prose Essay entitled *A Cypress Grove*, the reader finds himself still in the same air of melancholy and metaphysical contemplation. In the language of metaphor suggested by the two titles, it is as if the author, after walking in the garden of the Church or in its close precincts, bent his steps to some thick grove of funereal trees, in the centre of which was a marble tomb, and there, amid the gloomy umbrage, and with the white tomb in sight, pursued his religious musings. The Essay, in fact, is one of the nearest approaches in our language to that definition of philosophy which Plato, I think, has given somewhere in his writings, when he calls philosophy in its simplest form a meditation on Death. Here, in a short series of prose pages, we have a meditation on Death by our poet of Hawthornden, which for its pensive beauty, its moral high-mindedness, and the mournful music that rolls through it, surpasses any similar piece of old English prose known to me, unless it be here and there, perhaps, a passage in some of the English Divines at their best, or Sir Thomas Browne of Norwich in the finest parts

of his *Urn-Burial*. It is matter of surprise that such a rare specimen of poetical and musical prose should have dropt out of sight, and should not at least be represented by a passage or two in our books of English Prose Extracts.

Often, says the Essayist at the outset, when he had given himself to rest in the quiet solitariness of the night, he had found his imagination troubled, and sleep driven off, by a certain confused fear, or sorrow, or horror, or thronging of fears and horrors, amounting to an agony, and which he could only interpret mystically as akin to those signs and prognostications in the natural world which were taken to bode social calamity. Struggling with this weakness of his phantasy, he had tried to school himself by forecasting every possible form of evil accident, and looking it in the face, till at length, after a survey of all the common woes of mankind and inconveniences of life, he was led to fasten his view, with a fixed and persistent study, on that last and worst of human terrors which was comprised in the word DEATH. And here, first, he will yield to the general prejudice, and paint Death in all its supposed dreadfulness.

"Death is the sad estranger of acquaintance, the eternal divorcer of marriage, the ravisher of children from their parents, the stealer of parents from their children, the interrer of fame, the sole cause of forgetfulness, by which the living talk of those gone away as of so many shadows, or fabulous paladins. All strength by it is enfeebled, beauty turned in deformity and rottenness, honour in contempt, glory into baseness: it is the unreasonable breaker-off of all the actions of virtue, by which we enjoy no more the sweet pleasures on earth, neither contemplate the stately revolutions of the heavens; sun perpetually setteth, stars never rise unto us. It in one moment depriveth us of what with so much toil and care in many years we have heaped together: by this are successions of lineage cut short, kingdoms left heirless, and greatest states orphaned. It is not overcome by pride, smoothed by gaudy flattery, tamed by entreaties, bribed by benefits, softened by lamentations, diverted by time. Wisdom, save this, can alter and help anything. By

Death we are exiled from this fair city of the World; it is no more a world to us, nor we any more people unto it. The ruins of fanes, palaces, and other magnificent frames, yield a sad prospect to the soul; and how should it consider the wrack of such a wonderful masterpiece as is the body without horror?"

Much of this dread and ghastliness attributed to Death arose, he proceeds to say, from the association therewith of black garments, weeping, funeral pomps, and graveyard ugliness, and might be stripped off by a consideration of the real facts of the case in the merest light of natural reason. In the universality of Death itself reason might find a corrective to over-estimation of Death's importance.

"If on the theatre of this Earth, amongst the numberless number of men, to die were only proper to thee and thine, then undoubtedly thou hadst reason to grudge at so severe and partial a law. But, since it is a necessity from which never an age by-past hath been exempted, and unto which these that be, and as many as are to come, are thralled, no consequent of life being more familiar, why shouldst thou, with unprofitable and nothing-availing stubbornness, oppose to so unevitable and necessary a condition? This is the highway of mortality, our general home: behold, what millions have trod it before thee, what multitudes shall follow after thee, with them which at that same instant run! In so universal a calamity, if Death *be* one, private complaints cannot be heard: with so many royal palaces, it is small loss to see thy poor cabin burn. Shall the Heavens stay their ever-rolling wheels (for what is the motion of them but the motion of a swift and ever-whirling wheel which twineth forth and again upwindeth our life?) and hold still Time, to prolong thy miserable days, as if the highest of their working were to do homage unto thee? Thy death is a piece of the order of this All, a part of the life of this World; for, while the World is the World, some creatures must die, and others take life. Eternal things are raised far above this Orb of generation and corruption, where the First Matter, like a still flowing and ebbing sea, with diverse waves, but the same water, keepeth a restless and never-tiring current: what is below in the universality of the kind, not in itself, doth abide; MAN a long line of years hath continued, *this man* every hundredth is swept away. This

air-encircled globe is the sole region of death, the grave where everything that taketh life must rot; the lists of fortune and change, only glorious in the inconstancy and varying alterations of it; which, though many, seem yet to abide one, and, being a certain entire one, are never many. The never-agreeing bodies of the Elemental Brethren turn one in another; the Earth changeth her countenance with the Seasons, sometimes looking cold and naked, other times hot and flowery; nay, I cannot tell how, but even the lowest of those celestial bodies, that Mother of Months and Empress of Seas and Moisture, as if she were a mirror of our constant mutability, appeareth, by her great nearness to us, to participate of our alterations, never seeing us twice with that same face, now looking black, then pale and wan; sometimes, again, in the perfection of her beauty shining over us. . . . If thou dost complain that there shall be a time in the which thou shalt not be, why dost thou not too grieve that there was a time in the which thou wast not, and so that thou art not as old as that enlifening planet of Time? For not to have been a thousand years before this moment is as much to be deplored as not to be a thousand after it, the effect of them both being one: that will be after us which long long ere we were was. . . . Empires, states, kingdoms, have, by the doom of the Supreme Providence, their fatal periods; great cities lie sadly buried in their dust; arts and sciences have not only their eclipses, but their wanings and deaths; the ghastly wonders of the world, raised by the ambition of ages, are overthrown and trampled; some lights above, deserving to be entitled stars, are lost, and never more seen of us; the excellent fabric of this Universe itself shall one day suffer ruin, or change like a ruin: and poor Earthlings thus to be handled complain!"

Another corrective of the exaggerated dread of Death is in a strict estimate of the value of all those pleasures and quests of this mortal Life of which Death is to deprive us. At best, what a pitiful trouble human life is, how full of miseries, anxieties, wrongs, spites, scorns, disasters, degradations, shames, contemptibilities, and meannesses! What high spirit but would sometimes kick the wretched coil from about his feet, and gladly be out of it all? Take the very noblest of those quests which Life affords:—

"Is it Knowledge? But we have not yet attained to a perfect understanding of the smallest flower, and why the grass should rather be green than red. The Element of Fire [it would now seem by our latest Science] is quite put out; the Air is but Water rarified; the Earth is found to move, and is no more the centre of the Universe; it is turned into a magnet; Stars are not fixed, but swim in the celestial spaces; Comets are mounted above the Planets; some affirm there is another world of men and sensitive creatures, with cities and palaces, in the Moon; the Sun is lost, for it is but a light made of the conjunction of many shining bodies together, [or] it is a clift in the lower Heavens through which the rays of the highest defuse themselves; [it] is observed to have spots. Thus Sciences, by the diverse motions of this globe of the brain of man, are become opinions, nay Errors, and leave the imagination in a thousand labyrinths. What is all we know compared with what we know not? We have not yet agreed about the chief good and felicity. It is, perhaps, all artificial cunning."

But surely to die young, to have all the glorious pageant of the world removed from one in the first excited flush of one's gaze upon it, may be accounted hard? To this what is the answer?

"But number thy years, which are now [a blank space left for the reader to fill in with a number]; and thou shalt find that, whereas ten have overlived thee, thousands have not attained this age. One year is sufficient to behold all the magnificence of Nature; nay, even one day and night; for more is but the same brought round again. This Sun, that Moon, these Stars, the varying dance of the spring, summer, autumn, winter, is that very same which the Golden Age did see. They which have the longest time lent them to live in have almost no part of it at all, measuring it either by that space of time that is past, when they were not, or by that which is to come. Why shouldst thou then care whether thy days be many or few, which, when prolonged to the uttermost, prove, paralleled with Eternity, as a tear is to the ocean? To die young is to do that soon, and in some fewer days, which once thou must do. . . . The oldest are most unwilling to die. It is hope of long life that maketh life seem short. . . . Life is a journey on a dusty way; the furthest rest is Death. In this some go more

heavily burthened than others: swift and active pilgrims come to the end of it in the morning, or at noon, which tortoise-paced wretches, clogged with the fragmentary rubbidge of this world, scarce with great travel crawl unto at midnight. Days are not to be esteemed after the number of them, but after the goodness. Mere compass maketh not a sphere more complete; but as round is a little as a large ring."

Ay! but is there not a natural desire to do something in this world, the bequest of which to Posterity may keep us in remembrance; and to this end is not long life desirable?

"O poor ambition! to what, I pray thee, mayst thou concredit it? Arches and stately temples, which one age doth raise, doth not another raze? Tombs and adopted pillars lie buried with those which were in them buried. Hath not avarice defaced what religion did make glorious? All that the hand of man can uprear is either overturned by the hand of man, or at length by standing and continuing consumed. . . . Possessions are not enduring; children lose their names; families glorying, like marigolds in the sun, on the highest top of wealth and honour, no better than they which are not yet born, leaving off to be. . . . That renown by papers [*i.e.*, by literature] which is thought to make men immortal, and which nearest doth approach the life of those eternal bodies above, how slender it is the very word of *paper* doth import; and what is it when obtained but a flourish of words, which coming times may scorn? How many millions never hear the names of the most famous writers; and amongst them to whom they are known how few turn over their pages; and of such as do how many sport at their conceits, taking the verity for a fable, and oft a fable for verity, or, as we do pleasants, use all for recreation? Then the arising of more famous doth darken, put down, and turn ignoble, the glory of the former, being held as garments worn out of fashion. Nay, when thou hast attained what praise thou couldst desire, and thy fame is emblazoned in many stories, never after to be either shadowed or worn out, it is but an echo, a mere sound, a glow-worm, which seen afar casteth some cold beams, but approached is found nothing; an imaginary happiness, where good depends on the opinion of others. Desert and virtue for the most part want monuments and memory, seldom are recorded in the volumes of admira-

tion, nay, are often branded with infamy, while statues and trophies are erected to those whose names should have been buried in their dust. . . . Consider in what bounds our fame is confined, how narrow the lists are of human glory, and the farthest she can stretch her wings. . . . Of this small indivisible thing [the Earth, itself only a point in the general Universe, as he has just explained] how much is covered with waters, how much not at all discovered, how much uninhabited and desert, and how many millions of millions are they which share the remnant amongst them, in languages, customs, divine rites, differing, and all almost to others unknown! . . . Then imagine me (for what cannot imagination reach unto?) one could be famous in all times to come, and over the whole world present, yet shall he be for ever obscure and ignoble to those mighty ones which were only heretofore esteemed famous amongst the Assyrians, Persians, Romans. Again, the vain affectation of man is so suppressed that, though his works abide more space, the worker is unknown. The huge Egyptian Pyramids, and that grot in Pausilipo, though they have wrestled with Time and worn upon the vast of days, yet are their authors no more known than it is known by what strange earthquakes and deluges isles were divided from the continent, or hills bursted forth of the valleys. Days, months, and years are swallowed up in the great gulf of Time, which puts out the eyes of all their glory, and only a fatal oblivion remains."

At this point the Essayist softly changes the principle of his philosophizing, and proceeds to turn or recast more hopefully the whole speculation. Hitherto he has been assuming, he virtually tells us, the materialistic mode of conception, and following it out, as it ought to be followed out, to its last consequences of self-humiliation, contempt of life and its conditions, and spiritual exhaustion and discomfort. But may not the Mind of Man, which has thus resolved all the world of appearances into vanity, fall back on its consciousness of what itself, the feeler and reasoner that has dared the resolution and will not yet recant a jot of it, essentially and independently is. "My soul, what aileth thee"? he asks. "If thou rightly "know thyself, thou hast but small cause of anguish; for, if there

"be any resemblance of that which is infinite in what is finite "(which yet by an infinite imperfection is from it distant), if thou "be not an image, thou art a shadow, of that unsearchable Trinity, "in thy three essential powers, understanding, will, memory." In other words, the Mind of Man, this faculty of knowing, willing, and remembering, sprung from Deity, and devised in a world transcending Time, Space, and all Appearance, is to consider itself the essence, master, interpreter, of that world of Space, Time, and Appearance, into which it has been inserted, and with which it has to hold traffic until the shell of its imprisonment is broken and it remounts to its native immortality. This notion, expressed in very eloquent language, but in the main very much in that of the Platonic philosophy, and of the systems of Idealism to this day, is offered by the Essayist as the only positive tenet that will undo all the previous negation, and enable the soul to accept its burden. In the course of his exposition of it, however, his language assuming more and more of a theological tinge, though still as with a reluctance to do so, and a desire to remain as generally Platonic and poetical as possible, he suddenly falters, and takes refuge for the rest in a dream:—

"As these images were limned in my mind, the morning star now almost arising in the East, I found my thoughts in a mild and quiet calm; and, not long after, my senses, one by one forgetting their uses, began to give themselves over to quiet rest, leaving me in a still and peaceful sleep, if sleep it may be called where the mind awaking is carried with free wings from out fleshly bondage. For heavy lids had not long covered their lights when, methought, nay, sure, I was where I might discern all in this great All—the large compass of the rolling circles; the brightness and continual motion of those rubies of the Night which, by their distance, here below cannot be perceived; the silver countenance of the wandering Moon, shining by another's light; the hanging of the Earth, as environed with a girdle of crystal; the Sun enthronized in the midst of the Planets, eye of the Heavens, gem of this precious ring, the World. But, whilst with wonder and amazement I gazed on

those celestial splendours, and the beaming lamps of that glorious temple, like a poor countryman brought from his solitary mountains and flocks to behold the magnificence of some great city, there was presented to my sight a Man, as in the springtime of his years, with that selfsame grace, comely feature, majestic look, which the late ——— was wont to have."

The rest, accordingly, consists of the revelations made to the dreamer by this Apparition from the upper world, who came in the guise of some beloved friend recently dead. One speech of the Heavenly Apparition may close this abstract of the Essay:—

"Death, said he, nor painful is, nor evil, except in contemplation of the cause, being of itself as indifferent as Birth; yet can it not be denied but, amidst those dreams of earthly pleasures, the uncouthness of it, with the wrong apprehension of what is unknown in it, are noisome. But the soul, sustained by its Maker, resolved and calmly retired in itself, doth find that Death, sith it is in a moment of time, is but a short, nay sweet, sigh, and is not worthy the remembrance, compared with the smallest dram of the infinite felicity of this place [Heaven]. Here is the Palace-Royal of the Almighty King, in which the Uncomprehensible comprehensibly manifesteth Himself; in place highest, in substance not subject to any corruption or change, for it is above all motion, and, solid, turneth not; in quantity greatest, for, if one star, one sphere, be so vast, how large, how huge in exceeding dimension, must those bounds be which do them all contain! In quality most pure and orient; Heaven here is all but a Sun, or the Sun all but a Heaven. If to Earthlings the footstool of God, and that stage which He raised for a small course of time, seemeth so glorious and magnificent, how highly would they prize, if they could see, His eternal habitation and throne! And, if these be so dazzling, what is the sight of Him for whom and by whom all was created, of whose glory to behold the thousand-thousandth part the pure Intelligences are fully satiate and with wonder and delight rest amazed? For the beauty of His Light, and the light of His Beauty, are uncomprehensible. Here doth that earnest appetite of the understanding content itself, not seeking to know any more; for it seeth before it,

in the vision of the Divine Essence (a mirror in the which not images or shadows, but the true and perfect essence of everything created, is shown more clear and conspicuous than in itself), all that is known or understood; and, whereas on Earth our senses show us the Creator by His creatures, here we see the creatures by the Creator. Here doth the will pause itself, as in the centre of its eternal rest glowing with a fervent affection to that infinite and all-sufficient Good; which, being fully known, cannot, for the infinite motives and causes of love which are in Him, but be fully and perfectly loved: as He is only essential and true Beauty, deserving alone all love and admiration, by which the creatures are only in so much fair and excellent as they participate of His beauty and excelling excellencies. Here is a blessed company, every one joying as much in another's felicity as in that which is proper, because each seeth another equally loved of God: thus their distinct joys are no fewer than the co-partners of their joy; and, as the assembly is in number answerable to the large capacity of the place, so are the joys answerable to the numberless number of the assembly. No poor and pitiful mortal, confined on the globe of Earth, who hath never seen but sorrow, or interchangeably some painted superficial pleasures, and had but guesses of contentment, can rightly think on, or be sufficient to conceive, the termless delights of this place. So many feathers move not on birds, so many birds dint not the air, so many leaves tremble not on trees, so many trees grow not in the solitary forests, so many waves turn not in the ocean, and so many grains of sand limit not those waves, as this triumphant Court hath variety of delights, and joys exempted from all comparison. . . . But, although this bliss of souls be great, and their joys many, yet shall they admit addition, and be more full and perfect at that long-wished and general reunion with their bodies."

On the whole, if the reader will add the impressions he may have received from our specimens of Drummond's *Flowers of Sion*, and our extracts from his *Cypress Grove*, to the impressions already made by his previous poems and letters, he will probably agree with me that there can have been few more interesting persons of the literary and meditative order living in Great Britain about the year 1623 than this Scottish

gentleman, domiciled so quietly in his glen of the Esk near Edinburgh.

True, one may take exceptions to the substance of the writings in which Drummond had revealed himself. Especially one may feel that, with all their poetical beauty, their musical sweetness, and their pensive metaphysical elevation, there is a certain monotony in the total effect. This incessant thought of the All as a bell of azure space, with Moon, Sun, Planets, and Stars in it, overhanging the Earth—beautiful as it is, impressive as it is, and, paint it and repaint it as one may with every study of variety, now lightening the blue to dim the golden discs, and again deepening it that they may shine out more lustrously: what is it, after all, but a luxurious intellectual tent? Why live for ever in this tent, green-carpeted though it be, the blue folds and cope of silk rustling never so finely, and the fringes, cords, and devices glittering? Come out from it; walk a little in the crowded plain; engage in something there; insult somebody, and let there be a private scuffle, if nothing else offers; dash into a general uproar, right or wrong, and vociferate like a giant on whichever side; investigate something with lynx-like pertinacity on and on; take humours thick and fast as they come, and fashion them multifariously into plays and stories! Or, if you *will* be at the tent, the tent, see that it is all it might be! See that it is a just reduction in emblem of the All it is intended to represent, and that there is no pressing question about the All to which it cannot give accommodation and suggest figurative response! Persist even in this perfecting of the tent! Not ceasing to be a poet, you may then anticipate, but by one stroke farther, the feat of a Berkeley; or, by still harder fortification, and wider building-out, you may convert your poetic shelter into the system of a Kant.

Really, though one says all this, by way of asserting one's right never to be wholly satisfied, it is very unfair to our good and high-minded Drummond. For one thing, it is one of his

distinctions among his literary contemporaries that he had thought of constructing for himself a permanent intellectual tent, a theory or image of the All, of any sort. For another, his tent is a very good tent, better than most of us live in yet. On the whole, therefore, I repeat, without hesitation, that he is one of the most interesting men of the literary or meditative order in his time in Great Britain. Let the limits of the time be between 1616, when Shakespeare died, and 1634, when *Comus* was produced. Then, among the somewhat inefficient scattering of wits and poets in England itself in that interval, presided over though they were by a massive Ben Jonson, I do not think one will be found of purer, clearer, and sweeter genius than Drummond of Hawthornden. Certain it is, at all events, that there was no other such soft, cultured, contemplative, and musical soul in rugged, dogged, and Kirk-vexed Scotland in the last year of King James the Sixth.

The last year of King James the Sixth! Yes, we have now arrived at that epoch! The big-headed, thick-tongued, shambling, shrewd, jocose, scholarly, half-brutal, not unlikeable, but altogether grotesque and disreputable king of the three kingdoms was approaching his end. He was leaning now on the last of his favourites, Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. His unpopularity with the English had of late years much increased, in consequence of his prosecution of the Spanish Match for his son Charles, his truckling to the Spanish Court, and his desertion of the cause of Continental Protestantism, as represented in his son-in-law, the Elector Palatine. The Spanish Match, however, having been at length broken off, greatly to the delight of the English, another Parliament had been called (Feb. 19, 1624), to declare war against Spain, vote supplies for an expedition to the Palatinate, and give James and his minister Buckingham a chance of retrieving themselves even yet by a thoroughly Protestant policy. The chance was to continue throughout the year 1624. What was made of it needs not be

inquired here. We have but to cull out a particular or two of the Court-life of that year, appertaining to Drummond's biography.

Drummond's friend, Sir Robert Kerr of Ancram, had received a formal pardon for his offence before the end of 1620, and had revisited England in 1621, and married for his second wife the widow of a Somersetshire Knight, named Portman, better known by her own title as Lady Anne Stanley, daughter of the 6th Earl of Derby. He had been again abroad, however; and not till 1624 do we find him permanently back in England and restored to Court-favour. Prince Charles had been his friend throughout his misfortune, and had exerted himself to procure his pardon; and it was to the Prince's service that he was now especially attached.

To be dated in 1624, if not earlier, is a letter of Drummond's to Kerr. "Brave minds, like lamps," he says, "are "discerned when they are canopied with the night of affliction, "and, like rubies, give the fairest lustre when they are rubbed. "The sight of so many stately towns and differing manners "of men, the conquest of such friends abroad and trial of "those at home, the leaving of your remembrance so honour-"able to after times, have made you more happy in your "distress than if, like another Endymion, you had slept away "that swift course of days in the embracements of the Court." Drummond seems to have been so far right. Kerr had brought back with him, if not a generally improved mind, at least a renewed interest in Poetry. He had been struck, while abroad, by "hearing in the Low Countries the Dutchmen and French sing in their several languages to one tune;" and, from the hint so afforded, he had conceived the idea of a special variation of the king's project of a metrical version of the Psalms. Why should there not be a series of "Psalms in English Verse to the measures of the French and Dutch," which differed somewhat from the English common metre of eights and sixes? Accordingly, by the end of April, 1624, he

had himself done ten of the Psalms in this style, and had sent them to Drummond, whose transcript of them in his own hand still remains. Their merit was not superlative; but Drummond seems to have taken a friendly interest in them, and to have corresponded further with Kerr about them and about poetry generally. There is a scroll of a letter of Drummond's, without date or address, which was possibly part of this correspondence. It refers to a conversation Drummond had had with the person addressed, in which they had "regretted the want of Christian songs and hymns in our English tongue, the neighbour countries of France and Germany having the advantage of us herein," and had agreed in wishing that the supply of this defect might be "enterprised by some happy wit;" and it encloses a copy of an attempt of Drummond's own of the desired kind, which he considers the property of his correspondent, as "the first mover" in the business. If this letter was not actually to Kerr, there must have been others to him of a similar kind, stimulating Kerr's poetical vein generally; for in the close of the year Kerr sent to Drummond the following:—

"*To my worthy Friend*, MR. WILLIAM DRUMMOND *of Hawthornden.*

"SIR,

"Every wretched creature knows the way to that place where it is most made of; and so do my Verses to you, that was so kind to the last that every thought I think that way hastes to be at you. It is true I get leisure to think few; not that they are *cara* because *rara*, but indeed to declare that my employment and ingine concur to make them, like Jacob's days, few and evil. Withal I can think of no subject which doth not so resolve in a vein so opposite to this world's taste that my verses are twice lost—to be known like Indians among Spaniards for their cross disposition, and as coming from me that can make none without an hammer and the fire; so as justly they cannot be *auribus hujus sæculi accommodata.* The best is I care as little for them as their fame; yet, if you do not dislike them, it is warrant enough for me to let them live

till they get your doom. In this Sonnet I have sent you an approbation of your own life; whose character however I have missed, I have let you see how I love it, and would fain praise it, and indeed would fainer practise it. It may be the All-wise God keeps us from that kind of life we would choose in this world, lest we should be the unwillinger to part with it when He calls us from it. I thank God that hath given me a great goodwill to be gone whensoever He calleth; only I pray, with Ezekias, that He will give me leave to set my poor house in such a moderate order that the wicked world have not occasion altogether to say of me 'There was a foolish courtier, that was in a fair way to make a great fortune, but that he would seek it, forsooth, by the desolate steps of virtue and fair dealing,' and [so laugh at me for] loving only such feckless company as, God knoweth, I can neither love nor sooth any other, be they never so powerful: at least their good must exceed their ill, or they must appear so to me. Yet do not think I will repine if I get no part of this desire; but my utmost thought, when I have done all I should, is ever *Fiat voluntas Domini.* And thus I commend my Sonnet to you, and myself as

"Your constantly loving friend to command,

"RO. KERR.

"CAMBRIDGE (where the Court was the week past about the making of the French Match),
16th December, 1624.

"A SONNET IN PRAISE OF A SOLITARY LIFE.

"Sweet Solitary Life, lovely dumb joy,
That need'st no warnings how to grow more wise
By other men's mishaps, nor the annoy
Which from sore wrongs done to oneself doth rise;
The Morning's second mansion, Truth's first friend,
Never acquainted with the world's vain broils,
Where the whole day to our own use we spend,
And our dear time no fierce ambition spoils;
Most happy state, that never tak'st revenge
For injuries receivèd, nor dost fear
The Court's great earthquake, the grieved truth of change,
Nor none of Falsehood's savoury lies dost hear,
Nor know'st Hope's sweet disease that charms our sense,
Nor its sad cure, dear-bought Experience!"

"The date of this starved rhyme and the place was the very Bedchamber [of the King], where I could not sleep." *

With all allowance for the circumstance last mentioned, one can see that Kerr had judged his own Muse quite rightly when he said she required a hammer and fire at any time when she would make verses. It is fair, however, to give the footnote in which he explains why in the fifth line of the Sonnet he had called a solitary life "the Morning's second mansion" and "Truth's first friend," as the reader would hardly guess the reasons for himself. They were "because the next way the Morning goeth from the lap of Thetis is to those that dwell in the country, for at Court and the great palaces of the world they lie abed and miss it," and because "Truth getteth first welcome among those that be at leisure to consider of her excellency." There had been late lying-abed, it seems, and small leisure for considering of the excellency of Truth, at the Court at Cambridge during the preceding week, all being so busy in settling those final arrangements for the French Match, or marriage of Prince Charles with the French Princess Henrietta-Maria, in the midst of which, as Kerr tells us, his Sonnet to Drummond was written.

If Kerr could make a Sonnet in the King's Bedchamber, and was also versifying some of the Psalms in a new way of his own, he may again, one fancies, have been on the King's select Committee for the royal work of Psalm-translation. That work was still going on; and Sir William Alexander, whose Nova Scotia scheme had not yet made much way, was still in this matter the King's adviser-in-chief. Alas! Psalm-translation, Royal Matchmaking, the championship of Pro-

* Drummond's undated letter of congratulation to Kerr on his return to Court is printed at pp. 142-3 of the 1711 Edition of his Works; and Kerr's Letter and Sonnet of Dec. 16, 1624, are given at pp. 152-3 of the same volume. The intermediate letter of Drummond's, cited as possibly, but not certainly, written to Kerr, will be found among Mr. Laing's Extracts from the Hawthornden MSS., *Arch. Scot.*, IV. 92.

testantism in the Palatinate, carousings and high jinks with the Duke of Buckingham, and all the fun and politics of this world universally, had come to a close for his Majesty. In March, 1625, he lay tossing on his bed at his house of Theobalds in Herts, grievously ill of tertian ague, Buckingham interfering with the treatment of the case by the royal physicians, and insisting on first administering a powder, and then applying a plaster, with his own hands. On Sunday the 27th of that month he died, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. On the 30th the news reached Edinburgh. A tremendous tempest of wind and rain had been raging there the day before, and it was in the lull after this tempest that it was proclaimed to the Scots that King James was dead and that King Charles reigned in his stead.

Naturally, in Scotland even more than in England, there was a recollection at that moment (except among the more resolute Presbyterians) of all the good that could be said of the dead king, and of that reputation of his for learning and wisdom, demonstrably of Scottish origin unless in so far as they might be divine, which the greatest of Englishmen for twenty years bygone, Lord Bacon included, had concurred in making proverbial through Europe. It need not surprise us, then, that, among the clouds of poems produced for his obsequies, there was a sonnet by Drummond, who had honoured him so conspicuously in his *Forth Feasting* eight years before, and who had seen no reason since to adopt the Presbyterian quarrel with him. I would rather omit it if I could; but to do so would be to tamper with the records. Besides, if Drummond could write it and feel it in any degree to be true, why should the poor king, because we judge differently of him now, lose the benefit of it? So here it is :—

"Let holy David, Salomon the wise,
That King whose breast Egeria did inflame,
Augustus, Helen's son great in all eyes,
Do homage low to thy mausolean frame;

And bow before thy laurel anadem
Let all those sacred swans which to the skies
By never-dying lays have raised their name,
From north to south, where sun doth set and rise.
Religion, orphaned, waileth o'er thine urn;
Out Justice weeps her eyes, now truly blind;
In Niobes the remnant Virtues turn;
Fame, but to blaze thy glories, lives behind.
The world which late was golden by thy breath
Is iron turned and horrid by thy death."

CHAPTER VIII.

FIRST FIVE YEARS OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES I.: DRUMMOND'S PATENT FOR MECHANICAL INVENTIONS, AND HIS GIFT TO EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY: UNCERTAINTY OF HIS WHEREABOUTS DURING THOSE FIVE YEARS; PROBABLY ABROAD FOR THE MOST PART.

1625—1630.

THE accession of Charles I., whatever were to be its effects on the three kingdoms, brought better days than ever for Sir William Alexander of Menstrie.

One of the first Acts of the new reign was the confirmation and extension of Sir William's Nova Scotia Charter, with a more formal ratification of his title to the Lieutenancy or Vice-royalty of the large Transatlantic territory there defined. Actually, in May, 1625, there was the first creation of Nova Scotia baronets, the patent of each baronetcy conferring so much land in the new country on its possessor, and the infeoffment taking place on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh, the dust and stones of which were made, by a legal figment, to represent the ideal miles and leagues of American land. By this time some of the Scottish nobles and lairds had gone into partnership with Alexander in his enterprise; moneys had been subscribed, or were understood to be forthcoming; and there were contracts for the settlement of emigrants from Sutherlandshire and other parts of Scotland in the new plantations. To aid in the business, and bring in more partners and subscribers, with purchasers of the reserved baronetcies, Sir William published and

circulated, in the same year, a tract called *An Encouragement to Colonies*, and Sir Robert Gordon of Lochinvar, one of the already created baronets, co-operated with him in another pamphlet, entitled *Encouragements for such as shall have intention to be undertakers in the new plantation of Cape Breton, now New Galloway, in America.*——Nor was this all. On the 28th of January, 1626, Sir William was promoted to the high office of Principal Secretary of State for Scotland, the duties of which did not involve residence in Edinburgh (where there was a conjoint or subordinate secretary), but consisted in attending the king in London on all Scottish business, receiving his instructions thereon, and transmitting the same to the proper Scottish authorities. Thus Sir William was at once Lieutenant or Viceroy of New Scotland and Secretary of State for Old Scotland.——Nor was this yet all. Those Psalm-translations which King James had had so much at heart, and which he meant to dedicate to the United Churches of Great Britain and Ireland, had been left in a rough and unfinished state—not advanced farther than Psalm XXXI. in any complete form, if we may trust the precise statement made by Bishop Williams of Lincoln in the king's funeral sermon; and Charles felt it to be his filial duty to have this work revised, perfected, and prepared for the press. To whom could such an editorial office be more fitly entrusted than to Sir William Alexander, who had been with the late king all along in the labour, not only as adviser and assistant, but, to a great extent also, unless people are mistaken, as contributor? This editorship of the late king's Psalms, accordingly, was added to Sir William's other honours. He had been already for some time engaged in it when Charles, Aug. 25, 1626, addressed a letter to Spotswood, Archbishop of St. Andrews, announcing the fact, and requiring all the assistance the Scottish clergy could give. "Whereas it "pleased our late dear Father, of famous and eternal memory," so runs the letter, "considering how imperfect the Psalms in "metre presently used are, out of his zeal to the glory of God,

"and for the good of all the Churches in his dominions, to "translate them anew: therefore, as we have given command- "ment to our trusty and well-beloved Sir William Alexander, "Knight, to consider and review the metre and poesy thereof, "so our pleasure is that you and some of the most learned "divines in that our kingdom confer them with the original "text, and with the most exact translations, and thereafter cer- "tify back your opinions unto us concerning the same, whether "it be fitting that they be published, and sung in churches, "instead of the old Translation, or not."* One can see that the intention was that the Scottish Bishops should secure sufficient accuracy to the original, and that, under that safeguard, Alexander should look after the verse and expression. Within little more than a year it must have been decided by all the referees that the late king's Psalms would do credit to his memory, and were suitable for the intended purpose, or might easily be made so; for, on the 28th of December, 1627, there was granted to Alexander a patent of the entire copyright, or liberty to print and sell the king's Psalms, for a period of thirty-one years, in consideration of "the great pains already taken, and to be taken, in collating and revising the same, and in seeing the first impression thereof to be carefully and well done." As it was expected that the King's Psalms, when published, would be the sole authorised version for use in churches, this was a most substantial gift, and Sir William must have been anxious to get the work to press as soon as possible. For the present, however, his profits from this patent, like those from his Nova Scotia Charter, were rather prospective.

During the greater part of these three years of rewards and *honoraria* to Sir William Alexander from the new reign the traces of his friend Drummond are so few and dubious that we

* Baillie's *Letters and Journals*, edit. 1842, III. 530 (*i.e.*, part of Appendix by the editor, Mr. David Laing, containing an interesting account of old Metrical Versions of the Psalms).

are not sure even of his whereabouts. We have seen that he was still at Hawthornden as late as December, 1624, when Sir Robert Kerr wrote to him in praise of his solitary life there, and probably also as far into 1625 as the date of King James's death. But from this last point till late in 1627 there is such a break in the records that we are obliged to suppose him away from Hawthornden, or even out of Scotland altogether, beginning that lengthened period of foreign travel which the old biographer of 1711 assigns to him at some time in his mature life, but dates confusedly. In 1625, on Charles's accession, Drummond was in his fortieth year, and there were various reasons which might make it then agreeable and useful for him to refresh his acquaintance with foreign countries. He may have revisited France, where he had resided some years in his youth; and he may have included in his tour the Low Countries, Germany, and Italy. Wherever he went, his means were such as to enable him to live with credit, and his accomplishments in languages such as to make him sufficiently at home. It need be remarked only that he can hardly have been in France after July, 1626. In that month Charles, who had in the previous year married Henrietta Maria, the sister of the reigning French King, Louis XIII., had come to a rupture with the French Government; and there was a consequent war between the two countries, which lasted till May, 1629. English and Scottish travellers for pleasure would naturally, while this war lasted, keep out of France.

Our first glimpse of Drummond as again back in England and Scotland is in a Latin document of a business nature. It is so curious, and presents him in such a new and unexpected light, that we shall translate it entire:—

"LETTER PATENT TO MR. WILLIAM DRUMMOND FOR THE MAKING OF MILITARY MACHINES.

"Charles, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, and Defender of the Faith, to all his good

subjects whom the present letters may reach, greeting.—Know that, whereas, from the unexceptionable testimonies of many persons, we have been clearly informed that our faithful subject, Mr. William Drummond, of Hawthornden, has expended very much time, labour, and money in the devising and fabricating of various machines, which may be of use and profit to the State in the affairs both of peace and war, and that the same gentleman, by the application of mathematical and physical principles, has invented certain new arms, and perfected some old and imperfect ones, or rescued obsolete ones from oblivion, and especially warlike engines which may be used as arms both of offence and defence, and whether the action should have to be in seafight or landfight: to wit:—

"1. A Cavalry Weapon, by which single cavalry soldiers may do as much in battle as five or six can do with the common arms, and which weapon will also suit excellently for foot service: the same, from the dreadfulness no less than the suddenness of its effect, being called Βακτροβροντηφον, or *Thundering Rod;* but commonly, with reference to the variety of sizes it may assume without change of nature, known by such different names as the *Box Pistol*, *Box Musket*, *Box Carabine*, or *Box Dragoon.*

"2. A new kind of Pike, by which any foot-soldier, besides his own work, will be able to do also the work of five or six sclopetarii; which weapon may be called Λογχακοντιστης, that is, *Shooting Pike* or *Pikearquebus.*

"3. A certain machine as of combined sclopi, by the benefit of which one or two soldiers will be made able to do the work of a hundred sclopetarii; which machine, from its effects, may be named Αρμακεραννος, or *Thundering Chariot*, vulgarly *The Fiery Waggon.*

"4. A new kind of larger gun, by which, without fail, in the same space of time in which hitherto one ball has been discharged, there may be discharged four or five, and that whether in naval or in land engagement; of which machine there are varieties both of shape and size, though, from the property common to all, it may be called Ανωξιβαλιστρον, or *Open Gun*, vulgarly *Open Ordnance.*

"5 and 6. Instruments of the mortar or siphon kind: whereof the one, on account of its signal use in defending walls and ships, and its truly wonderful speed, is called Πλατοσκεδαστικον,

vulgarly *The Flat-Scourer;* the other, because of its special utility for shattering the masts, sails, rigging, and oars of ships, receives the name Ἐνθυτμητικον, vulgarly *The Cutter.*

"7. A sort of machine, not unlike the *Helepolis* of the ancients, or rather the *Helepolis* itself adapted to modern warfare, and that both for storming forts, and defending the same; by the help of which, in sieges of towns, rapid approaches may be made to an inner fortification or ditch, without any moveable earthwork, and, in the defence of towns, a fort may be so strengthened that by no attacks can it be taken or destroyed, but will afford a free shelter from the enemy. This machine, on account of its likeness to that part of a fortification which is commonly called the *Cavalier*, and because it carries several soldiers and is moveable, may be named Προβολικινητος, vulgarly *The Elephant*, or *The Cavalier Errant.*

"9. [So numbered in the Patent, though, unless something is omitted in the copy, it should be 8.] A new kind of vessel, which will be able, without check from any strength of chains, bars, or batteries, to enter any harbours, and either destroy all the shipping by fire, or capture them by force; which vessel, from its truly stupendous and terrible effect, and its dreadful destructiveness to ships and harbours, deserves to be called Λιμενολοθρεντης, vulgarly *Leviathan.*

"10. An instrument serving for the proportional observation of the strength and slackening of winds; by which the master of a ship may be instructed for the more certain calculation of the exact length of his voyage, and which, accordingly, is called Ἀνεμομετρον, or popularly *The Wind-Measure.*

"11. A certain light kind of craft, which shall make very rapid way with sails and oars, at any time, or even with an adverse wind, and shall beat any ordinary vessel in speed: called therefore, Ἐναλιοδρομος, or popularly *The Sea-postilion.*

"12. An instrument by which the length of a sea-voyage is exactly reckoned, and the difference of the longitude of places determined, whether at sea or in neighbouring shores; called, accordingly, Μηκοδεικτης, or popularly *Length-Compass.*

"13. An instrument by which a large quantity of salt water may, at slight expense, be made sweet and drinkable, and every day as much as will suffice for a ship's daily use, so that there need be no fear of putridity from long keeping; which instrument is called Πηγοναυτικον, or popularly *Ship-Fountain.*

"14. A set of Burning Glasses of different kinds, by which, at whatever distance, whether on sea or land, any combustible stuffs, out of all reach of shot, may be set on fire. All these, though consisting of glasses shaped of various conic sections, concave and convex, and of other curved surfaces, and these variously combined, and burning by reflection as well as by refraction, have the common name Πορρωπυριπνον, and (not to deprive the illustrious Archimedes of his due honour) will be called *Glasses of Archimedes.*

"15. Certain kinds of telescopes, by means of which, at any distance, any object exposed to light may be seen no less clearly and vividly, in its own dimensions, than if it were placed at a proper distance, which instrument they call Παμφωτεινοπτρον, and popularly *Lynxes' Eyes.*

"16. An organic machine, producing, from a natural and never-wearied cause, Perpetual Motion, by the use of which an infinite variety of mechanical operations may have their principle; which machine is called Ἀεικινητος, or vulgarly *The Mover*:—

"Inasmuch as the said Mr. William Drummond has, with singular industry, and no common ingenuity, thought out these, and not a few inventions besides, and justice and right demand that each one shall enjoy the rewards of his own virtue, so that persons of excellent genius and high ability may be encouraged to the undertaking of similar labours, and the endeavouring of those things which may be of benefit and use to the State: Therefore We have given and granted, and by the tenor of this our Patent do give and grant, to the said Mr. William Drummond, and his assigns, one or more, for the space of one-and-twenty years next and immediately following the date of these presents, our full power and privilege of making, or granting to others the power of making, throughout our subjects or among foreigners, all the above-named machines, and so that he and they may freely sell, import, and export in and to the same kingdom and from the same.

"And, because there are not wanting certain envious and grasping persons, who, from a sordid and base spirit, strive to get for themselves the use and fruits of other people's labours, in such a manner that those who have deserved well of the State are defrauded of the just reward of their labours, there-

fore we command, prohibit, and interdict, to the effect that none of our subjects within our kingdom of Scotland make, or cause to make, buy, sell, use, or in any way possess, any of the said instruments during the said space of time, without having first had and obtained the express license of the aforesaid Mr. William Drummond and his aforesaid agents. And, if it shall happen that any one, on the contrary, makes, or causes to be made, sells, buys, uses, or in any way possesses, any of the said instruments, without the express license of the aforesaid Mr. William Drummond and his agents, the said instruments shall belong to Mr. William Drummond and his agents, and the culprit shall pay a fine of fifty merks of the usual money of our kingdom of Scotland, half to go to our Treasurer for our use and the other half to the said Mr. William Drummond and his aforesaid heirs, and that as often as there shall be offences to the contrary, of whatever rank or quality the offenders be. And, if the offenders, from poverty, cannot pay the said fine, then they are to be punished in goods and persons, as shall appear fit to our Treasurer, Treasurer-depute, and the said Mr. William Drummond and his said representatives. Moreover, we order and command the Lords of our Council and Session, to the effect that they direct letters of horning, caption, and imprisonment, and all Justices of the Peace, and other officers and judges of whatever rank, that they take, apprehend, and incarcerate offenders, and also appraise their goods for disposal as above:—

"Provided always that, if it shall happen that the aforesaid Mr. William Drummond and his aforesaids fail in reducing to practice the forenamed machines, or one or more of them, within the space of three years next and immediately following the date of these presents, then and in that case these presents shall be of no force, efficacy, or value, to the extent of all or any of the said particulars not put to practice as aforesaid, but without prejudice to such as have been put to practice for the good of the said realm.

"In witness whereof we have commanded our great seal to be put to these presents. At Hampton Court, the last day but one of the month of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand six hundred and twenty-six, and of our Reign the second.

"By the signature in the hand of His Majesty the King above-written.

"Sealed at Holyrood House, 24th December, 1627.

"MR. DAVID SYBBALD."*

What are we to say to this? It certainly uncovers for us a portion of the life of our Laird of Hawthornden which we should not otherwise have guessed. Lo! he has *not* been so exclusively confined as we had supposed in that beautiful intellectual tent of his, emblematic of the starry All of Physical Nature underhanging the Metaphysical Mystery! He has not merely been pursuing his Petrarchian or more miscellaneous readings, penning Sonnets and Poems of his own, ruminating metaphysical questions and their moral significance, and recreating himself with engravings and music. Amid all this, he has been retaining those tastes in mathematics and in mechanical science which he had acquired at College, and has actually been designing or projecting on paper, perhaps even laboriously modelling, a series of instruments and machines to perform all manner of wonders, and revolutionize, among other things, the whole art of warfare. Against one's will, one has to imagine that for some years there had been a litter of gun-barrels, tubes, lenses, and other apparatus of wood, glass, iron, and brass, somewhere on the Hawthornden premises, with a turning-lathe at least, and perhaps even a carpenter's shop and a smithy.

It adds interest to this new information about Drummond to remember that, in such mechanical projects, he was in the track of his great compatriot, Napier of Merchiston. Had not that strange Apocalyptic and Logarithmic genius devoted a great part of his life to the invention of mechanical engines for warlike and other purposes, including two kinds of burning mirrors for destroying ships, and a peculiar shot for artillery that should, by some zig-zag motion, or other devilish ranging

* Translated from the original Latin document as given in Drummond's Works, pp. 235-6.

from the rectilinear, sweep off whole battalions at once? Was he not supposed to have carried some of these tremendous secrets to the grave with him, his Logarithms and other sounder studies having in his later years withdrawn him from such murderous ingenuities? Napier, as has been already mentioned, had lived till 1617, the man of greatest mark by far in or near Edinburgh, honoured by tokens of regard from even the distant Kepler; and Drummond (who had a copy of his treatise on the Apocalypse in his library) must have known him well. The local tradition of him and his inventions was, at all events, still fresh and operative, if only through the sight of the old mansion of Merchiston where he had lived and died, and which no one could pass without thinking of him. Moreover, his family had been left of some conspicuous consequence in Scottish society; and his son and heir, Archibald, in particular, was sustaining the paternal name so creditably by his official and political abilities that his promotion to the peerage, by the title of First Lord Napier of Merchiston, was considered but a fair reward of his own merits, while it was a recognition of his father's. Altogether, it may have been impossible for Drummond, with his time on his hands, and with his fondness for ingenious studies, to have escaped the influence of such a predecessor as Napier, and the impulse he had given to mathematical and physical speculation, and to the quest after new mechanical contrivances. Perhaps, to a greater extent than we now know, Napier had bequeathed among his countrymen that precise form of the quest which had engaged so much of his own time, and which promised the world, if it would wait long enough, revolving pistols, rifled cannon, *mitrailleuses*, gun-cotton, torpedoes, Archimedean mirrors for burning ships, and turret-ships and iron-clads which would defy even the Archimedean burners.

So much on the faith of historical coincidences and intrinsic probabilities. Yet, on the other hand, a study of the patent itself suggests queries and suspicions.

It is dated at Hampton Court, Sept. 29, 1626, *i.e.*, just when Charles's rupture with France was decided, and there were preparations for the war with that country; and it was registered at Holyrood-house on the 24th of December, 1627, when the war was in full progress, and the Duke of Buckingham, as Admiral and General for England, was directing his wretched expeditions to the French coast, and wasting the lives of his soldiers in the Isle of Rhé and before Rochelle. As war was going on with Spain at the same time, there was, of course, a re-awakened industry throughout Great Britain in all those materials and fabrications of war which had been out of demand during the long preceding peace of James's reign; and hence patents in such materials and fabrications were, more or less, the order of the day. That the Scottish patent-in-chief on the occasion should have fallen to Drummond can hardly but imply some amount of prior qualification on his part. Perhaps, however, the amount of qualification consisted rather in willingness to take the patent than in anxiety to have it. His bosom-friend, Sir William Alexander, it is to be remembered, was then Scottish Secretary of State, and had much to say with the King in the disposal of Scottish patronage of all kinds; and, deep as Sir William already was in patents and charters on his own account, may he not have imagined that it would be a kindness to his retired and studious friend, Hawthornden, to lure him into the same style of business? While he himself was to be the Cortes of Nova-Scotia and the proprietor of the Authorised Version of the Psalms for the mother-country and the colonies, might not Drummond make his fortune as a Scottish Archimedes? ——It may seem a spiteful minuteness of scrutiny into the circumstances to mention that there was a Scotchman already in the field with some practical pretensions to this character. He was a certain Alexander Hamilton, commonly called "Sandy Hamilton" or "Dear Sandy;" and he was the brother of the Earl of Melrose, who had been Alexander's predecessor in the Scottish secretaryship, and had been removed from that office

to make way for him. This Sandy Hamilton had been in Germany on military service, had studied metallurgy there, had returned home with a reputation for expertness in all mechanical mysteries and war munitions, and had invented, among other things, an improved cart, for which he got a patent in 1624. Why should not Drummond, with his finer genius, eclipse this blacksmith-brother of the Earl of Melrose? What was an improved cart, or even cannon-founding according to the best German lights, in comparison with the inventions which Drummond had been meditating?——Well, but had Drummond brought his sixteen inventions to any pitch of feasibility? Could he have furnished as distinct specifications of them as could doubtless have been furnished by the long-headed Sandy Hamilton of whatever *he* undertook? The Patent positively states that Drummond had "thought out" all the fifteen; and we can discern Drummond's own hand in the description of the several inventions, and in the scholarly, and also the picturesque and popular, names adopted for them. At the utmost, however, considering what the fifteen inventions were, and what a task they would have been even for an Archimedes and a James Watt combined, one has to conclude that Drummond had "thought them out" only in the sense of having dreamt over them, with some belief that they *might* be thought out. In fine, one sees that, at a time when a new social stimulus had been given to speculations and schemes of this nature, he had allowed himself to be persuaded that he was a fit person to contract for the immediate application of all the engineering talent of Scotland, with as much of foreign help as might be necessary, to the mechanical problems of which he had drawn out a programme.

The Political Economy of King Charles's days, it is very clear, was awfully aristocratic and barbarous. "With our present notions, such an enormous leasing-out of the possibilities of mechanical invention in a whole nation to one man would appear monstrous. Not an ingenious Scot, anywhere from

Wigton to Wick, could have invented a new boat, or a new fire-arm, or devised an improved telescope, but the Laird of Hawthornden, by the splendidly vague terms of his patent, would have had the right to pounce upon it as infringing on his property in *Sea Postilions*, *Box Carabines*, and *Lynxes' Eyes*. There does not seem, however, to have been any complaint, even from Sandy Hamilton. The Patent was for twenty-one years; but there was the less harm in it because it was to be null and void in three years in all particulars except those which Drummond should in the meantime have succeeded in reducing to practice. Now, Sandy Hamilton knew what was meant by "reducing to practice" as well as any man, and was quite willing that Drummond should enjoy his three years of such exercise in his sixteen projects without disturbance. He may have had his qualms about the *Box-Pistol* and the *Flat Scourer*, both of them feasible enough notions if one were to give one's mind to them; but what cared Sandy about such Greek and poetical "buff" as the *Anoxibalistron*, the revived *Helepolis*, the *Glasses of Archimedes*, and the *Perpetual Mover*? Mr. Drummond was welcome to his monopoly in these, and would be a wiser man about them three years hence!

The three years, if dated from the day of the original draft of the patent, would expire on the 29th of September, 1629, or, if from the entry of the patent in the Scottish records, on the 24th of December, 1630. Unless we are to suppose the whole matter to have been mere moonshine, Drummond's movements and occupations during those three years must have been determined considerably by his patent. He had been out of Scotland, we have seen reason to think, since 1625; and, wherever he had been in the interim, he may have been in England and at Hampton Court in September 1626, when the patent was drawn out. It is worth observing that there is a dash of French here and there in the Latin of the patent: "*Le* Box Pistol," "*Le* Pike-arquebus," "*Le*

Flat-scourer," &c. Had Drummond been availing himself of the advice of French and Belgian artificers in the definition of his designs? Be that as it may, he must have looked forward to a considerable use of foreign experience and foreign metallurgic skill during the three years allowed him for realizing his patent. Hence, if he was back in Edinburgh in 1627, we need not be surprised if it was but on a flying visit, and to make preparations for a longer term of absence.

Such seems to have been the fact. In the same year, 1627, in which the Patent for Military Machines was registered at Holyrood-house, Drummond bestowed a gift on the University of Edinburgh which has caused him to be remembered in the annals of that University not only as one of the most famous of her early *alumni*, but also as one of her earliest benefactors.

The beginnings of a Library for the University had been established by the bequest of a number of books by a citizen named Clement Little, and by other donations from individuals. The Library, however, was still meagre; and, when Drummond proposed to enrich it by adding to it part of his own collection of books, the authorities could not thank him sufficiently. No sooner was the offer accepted than it was carried out in the most handsome manner. About 500 volumes in various languages, with some MSS., most of them with Drummond's name written on them, and some of them with his marginal markings and underlinings of passages as he had read them, were at once brought from Hawthornden to the University, to be deposited on the Library shelves. A careful Latin catalogue of them was made out and printed, with an elegant preface by Drummond himself. "*Auctarium Bibliothecæ Edinburgenæ, sive Catalogus Librorum quos Gulielmus Drummond ab Hawthornden Bibliothecæ D.D.Q. Anno* 1627" ("Addition to the Edinburgh Library, or Catalogue of the Books presented to the Library by William Drummond of Hawthornden in the year 1627") is the title of this interesting little volume of

48 pages, printed at Edinburgh that year by the successors of Andro Hart. Drummond's Latin preface may be given in translation :—

"On man alone, His most excellent work, has the all-excelling Maker of the world bestowed, along with the craving for knowledge, reason, speech, and a spirit of intelligence; nor this surely with any other end than that he should investigate the causes of things, collect consequences, observe likenesses, distinguish differences, remember the past, connect the present with the past, and, in fine, weigh the whole condition of life in the scales of right judgment, and fortify himself with the guards necessary for fulfilling this present course of pilgrimage well and happily. Although, however, men aspiring after some proficiency of science have, with much effort, found out many aids to knowledge, yet, as life is so short, as experience requires such continuous observation, as memory also is so slippery that not even by constant pains and watching can it retain the knowledge that has been acquired, small though that may be, on these grounds it would appear that no implements are better adapted for promoting that high aim of intelligent nature than Literary Monuments. By these past things are set before the eyes as if present, in spite of oblivion the illustrious actions of men are represented in vivid colours, in spite of the Prince of Darkness divine discourses are preserved intact from the claws of night-harpies. Wherefore the human race seems to be no less indebted to the Inventors of Letters than to the Founders of Republics, who led men forth from the caves where they were lurking like beasts, congregated the stragglers, and brought them into this human and civil mode of life. And in Republics that have attained to the height of power and glory there has always been a proportional growth and flourishing of Arts and Letters.

"With no greater care have arsenals and storehouses been founded with all equipments for war than Libraries have been founded for the studies both of war and peace. Wits, howsoever pregnant and great, without books, are but as valiant soldiers without arms, and artisans destitute of tools. Of these did arise the many schools in the world, and mostly in Europe, which by the bounty of so many renowned Princes have been so amply privileged. And those great men were not so much beholden to arms and their conquests whilst they lived as after

their deaths to Letters; for neither their monuments of marble, nor brass, nor gold, no not the diamond itself, are able so to preserve the glory of their actions as are some few sheets of paper. States and Republics owe much to those who, like torches, waste themselves to shine and give light to others; but without those Fathers of their countries, who endeavour to preserve and communicate to posterity what these ingeniously have done, their works would be little better than spiders' webs. For what availeth the writing of books, if they be not preserved; and how many excellent pieces, by the barbarity and negligence of ages, have perished?

"To omit ancient times, and the mention of Ptolemæus Philadelphus, who erected that famous Library in Alexandria, of the Ulpian Library of Trajan, and that of Pisistratus in Athens, how much is Florence indebted to the noble Laurentius of Medici for his Library, and to Bessarion, once Bishop of Nice, who at his death devoted to it a Library valued at thirty thousand crowns? And what oweth Oxford, nay, this Isle, to the most worthy Bodley, whose Library, perhaps, containeth more excellent books than the ancients by all their curious search could find? Our [Scottish] Academies in former times were much beholden to their founders and benefactors for many goodly books; but, by the nonage of our Princes and the fury of civil wars, they, with many other monuments, had their fatal period: which loss, by the liberality of our most gracious Prince Charles (when we shall be so happy as to be remembered), may be repaired; under whom the rising and growth of Libraries may prove as fortunate, portending good success, as the burning of the Library of Antioch was counted and proved ominous to the Emperor Jovian.

"To such a worthy work all the lovers of learning should conspire and contribute; and of small beginnings who is ignorant what great effects may follow? If perhaps we will consider the beginnings of the greatest Libraries of Europe (as Democritus said of the world, that it was made up of atoms), we shall find them but small; for, how great soever in their present perfection they are now, these Carthages were once Magalia [mere Numidian cottages].

"Libraries are as forests, in which not only tall cedars and oaks are to be found, but bushes too, and dwarfish shrubs; and, as in apothecaries' shops all sorts of drugs are permitted to be, so may all sorts of books be in a Library: and, as they

out of vipers, and scorpions, and poisoning vegetables, extract often wholesome medicaments for the life of mankind, so out of whatsoever book good instructions and examples may be acquired. In sundry parts of the earth there are but seven Wonders dispersed; in one noble Library many more, worthy of greater admiration, and of greater excellency, are together to be found. As good husbandmen plant trees in their times, of which the after-age may reap the fruit, so should we, and what Antiquity hath done for us do for Posterity, that letters and learning do not decay, but ever flourish to the honour of God, the public utility, and the conservation of human society.

"One said of good princes, that all their names might be drawn within the gem of one ring; but we hope, by time, a volume may be compiled of the names of such who, conspiring against barbarity and the roughness of the former age, have thought it no dishonour to make the Muses beholden to their liberality. In order, however, that those who may in future imitate the example of our benefactors, may know that they have not bestowed their gifts on oblivion, leaving their due honour to be given to them by God and after-times, we have thought fit to register their names here, as in a temple of memory; which, as it can be no disadvantage to the living, may serve to the dead as a kind of epitaph, by which the report of their munificence may be transmitted to posterity [Here follows a list of ten benefactors of the Edinburgh Library, beginning with Clement Little and ending with William Drummond]." *

Drummond's gift to the University seems to have been a matter of some public ceremony in Edinburgh, and he appears himself to have aided and abetted this, with a view to call

* Except in the first paragraph and the closing sentence, which I have translated from the Latin, I have adopted Drummond's own English in a paper printed in his Works (p. 223) under the title *Of Libraries*. Though not with absolute literality the same as the Latin Preface prefixed to the Catalogue of Drummond's Books presented to the University Library, it is, to all intents and purposes, the same document, sentence for sentence; and it is perhaps the English draft furnished by Drummond to the University officials, and translated by them into Latin. Of course *they* are supposed to speak throughout, and especially in the last sentence, where I note, they make their Latin much more emphatic than Drummond's English. He rather huddles up that sentence, as if, though there must be something of the kind at the end of the document, it was hardly for him to write it.

attention to the needs of the University, and bring in, if possible, other gifts and endowments from wealthier people. For example, there is another paper of his, called *Bibliotheca Edinburgena Lectori* ("The Edinburgh Library to the Reader"), which he seems to have circulated about this time, as an appeal for additional benefactions. The Library itself is supposed to speak; and, after dilating on the value and virtue of Books, very much as in the document just quoted, it is made to put this stinging rebuke to some people into its plea:— "All is not gold which glittereth. Some, personating virtues "which they had not, have boldly intruded themselves here, "and would, undeservedly, in the temple of Memory erect "to themselves altars, covering baseness under a mask of "virtue; being really covetous, would seem and appear to be "liberal, or at least would be liberal at other men's charges, "not their own. Neither will I search into age-worn monu- "ments, but relate what I have suffered myself. There are "who, to acquire some piece of fame, would lately have "adorned me with portraits, statues, medals, maps, books of "all sciences, languages, characters (which they had collected "from the liberality of others to this use), but at so high a rate "to my founders, and with such blown ambition, that the want of "such stuff was a great deal more tolerable than the enjoying "could either bring profit or ornament. Such a bargain is "even as if some stationers, who had sold dearly their books, "should desire to be enrolled amongst my benefactors, having "perpetual panegyrics, solemn remembrances, and anniversaries, "offered to their names for their great and boundless liberality. "Let such men go to the Americans, and there barter their "glasses, feathers, whistles, and puppets, with gold and precious "stones; for I had rather attend Time and Providence than "remain thus obliged. In the mean time live ye ever gene- "rous spirits who, out of your own, have been beneficial to me, "who," &c.——Clearly Drummond must have been at very considerable pains at this time in helping on a movement for

the better endowment of his *Alma Mater*, and especially in trying to induce others to imitate his own example by donations to the University Library.*

What we have to notice specially, however, is the coincidence in time between Drummond's gift to the University and the registration of his Patent for Military Machines. If he was to be abroad on the business of his Patent, there might be an additional motive for his donation of books to the University at that particular time. May he not have been breaking up housekeeping? That he did so sometime after December 1627 seems, at any rate, a necessary supposition. From that date we do not hear of him again as certainly in Scotland till 1630.† For these additional two years, we seem bound to suppose, he continued, with whatever reluctance, that absence from Hawthornden which had begun in 1625, though it had been broken by a temporary return. Where he went, or what he did, we have no means of knowing; only, in conformity with the tradition from his first biographers, we have to imagine him on the Continent. Let those years, from 1627 to 1630, therefore, be skipped as a

* Drummond's Collection of Books, consisting of his catalogued donation of 1627, with subsequent additions in 1628 and 1630, is still carefully preserved in a separate cabinet as part of the now extensive Library of the University of Edinburgh. It is a most interesting collection, characteristic of the collector, and valuable from the number of rare and curious books of his time—Latin, French, Italian, and English—that are included in it. It contains, I think, most of the books mentioned in a previous chapter as among Drummond's readings and purchases from 1606 onwards, and, at all events, early editions of some or other of the works of the following English writers:—Bacon, Chapman, Churchyard, Daniel, Dekker, Donne, Drayton, Heywood, Ben Jonson, Marston, May, the Countess of Pembroke, Quarles, Selden, Shakespeare (*Love's Labour Lost*, 1598, *Romeo and Juliet*, 1599), Sidney, Spenser, Sylvester, and George Wither. Alexander's Works are, of course, in it, and a complete set of Drummond's own; also some of King James's, Murray of Gorthy's, &c.

† Prefixed to *The True Crucifixe for True Catholickes, or the Way for the Catholickes to have the true Crucifixe*, by Sir William Mure, the younger, of Rowallan, published at Edinburgh in 1629, there is a commendatory Sonnet by Drummond; but it need not have been written that year or in Scotland. With this exception, I have not detected any documentary trace of Drummond referring him to Scotland between 1627 and 1630.

blank, and let us pass on to his re-appearance within the distinct grasp of records, only first flinging into the blank, for lack of anything else, a small satirical distich which he wrote before leaving Edinburgh.

The reader understands, of course, that the Duke of Buckingham had managed so miserably the first expedition to Rochelle and the landing on the Isle of Rhé (June-Nov., 1627) that all faith in his generalship and admiralship for the rest of the war had been lost. He must also understand, however, that in Scotch the name of the aquatic bird *duck* is pronounced exactly like the title *duke;* and he must understand yet further that, until Drummond should have provided his tremendous new artillery, the most serviceable field-piece was still the small kind of cannon called a *drake* (quasi *dragon*, or fire-spitter.) With this elaborate explanation the meaning of Drummond's distich will be made out. It may be taken as significant that, with such designs for new artillery in his pocket, he should say nothing about them, but should still speak of the poor ordinary *drake* with respect :—

"ON THE ISLE OF RHÉ.

Charles ! would ye quail your foes, have better luck,
Send forth some *Drakes*, and keep at home the *Duck*."

CHAPTER IX.

DRUMMOND BACK IN HAWTHORNDEN: MORE LETTERS OF HIS: DEATH OF DRAYTON: THE STRATHERNE-MENTEITH SCANDAL: DRUMMOND'S INTERFERENCE IN IT: HIS MARRIAGE.

1630—1633.

DRUMMOND was certainly back in Hawthornden in May, 1630; on the 12th of which month he wrote as follows to a kinsman of his, Sir Maurice Drummond, one of the gentlemen-ushers of Queen Henrietta-Maria: — "It is much argued, amongst "those men who will have a reason of everything, why good "men ordinarily are deserted of fortune and many evil arise "to preferments. The first answer is that lewd and bold men "have strong fantasies, and attempt upon many divers matters "which good men, by their bashfulness and towardness, never "essay to reach. The next answer is that lewd men suffer "themselves to be guided by nature, or the starry influences, or "rather, being fools, give themselves over, like beasts, to be "carried by their appetites, and the virtuous are led by reason, "which often counterchecketh itself, and, by long meditation "and advice what to do, leave off all doing, and suffer others "in the interim to carry the garland. You have spent now "many years at court, and yet that clock which hath struck *ten* "to others is still pointing at *one* or *two* to you. Have you not "yet taken a distaste and satiety of that old mistress of yours, "the Court? Her long delay in preferring you tells you are too

"honest. Methinks you should have a desire to recreate your-"self at last in your native country with the remembrances of "past contentments at Court, as your kinsmen here have a long-"ing after so long a time to see you, and unanimously now "salute you." *

Why, Mr. Drummond, this is the old Hawthornden strain once more! You are not changed at all; one might think you had never been away from Scotland yourself all this time! But how about your wanderings and occupations since we saw you last? How, more particularly, about the success of your Patent in Military Machines, the probationary three years of which were to expire about this time? Which of the sixteen inventions of the Patent have you brought to practical perfection—the *Box-Pistol*, the *Flat Scourer*, the *Archimedean Burning Glasses*, or the *Perpetual Mover?*——"No more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me," we seem to hear Drummond replying, with a sigh and a blush. Whether the Patent had really engrossed him during the two or three past years, or whether he had only been persuaded into the enterprise by his friend Sir William Alexander, and had let it drift out of his thoughts after the first month or two of assumed complacence, certain it is that it had by this time been thrown into the limbo of vanities as far as he was concerned, and does not appear again in his life to trouble himself or us. As we expected, Sandy Hamilton, with only his improved cart, and his orthodox metallurgical sagacity, had remained master of the field in Scotland in the department of practical mechanics.

It was of the less immediate consequence to Drummond because the War with France had been ended by a Peace (April, 1629) and the War with Spain was about to be concluded in the same easy manner (Nov., 1630). Buckingham had been assassinated two years ago; and Charles, with new ministers about him, had settled unto his father's unpopular policy of pusillanimous peace with foreign powers and arbitrary

* The letter is printed at pp. 145-6 of Drummond's Works.

rule at home. Military and naval machines were not so much wanted as racks, pillories, and gibbets.

Meanwhile Sir William Alexander had been flourishing like a green bay-tree. It had decidedly struck *ten* for him in the clock of Court-favour. The Peace with France had, indeed, destroyed Sir William's hopes of being the Cortes of Nova Scotia to the full extent of his Charter of Viceroyalty; for, though Scottish colonists had gone out, under his auspices and those of the Nova Scotia baronets to whom he had sub-granted lands, the territory, or most of it, claimed by the French on older rights, and made a scene of some fighting while the war lasted, had to be ceded back to France by the Articles of the Peace. By way of compensation, however, Sir William received, or was promised, a large sum of money; and, as he had already obtained several posts of emolument in Scotland in addition to his Secretaryship, and still kept some hold on British American ground north of New England, the popular impression was that it was not he who had suffered by the cession to the French, but rather his baronets and other poorer holders of Nova Scotia stock. So, at least, we are told by Sir Thomas Urquhart. "When he had enrolled," says this satirical critic, "some two or three hundred knights, who, for their "hundred and fifty pieces each, had purchased amongst them "several millions of New Caledonian acres, confirmed to them "and theirs for ever under the Great Seal, the affixing whereof "was to cost each of them but thirty pieces more, finding that "the society was not likely to become more numerous, and "that the ancient gentry of Scotland esteemed of such a whim-"sical dignity [the baronetcies] as of a disparagement rather "than addition to their former honours, he bethought himself "of a source more profitable to himself and the future estab-"lishment of his own state; in prosecuting whereof he, without "the advice of his knights (who represented both his Houses "of Parliament, clergy and all), like an absolute monarch in-

"deed, disposed heritably to the French, for a matter of £5000 "or £6000 English money, both the dominion and property "of the whole continent of that kingdom of Nova Scotia, "leaving the new baronets to search for land among the "selenites in the moon, or turn knights of the sun, so dearly "have they bought their orange ribbon." Alexander, it seems, was not thought to be so badly off himself. His Charter still gave him rights and claims to Transatlantic territory, which he might yet work to advantage, if not in the original Nova Scotia form. Besides which, his edition of King James's Psalms was now ready, and actually in course of being printed at the Oxford University Press; and the profits from that important copyright were in near prospect. Was there anything more that could be done for a man that the king delighted to honour? Yes, he could be raised to the Peerage. This too was done; for, on the 4th of September, 1630, he ceased to be merely Sir William Alexander of Menstrie, and became Lord Alexander of Tullibody and Viscount Stirling. Menstrie, Tullibody, and Stirling are all in the same Scottish neighbourhood of the upper Forth; but, of course, Stirling, as giving the new peer his chief title, had acquired the chief claim to him. Accordingly, he began building for himself a fine new family mansion in that noble old town.

Whatever pleasure Drummond may have had in contemplating the public splendours of his friend Viscount Stirling, he himself was contented with his restoration to his own simpler lot and his life of leisure in his well-loved glen. His experience of locomotion, and especially of locomotion by sea, had been sufficient; and it was now a trouble to him to think of leaving Hawthornden and the vicinity of Edinburgh, even for an excursion across the Forth. This we learn, rather interestingly, from a letter of his, dated December, 1630, and addressed "To his loving Friend A. Cunningham, Laird of Barns."

That gentleman, a brother or other near relative of his long-dead betrothed, had invited him to stay a while with him in 'Fifeshire; and we may suppose that, if there was any excursion that could lure Drummond away from home, though by a melancholy power, it would be one bringing back such fond scenes and memories. The invitation, accordingly, is accepted, but in this curious fashion:—"This is no small misery of us Islan-"ders that, as exiled, we cannot take a view of God's fair "and spacious earth without crossing the stormy and deceitful "seas; and it is no less a misery in this part of our Island "that we can hardly repair unto you demi-islanders [the people "of Fifeshire] without dancing and tossing on your arm of sea. "Of all pastimes and exercises I like sailing worst, and had "rather attend the hunters and falconers many days ere I "sailed one half-day. It is a part of Noah's judgment.——If "it *shall* be my good fortune to arrive in your Island, prepare "no games of strength for our recreation; and, after a satiety "of discourse and reading, let us not trouble ourselves with "any sedentary pastimes. The dice are for the end of a drum "amongst soldiers; the tables for goutish and apoplectic per-"sons, to make them move their joints; the cards for women, "to observe their discretion. But, if we shall have a desire of "change of thoughts, let us not refuse the Chess, the only "princely game, next government, in the world,—nay, the true "image and portrait of it, and training of kings. Here is a "King, defended by a Lady, two Bishops, two Knights, at the "end of the lists, with two Rooks, Fortresses, or Castles. "Before these, to prepare and make plain the passages, march "eight Pawns, *enfans perdus*, exposed to all desperate services, "every one standing for their monarch." Here follows, at some length, a moralizing of the whole game of chess, by an interpretation of the moves of the various pieces, and of the main laws of the game, into their equivalents in social life. The moves and duties of the Bishops are first moralized,—"ecclesiastical, grave men, who by oblique, traverse, and mys-

"tical ways, should effectuate their master's designs and safety;" then those of the Knights; then those of the Castles; then the limitations of the King, especially in always "marching but one pace, whilst all the other pieces on the chess-board put themselves now on the offensive, then on the defensive, for his safety;" next the considerable privileges of the Lady, with the peculiar proprieties required in her demeanour towards the Bishops and Castles, but especially towards the forward and skipping Knights; and so to the mating of the King, in which a deep political meaning is found, with a glance at "the recompense of the Pawns" when, by great skill and daring, they can "win, and ascend the furthest part of the chess-board on the sunny side," and thus be ennobled. "The game ended, "Kings, Queens, Bishops, Knights, Pawns, pell-melled, are "confusedly thrown into the box,—the conclusion of all "earthly actions and greatness!" After all this ingenious moralizing, Drummond adds: "If Hieronymus Vida can be "found, with Baptista Marino his *Adone*, we shall not spare "some hours of the night and day at *their* chess, for I affect "that above the other." In other words, fond as Drummond was of chess, he preferred reading; and, if the Laird of Barns had a copy of the Works of the Italian poet Vida, who had written a Latin poem on Chess, or a copy of Marini's *Adone*, there would be amusement enough for him in his coming visit.*

On the assumption that the visit was duly paid, we are to suppose that, some time or other about the Christmas of 1630, Drummond did cross the Firth of Forth, and present himself once more at the mansion of the Cunninghams of Barns, near the stormy "East Neuk of Fife." There are no Cunninghams of Barns now, nor have there been for many a day; but the name Barns, or New Barns, or West Barns, still exists, and the once extensive mansion of the family is represented, or was

* The letter is given at pp. 146-7 of Drummond's Works, but without date. That is supplied by Mr. David Laing from the scroll among the Hawthornden MSS.

recently represented, by an old fragment of a house, with vaulted cellars, occupied by farm servants, at the southern extremity of the parish of Crail, and between the towns of Crail and Kilrenny. One of the last of the family seems to have been that Alexander Cunningham, Laird of Barns, whom Drummond now visited, and who is remembered independently as a man of some enterprise in his day, and the builder of a light-house, still extant, on the Isle of May, a conspicuous little grassy island in the opening of the Firth, about six miles off the Fifeshire coast. A near neighbour of his was Drummond's brother-in-law, Scot of Scotstarvet; for, though Tarvet or Scotstarvet proper is in the heart of Fifeshire, near Cupar, that acquisitive worthy had extended his Fifeshire estates eastwards to the sea, and had for one of his country residences, if not now for his chief country residence, the house of Thirdpart, in Kilrenny parish, quite close to Barns. In a visit to the Laird of Barns, Drummond might therefore include a visit to his sister, his brother-in-law, and his nephews and nieces, at Thirdpart. The old house of Thirdpart has also disappeared, so that whoever visits the East Neuk of Fifeshire now must not look for either of the mansions in which Drummond actually lodged, but must be content with the knolly Fifeshire scenery inland, remaining very much as Drummond saw it, and with the unalterable outlook seawards of the same expanse of beach and breakers. They were rough days those, no doubt, but perhaps not so very rough as we flatter ourselves they were in comparison with the present. It may be doubted whether any gentleman now living in or near Edinburgh, in writing to a Laird resident about the East Neuk of Fifeshire, would assume as much and as varied culture in his correspondent as Drummond could assume, in 1630, in his friend Cunningham of Barns. He was the builder, it appears, of a light-house on the Isle of May; and yet Drummond could expect him to understand a philosophical comment on the game of Chess, and perhaps to have in his library, for the recreation of a guest, the works of

the Italian poets Vida and Marini. What is the present Fifeshire equivalent?

To be quoted here, if anywhere, is another letter of Drummond's, undated in the preserved copy, but so exactly in his revived mood of Hawthornden philosophizing that it may go with the last. It is addressed to some unknown "M. A. G.," who seems to have asked his opinion on the subject of Astrology:—"I have "never found any greater folly in the actions of men," Drummond replies, "than to see some busy themselves to understand the "future accidents of their lives. This knowledge of things to "come, not revealed to us, is noways needful for us. Where-"soever this superstition is once received, men are driven mad, "and, as it were, haunted by Furies, and are deprived of all "calmness, quietness, and rest. I never knew any who had "recourse to those unlawful curiosities who lived the ordinary "age of man. . . . The mistakings and uncertainties of these "predictions should make us contemn them: *Astrologi fingunt*, "*non docent.* The truth of [some] astrological predictions is "not to be referred to the constellations of heaven. The "Genethliatics have other observations than the stars: they "conjecture by the disposition, temper, complexion of the "person, by the physiognomy, age, parents, education, ac-"quaintance, familiarity, and conversation. . . . How can a "Chaldæan, by that short minute, instant, or moment of time "in which a man is born, set down the divers changes, muta-"tions, and accidents of his life? . . . If that moment of the "time of birth be of such moment, whence proceedeth the "great differences of the constitution of twins; which, though "together born, have strange, diverse, and contrary fortunes in "the progress of their lives." Then, after a farther exposition of the intrinsic absurdity of the pretended science of the Astrologers, he concludes:—"Trust in the First Cause, "God Almighty, and scorn vain predictions. That infinite, "eternal Essence, though the stars should incline, yea neces-"sitate, and be averse, can countermand, and turn them

"propitious. All things turn into the best unto such as rely "on His eternal goodness."*

We have not heard of Drayton for a good while; but on the 14th of July, 1631, we find the veteran again remembering Drummond, and writing to him:—

"*To my Most Worthy and Ever Honoured Friend,*
MR. WILLIAM DRUMMOND, *of Hawthornden, in Scotland.*

"SIR,—It was my chance to meet with this bearer, Mr. Wilson, at a Knight's house in Gloucestershire; to which place I yearly use to come in the summer time, to recreate myself, and to spend some two or three months in the country; and, understanding by him that he was your countryman, and after some enquiries of some few things, I asked him if he had heard of such a gentleman (meaning yourself), who told me he was of your inward acquaintance, and spake much good to me of you. My happiness of having so convenient a messenger gave me the means to write to you, and to assure you that I am your perfect faithful friend, in spite of destiny and time. Not above three days before I came from London (and I had not been there above four days) I was with your noble friend and mine, Sir William Alexander, when we talked of you. I left him, his lady, and family, in good health. The messenger is going from hence, and I am called upon to do an earnest business for a friend of mine; and so I leave you to God's protection, and rest ever

"Your faithful Friend,

"Clifford in Gloucestershire: 14th July, 1631: in haste." "MICHAEL DRAYTON."†

Although Drayton here, in his summer-holiday in Gloucestershire, forgets that Sir William Alexander was now known, in Scotland at least, by his higher title of Viscount Stirling, *we* must not make the same mistake. We have even particularly to note that, in the same year, 1631, he received, in addition to his previous honours, the appointment to a Judgeship Extraor-

* Works, pp. 147-8. † Printed in Drummond's Works, p. 154.

dinary in the Court of Session, the supreme Law-Court in Scotland, and had also the satisfaction of seeing his edition of King James's Psalms at length out in print. *The Psalms of King David, translated by King James: cum Privilegio Regiæ Majestatis*, was the title of the duodecimo volume, of 329 pages, issued at Oxford, "printed by William Turner, printer to the famous University, 1631," and adorned with the royal arms, and a royal warrant allowing the Psalms "to be sung in all the churches of our dominions." Viscount Stirling's thirty-one years' copyright in the Royal Metrical Version might now, at length, yield its fruits.

For the good Drayton these and all other worldly matters were to be of no interest any longer. He had paid his last visit to Gloucestershire, and to the rest of those rich central parts of England, his native region, whence he and Shakespeare had come, some five-and-forty years before, to begin their London lives as youths together. Not long after the foregoing little letter to Drummond was written he had returned to London—I suppose to his lodging "at the bay-window house, next the east end of St. Dunstan's church, in Fleet Street"; and there, on the 23rd of December, 1631, he died. They buried him in Westminster Abbey (an honour then, though not nearly so great an honour as it would be now); and there was much talk in the London world of wits, with the laureate Ben Jonson in their midst, over the loss of this long-known Elizabethan. It is pleasant, remembering as we do the wall of mutual coolness, if not of mutual antipathy, there had been between Ben and Drayton, to be able to add that this wall had been completely broken down before Drayton's death, and the two had publicly made amends to each other. Which had made the first advance it might be difficult to ascertain. Perhaps it had been Drayton in his metrical essay or elegy on *Poets and Poesy*, published in 1627. In that Elegy (the very same in which we have seen Drayton mentioning Sir William Alexander and Drummond so handsomely) he had inserted this passage on

Ben Jonson, in immediate connexion with Shakespeare and Samuel Daniel—

> "Next these learn'd Jonson in this list I bring,
> Who had drunk deep of the Pierian spring;
> Whose knowledge did him worthily prefer,
> And long was lord here of the theatre;
> Who in opinion made our learn'dst to stick
> Whether in poems rightly dramatic
> Strong Seneca or Plautus, he or they,
> Should bear the buskin or the sock away."

With this challenge to generosity before him, or perhaps without any such challenge, and merely in some burst of his own surly magnanimity, Ben had shown what he could do in the same forgiving vein :—

> " It hath been questioned, Michael, if I be
> A friend at all, or, if at all, to thee;
> Because who make the question have not seen
> Those ambling visits pass in verse between
> Thy muse and mine, as they expect. 'Tis true,
> You have not writ to me, nor I to you.
> And, though I now begin, 'tis not to rub
> Haunch against haunch, or raise a rhyming club
> About the town. This reckoning I will pay
> Without conferring symbols: this's *my* day."

It was a tavern image, but perhaps all the heartier, for Ben *had* made it his day for paying the reckoning. Never the man to do anything by halves, whether as friend or as foe, he had protracted the epistle so begun into a review of Drayton's poetry, extending over nearly a hundred lines, and mentioning in succession all Drayton's chief works, with a fit eulogy on each, and this retractation of all his previous sneers about the *Polyolbion:*

> " Thou scorn'st to stay
> Under one title: thou hast made thy way
> And flight about this Isle well near, by this,
> In thy admirèd Periegesis
> Or universal circumduction
> Of all that read thy *Polyolbion.*
> That read it! That are ravished! Such was I
> With every song, I swear, and so would die."

O Ben, Ben! *vide antè*, p. 96. Never mind! One likes even your boisterous inconsistency, and forgetfulness to-day of what you said yesterday; and, though, if you were living now, those rough-and-ready verses of yours ("admired Periegesis," "universal circumduction," &c.) would not pass muster in our poorest magazine, we accept them gladly, and Drayton's too, with the dates for their vouchers, and call them the large utterance of the early gods. Very far from gods ye were, both of you; but ye were a memorable pair of contemporary mortals, and it *is* pleasant to know that the wall of coolness between you had been abolished, and ye had fraternised publicly before Drayton died. *He* sleeps in the Abbey, Ben, and you are drafting the epitaph for his monument to be erected there; but very soon *your* place is to be under the same pavement. Five years and a half, Ben; only five years and a half!

Drayton's death was heard of by Drummond with real concern. It is the chief topic of a letter written by him to Viscount Stirling early in 1632.

"The death of M.D., your great friend," he says, "hath been "very grievous to all those which love the muses here; chiefly "that he should have left this world before he had perfected "the Northern [intended Scottish] part of his *Polyolbion*, which "had been no little honour to our country. All we can do to "him is to honour his memory. If your Lordship can get those "fragments of his work which concern Scotland, we shall "endeavour to put them in this country to the press, with a "dedication, if it shall be thought expedient, to your Lordship, "[and] with the best remembrances his love to this country did "deserve. Of all the race of poets who wrote in the time of "Queen Elizabeth your Lordship now alone remains. Daniel, "Sylvester, King James, Donne [are gone], and now Drayton; "who, besides his love and kindly observance of your Lordship, "hath made twice honourable mention in his Works of your "Lordship—long since in his *Odes*, and lately in his *Elegies*, "1627." [Drummond here extracts, from Drayton's metrical Epistle on *Poets and Poesy*, the lines about Alexander already quoted by us, p. 114, but omits the sequent lines about himself.] "If the date of a picture of his be just, he hath lived three score

"and eight years, but shall live, by all likelihood, so long as "men speak English, after his death. I, who never saw him, "save by his letters and poesy, scarce believe he is dead, and "would fain misbelieve verity if it were possible.—The town of "Edinburgh busy themselves very much for erecting of pageants "for the King's Majesty's Entry. Some have written to us "from Court, notwithstanding of his Highness's good intention "to receive his crown in Scotland, it is impossible this year he "can see us, considering the great affairs of Germany. Now, "I have continued my letter too long, considering the many "other papers your Lordship hath to read. From your Lord-"ship's most affectionate Servant, * W. D."

The expected Coronation Visit of Charles to Scotland, about which Edinburgh was then astir, did not, after all, take place that year. It had been spoken of for some time; and there had been a good deal of disappointment at its having been so long postponed. The disappointment had even been raised to furious anger by the rumour of a proposal by Charles that the Scottish Regalia should be taken to Westminster, to save him the trouble of a journey to the North. That had been explained away; and the visit, though still postponed, was certainly to be.

Among Drummond's miscellaneous papers is one dated "December, 1632," and entitled *Considerations to the King.* The paper refers to a matter now forgotten, but which was of considerable interest at the time, and even of some political importance.

Among the Scottish noblemen of that day was a William Graham, Earl of Menteith, a man of reputed ability, and holding the offices of Justice-General and President of the Scottish Privy Council. Not content with his Earldom of Menteith, he had served himself heir to an older Earldom, called the Earldom of Stratherne, which had been in his family

* Mr. David Laing's Extracts from the Hawthornden MSS., *Arch. Scot.*, IV. 93-94.

some two hundred years before, when it had been resumed by the Crown and the Menteith title given in compensation. Having made out his claim at law, by the help of the King's advocate, Sir Thomas Hope, he had applied to the King for a restitution of the Stratherne dignity, and the King, seeing no objection, had given him the necessary patent. But his Majesty, it soon appeared, had been too hasty.

If the Earl of Menteith was Earl of Stratherne, it was by descent from David, Earl of Stratherne, one of the sons of Robert II. of Scotland (1371-1390), the first of the Stuart line. Now that King's matrimonial relations had been rather complex. He was fifty-five years of age when he came to the throne, as successor to David II., the last of the Bruce line; and all his children of royal rank (not, by any means, all of every rank) had been born to him before that event. But these children of royal rank and pretensions were of two sets, born to him by two wives—four sons and six daughters by one wife, the beautiful Elizabeth Mure; and two sons and four daughters by another wife, Euphemia Ross, daughter of the Earl of Ross, and widow of John Randolph, Earl of Moray. Worse still, all the children of the first set had been born while their mother was not actually the wife of Robert Stuart, but only his concubine; and, though there had been a subsequent marriage, which, by the law and practice of Scotland, would, in ordinary circumstances, have legitimated the offspring born before the marriage, the circumstances in this case were by no means ordinary. The question was about succession to the Scottish throne; and, though a legitimation *per subsequens matrimonium* might be good for ordinary purposes, could it be held good for that? Granted that it might, there was a yet deeper difficulty. Robert and Elizabeth Mure were related to each other within the forbidden degrees, and Robert had had a previous mistress who was related to Elizabeth Mure within the forbidden degrees; and, though the marriage with Elizabeth Mure and the legitimation of her children had been expressly allowed by a

Papal Dispensation, it was observed that the complicated cousinship, which by Church-rule barred the union, had been slurred over in the Dispensation, and it was doubted whether his Holiness himself had the power to condone all the ecclesiastical offences involved in the connexion. With such an entanglement of family claims about him had the jovial Robert Stuart come to the throne. He had done his best to clear the entanglement. He had procured an Act of his States settling the succession to the Crown first on his eldest son by Elizabeth Mure (afterwards Robert III.), and then another Act entailing the Crown farther on the next heirs-male of both his families, and, in the event of failure of such, on his heirs whatsoever. By this arrangement, consequently, the Crown had been transmitted, through Robert III., to the five successive Jameses, but not without a smouldering of the question whether these reigning descendants of Elizabeth Mure were the legitimate Stuarts, and whether the progeny of the lawfully-married Euphemia Ross had not the truer royalty in their veins. If they had, then the successor to Robert II. in 1390 ought to have been not Robert III., but his half-brother, David Stuart, Earl of Stratherne, the eldest son of Robert II. by Euphemia Ross; and *his* rights would have descended to his daughter Euphemia Stuart, who had married a Sir Patrick Graham, and so carried the Earldom of Stratherne into the Graham family. It had been to obliterate as much as possible these royal associations with the Stratherne Earldom that the poet-king James I. had cancelled the Earldom in 1428, and made Malise Graham, the son of Sir Patrick Graham and Euphemia Stuart, accept the Earldom of Menteith instead.

Even if the question between the reigning Stuarts and the excluded descendants of Euphemia Ross had been more effectively put to sleep than it was, an incident had at length occurred which was calculated to revive it. On the death of James V., in 1542, leaving only a daughter, Mary, the descent of the crown in the heirs-male of the first Stuart by Elizabeth

Mure was broken. The question of the legitimacy of Elizabeth Mure's marriage might then have been re-opened in connexion with the question who was the next heir-general. Had the decision, even then, been against the legitimacy of the Mure line, Mary ought to have been set aside, and the crown ought to have gone to the Graham, Earl of Menteith, of that date, as the heir-general from the other line. Nothing of the kind had happened; and poor Mary, Queen of Scots, had had her reign, such as it was, and had handed on the Scottish crown, with the English addition, to James VI. and Charles I. But, in consequence, first, of Mary's Roman Catholic obstinacy and unpopularity with her Reformed Scottish subjects on that account, and, next, of James's Episcopal proclivities and unpopularity on that account, there had been a good deal of suppressed re-inquiry into the far-back muddle of Robert II. and his two marriages. Some genealogists and historians, including Buchanan, had even persuaded themselves that Elizabeth Mure was not legally the first wife of Robert II., but that he had married her, by way of a return to his old love, after the death of Euphemia Ross, and therefore that any rights which her posterity had acquired by legitimation were subject to the prior rights of the descendants of Euphemia Ross, as the first legal wife. In short, for eighty years before the accession of Charles to the two kingdoms, there had been, here and there, in one of the kingdoms, a persistent questioning of those hereditary rights of his race on which his accession depended. Yet Charles, reigning as the descendant of Robert II. and Elizabeth Mure, had allowed his Scottish Privy Councillor and Chief-Justice, William Graham, Earl of Menteith, the descendant of the same Robert II. and Euphemia Ross, to re-assume that Earldom of Stratherne which was the most distinct memorial of his co-equal relatedness with himself to the old Stuart bigamist. If Charles was aware of all the speculation on the subject that was lying dormant in the Scottish genealogical noddle, he probably thought it too absurd to be worth a moment's notice.

Not so absurd, it seems, as his Majesty thought! He himself was not pleasing his Scottish subjects so well as to be able to laugh at a speculation which might have been troublesome, in imaginable circumstances, to his father and grandmother. Vast offence had been given to the Scots by his dilatoriness in the matter of his coronation visit, and by the rumour of his insulting proposal to have the Scottish Regalia taken south, so that he might be crowned King of Scotland in Westminster; and this, in co-operation with other causes, had bred a dangerous amount of gossip in some Scottish quarters, if not of secret treason. If Charles did not think the Crown of Scotland worth a journey, might not some native be found quite as fit to wear it? There is proof that this question was put and answered, in a hushed and grumbling way, to a greater extent than the ordinary histories of the time reveal. When the king's young cousin, the Marquis of Hamilton, went abroad in 1631, with his 6000 Scottish Volunteers, to assist Gustavus Adolphus in the German Protestant war, had there not been some wild talk about the possibility of his returning from that expedition as a candidate for coronation instead of Charles? The Marquis had indignantly cleared himself of that imputation, and quite to Charles's satisfaction; but the mere scandal was symptomatic. Scottish statesmanship was then in a very staggering state. They were a strange, quarrelling, unscrupulous knot of men, for the most part, who then constituted Charles's Privy Council, governing Scotland in his name, but very much at their own discretion, with but a distant cognisance of their proceedings on his part, and such weak control as could be exercised by his letters and instructions from London through Secretary Stirling. George Hay, Earl of Kinnoull, was Chancellor of Scotland; William Douglas, Earl of Morton, was Treasurer; John Stuart, Lord Traquair, a man of real talent, was Treasurer-Depute; Thomas Hamilton, Earl of Haddington, (the metallurgical Sandy Hamilton's brother, who had exchanged his Melrose title for that of

Haddington), was now Lord Privy Seal; Sir John Hay was Clerk-Register, and a Lord of Session; William Graham, Earl of Menteith, and now of Stratherne, as we have said, was Chief Justice and President of the Council; Sir James Carmichael was Justice-Clerk; Sir Thomas Hope of Craighall, already mentioned, was King's Advocate; and the resident Secretary of State, Viscount Stirling's colleague or subordinate in that office, was Sir Archibald Acheson of Glencairn. Among these, and other officials round about them, what intrigues might there not be—what secret ambitions, or willingness to foster secret ambitions, whether for mischief or for personal advantage? At all events, what was to hinder the Earl of Menteith, now that his title to the Earldom of Stratherne and his lineal descent from Robert II. had been openly acknowledged by Charles himself, from swaggering a little among his colleagues in all his new-blown distinction? Actually this had happened; and probably the ill-natured provocations of his colleagues on the subject had conspired with his own vanity to make it a common occurrence. He had been heard making very bragging and imprudent speeches. Not that he wanted to revive any question of his title to the throne so worthily held by his cousin Charles! No, God forbid that there should be any ripping-up of that old story! So far as he was concerned, it should be obsolete! Providence, for the last two hundred years and more, had settled the track of the royal succession, and it should never be disturbed by him, as his cousin Charles well knew! But blood, Sirs, blood! that was the honour he cared about; and that he would not renounce! And, if it came to that question, and he were driven to speak out, what were the reigning Stuarts but Elizabeth Mure's ——? Whether he went quite so far as this last unpoliteness may be doubted; but he went very near it. "I have the reddest blood in Scotland" he had been heard to say.

We now understand the reason of Drummond's *Considerations to the King*, penned in December, 1632. Menteith's braggings

had really come to be a matter of some consequence in the opinion of those who felt the excitable national pulse in Scotland; and Drummond, of his own accord, or induced by Viscount Stirling and others, had written the memorial, in order to bring before the King, in a grave and reasoned form, a business which was sure to reach him, if it had not already reached him, in some more exasperating form. The last sentence of the memorial is the most emphatic. "It is notoriously "known," says Drummond, "that, these two hundred years, "the race of Euphemia Ross, in her children, David, Earl of "Stratherne, and Walter, Earl of Athole, and all their succes-"sion, by all the Kings of Scotland since have been ever "suppressed and kept under, and for reasons of state should "still be kept low and under, unless a Prince would, for "greater reason of state, advance them, to give them a more "horrible blow, and, by suborning mercenary men, make them "aim above their reach, to their last extirpation." Drummond cannot suppose that Charles has been actuated by any such dreadful Machiavellian policy in his concession to Menteith of the Stratherne Earldom; and therefore all through the paper he has argued on the supposition that the act has been one of mere inadvertence, an injury unintentionally done to Menteith himself by misplaced kindness. What he evidently desired was to disabuse Charles of the idea that the affair was a trifle. For this purpose, he goes back on the Stuart genealogy with a frankness which Charles may have hardly liked, actually adopting that view of the case which represented the rights of the Ross-Stuart branch as prior to those of the Mure-Stuart branch, and calling upon Charles to consider what might be the consequences if, in order to abolish that difficulty, the reigning House were to rest its claims on the Acts of an old Scottish Parliament. "If one Parliament hath power to entail a Crown, whether may not another Parliament, upon the like considerations, restore the same to the righteous heirs?" The more effectively to rouse the King, he cites various historical

instances of the smart dealing of Kings with rival claimants, and forecasts several contingencies in Scotland in which the Menteith claims might be really perilous.

Altogether, the document is so bold, and would have been so unpalatable to Charles, that one doubts whether it was actually submitted to him, or only remained in Drummond's cabinet as a draft of what might have been submitted to his Majesty, if Viscount Stirling had thought fit. That there was considerable danger in such communications to his Majesty was proved by what happened to a poor fellow, of much humbler rank than Drummond, who ventured to meddle in the same affair. A certain George Nicol, the son of a tailor in Edinburgh, who had been in the office of Secretary Sir Archibald Acheson, and had there acquired more knowledge of the proceedings of his superiors than was good for him, had thought it his duty to go to London and exhibit charges against the Chancellor, Treasurer, Treasurer-Depute, &c., for misuse of the public moneys, including also charges against Stratherne on the grounds more peculiar to *him*. These officials had been summoned to London; and, as Nicol could by no means make good his main charges, but broke down in his evidence, he was remitted to Edinburgh, to take his trial before the very persons he had accused, or their colleagues of the Council, for the crime of *leasing-making*, *i.e.*, the attempt to raise animosities between the King and his subjects. Having been found guilty, he had to stand two hours at the Cross in the High Street, on the 5th of March, 1633, with a placard over him, "*Here stands Mr. George Nicol, who is tried, found, and declared to be a false calumnious liar*," and at the end of that time to receive six stripes on his bare back from the whip of the hangman. This, says Scotstarvet, "made the poor young man fly the country, and terrified all other persons from informing his Majesty of anything that was done to his prejudice in this kingdom." Evidently Scotstarvet thought there was truth in Nicol's charges and this, also, was the popular belief.

Although Charles thought it fit to take no notice of the charges against Kinnoull, Morton, Traquair, and his Scottish Councillors generally, and to continue them in their offices till he should look into matters for himself, he did make an immediate example of the unlucky Stratherne or Menteith. Orders were sent down for a "decreet of reduction" of his title to the Stratherne Earldom, and of his title to the Menteith Earldom as well; Lord Advocate Hope was rebuked for his former activity in the Stratherne suit, and had to promise that he would never move in it again; and the poor nobleman, stripped of his Chief Justiceship and all his other offices, was sent into retirement on his estates. After a little while, Charles re-admitted him into the Scottish Peerage as the Earl of Airth; and, with this new title, but with a haze of the Menteith title still attached to him, he seems to have lived quietly enough to the end of his days.*

Drummond has been so long an unmarried man in our narrative that the reader has probably given up the expectation of ever seeing him in the other character. No one knows, however, what may happen in that capricious order of accidents; and the truth is that in 1632, and probably some little time before the *Considerations to the King* were written, Drummond had ceased to be a bachelor.

The account given in the Memoir prefixed to Drummond's Works in 1711 is that he had "lived the most part of his life in "an unmarried state, but by accident he saw one Elizabeth "Logan, grandchild of Sir Robert Logan of Restalrig, a great "and ancient family in this place, and, fancying she had a

* Sir Walter Scott took a liberty with the facts of Scottish History when he introduced into his *Legend of Montrose* an Earl of Menteith, as the companion of the great Marquis of Montrose in his Royalist enterprise of 1644-5. So far as there was an Earl of Menteith then in existence, it was this superannuated Earl of Airth and Menteith; and the real companion of Montrose was not he, but his eldest son, Lord Kilpont, who was killed in Sept., 1644, by the Highlander, Stewart of Ardvoirlich.

"great resemblance of his first mistress (whose idea had been "deeply impressed, and stuck long in his mind), he fell in "love with her, and married her after he was forty-five years "of age." The exact date is given in Douglas's *Baronage of Scotland* (1798), where, on the faith of the preserved papers of the family, the words are, "He married, *anno* 1632, Elizabeth "Logan, sister to James Logan of Mountlothian, and grand-"child, it is said, to Sir Robert Logan of Restalrig." The parish and village of Restalrig, with the old church, are at the foot of Arthur Seat, close to Edinburgh, on the side of Leith and the sea; and the Sir Robert Logan mentioned as the grandfather of Drummond's wife had also been proprietor of the lonely keep of Fastcastle on the Berwickshire coast, and a man of most turbulent and robber-like reputation in King James's reign, mixed up with the Gowrie conspiracy and other mysteries. Napier of Merchiston, in his earlier necromantic days, before he took to Logarithms, had had dealings with him. There is still extant the original contract, dated July, 1594, by which Napier agreed to go to Fastcastle, on the invitation of Logan, to "do his utter and exact diligence to search and seek out, and by all craft and ingine that he dow to tempt, try, and find out," a treasure of gold which was believed, on old report, to be buried somewhere about Fastcastle, "or else to mak sure that nae sic thing has been there"—the bargain being that Napier, in case of success, was to have a third of the find for his pains, and also (what was essential in dealing with a man like Logan) "sure return and safe back-coming therewith to Edinbruch, on beand spulzied [without being robbed] of his said third part, or otherwise harmed in body or gear." If Drummond really married a grand-daughter of this darksome old Logan of Restalrig, he must himself have been interested in the fact, and we should be interested in it now. Another old tradition, however, is quite positive that the Elizabeth Logan whom Drummond married was not of the ancient family of the Logans of Restalrig, but was the daughter of a plain Mr. Logan, the parish

minister of Eddleston, in Peeblesshire, about ten miles south from Hawthornden. The same account says that he married her "unexpectedly." Enough that Drummond was married, at the age of forty-six, to an Elizabeth Logan, who was to be his wife all his days, and the mother of his five sons and four daughters.*

* Sage's Memoir of Drummond, prefixed to the 1711 Edition of his Works; Douglas's Baronage of Scotland, Article *Drummond of Hawthornden;* Life of Napier of Merchiston, by Mark Napier, Esq. (pp. 220-221); and Mr. David Laing's Paper in *Arch. Scot.*, IV. 66.

CHAPTER X.

CHARLES'S CORONATION VISIT TO SCOTLAND, WITH LAUD IN HIS TRAIN: LAUD'S PROJECTS FOR SCOTLAND: DRUMMOND'S REFLECTIONS ON THE SAME.

1633.

O WHAT a commotion there was when Charles did make his long-deferred coronation journey into Scotland! He left London on the 11th of May, 1633, with studiously arranged pomp, and a great attendance of English noblemen, officials, household servants, and yeomen of the guard; he was at Berwick on the 8th of June, and remained there till the 12th; and thence, by gradual approaches, he reached Edinburgh, into which he made his triumphal entry on Saturday, the 15th. There had been the most extensive and costly preparations, the roads and streets all railed and sanded from the point of entry at the West Port to the terminus at Holyrood Palace, with arches, obelisks, paintings, flags, loyal mottoes, artificial mountains, and bands of music at every possible point, and especially wherever the procession might make a ceremonial stoppage. The arrangements had been made by a committee of the chief citizens; but Jamesone the portrait-painter had been brought from Aberdeen to superintend the pictorial portions of the pageantry, and the speeches and poetry had been furnished by Drummond in due consultation with Jamesone. From the contemporary accounts, including copies of the speeches and poems,

as they were then printed, and are now inserted in Drummond's Works (under the title of *The Entertainment of the High and Mighty Monarch Charles, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, into his ancient and royal City of Edinburgh*), we can pretty well imagine the whole affair.

The procession was a very long one. All the nobles and officials in it were on horseback; and his Majesty came near the middle, riding on a splendid Barbary horse, with a caparison and footcloth of crimson velvet, embroidered with gold and pearls, the bosses of the bridle and other parts of the harness set with emeralds, rubies, and diamonds. When he came to the West Port, where the street ascended to Heriot's Hospital, he encountered a great arch, square with the battlements and inside of the town-wall, the face of it towards him representing a city on a rock, which was declared, by various devices, and by several inscriptions, in Greek, Latin, French, and Italian, to be indubitably EDINBURGH. Under the arch was a theatre, shaped like a mountain, on which appeared the Genius of the City, in the shape of a nymph, attired in sea-green velvet, with sleeves, under-robe, and buskins of blue, and other adornments and painted accompaniments; and, as the King approached, the mountain trembled, and the Nymph addressed him in a speech (ornate prose and of Drummond's composition), the Magistrates at the same time presenting him with the Keys of the City in a silver basin, into which there were showered a thousand gold coins. Thence the procession moved onwards, through the Grassmarket, till, in the West Bow, they came to another arch and theatre, representing the Grampian Mountains, with their wild scenery and animals, and Romans fighting with Picts. Here another nymph, personating Caledonia, with an olive-coloured American-looking damsel in attendance, to pass for Nova Scotia, made a longish speech to his Majesty (also Drummond's) in verse, beginning thus:—

> "The Heavens have heard our vows. Our just desires
> Obtainèd are; no higher now aspires

Our wishing thought, since to his native clime
The Flower of Princes, honour of his time,
Encheering all our dales, hills, forests, streams,
As Phœbus doth the summer with his beams,
Is come."

Again the procession moved on, climbing the West Bow to the High Street, and beginning to descend that street, through flags and other decorations, till they came to a third arch, with a collection of mottoes and devices of indescribable complexity. Here Jamesone had lavished his utmost; for, when the curtain of the theatre before the arch was drawn, Mercury was seen, with his feathered hat, his caduceus, and a hundred and seven Kings, the Scottish progenitors of Charles, from Fergus the First downwards, all brought on purpose from the Elysian fields. King Fergus was overjoyed at seeing his 108th descendant, and expressed his feelings in a Latin speech. Next there came in sight figures of Bacchus, Silenus, Sylvanus, Pomona, Venus, and Ceres; and still further down the street there was Mount Parnassus, with Apollo and the Muses on it, and a proper sprinkling of thistles, in the shape of portraits of the chief literary celebrities of Scotland, from Sedulius and Joannes Scotus down to Sir David Lindsay and George Buchanan. Apollo and the Muses were very fine, the Muses all with appropriate mottoes, and Apollo in the midst of them in crimson taffeta, and crowned with laurel, presenting the King with a book, while the Muses addressed him in a song of four stanzas (Drummond's), beginning:—

"At length we see those eyes
Which cheer both earth and skies:
Now, ancient Caledon,
Thy beauties heighten, richest robes put on,
And let young joys to all thy parts arise."

The King could not expect these first splendours of the High Street to be beaten; but yet further down the street, at the Nether Bow, there was a new and still more poetical wonder. There was another arch, with stage, mottoes, canvasses and what not, repre-

senting Heaven itself, with stars of all magnitudes, the Earth beneath and the Titans prostrate on it, the Fates, and the Seven Planets, each sitting on a throne, and Endymion among them. The poetry here was profuse, and took the form of a Horoscopal Pageant by the Planets (all Drummond's). Endymion opened it with a prologue, beginning:—

"Roused from the Latmian cave, where many years
That empress of the lowest of the spheres
Who cheers the night has kept me hid apart
From mortal wights to ease her love-sick heart,
As young as when she did me first enclose,
As fresh in beauty as the Maying rose,
Endymion, that whilom kept my flocks
Upon Iona's flowery hills and rocks,
And, warbling sweet lays to my Cynthia's beams,
Outsang the swannets of Meander's streams,
To whom for guerdon she heaven's secret bars
Made open, taught the paths and powers of stars,
By this dear lady's strict commandement,
To celebrate this day I here am sent."

This prologue ended, poetical speeches followed, from the seven planets in succession, viz: Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, the Sun, Venus, Mercury, and the Moon; and Endymion wound up the whole with an epilogue. After which one becomes dizzy; and, though there was more decoration, and perhaps more poetry, down the Canongate, and to the very gates of Holyrood, one is glad when the King arrives there. Amid the last huzzas of the people, he and his train entered, the horses were stabled, the Magistrates turned back, and the triumph was at an end. There was banqueting, doubtless, within the Palace, and a dispersed hubbub without it, protracting the excitement on the skirts of Arthur Seat, and up its slopes, through the long summer evening.

His Majesty having had two days to refresh himself, the grand ceremony of his coronation in the Abbey Church of Holyrood took place on Tuesday the 18th, and was followed on the 20th by the hardly less impressive ceremony of his riding in state

from Holyrood to the old Parliament-House above St. Giles's Church, to open the session of the first Scottish Parliament in which he was personally present. Of the pageantry on these occasions, surpassing though it did anything that Scotland had witnessed before, we shall say nothing. Pageantry was pageantry, but Charles had come to Scotland for real business.

He had been king now, it is to be remembered, for eight years, and during those eight years the nature of his policy, so far as it concerned England, and collaterally Ireland, had been declared beyond all mistake. He had convoked four English Parliaments in succession, had quarrelled and struggled with each on questions of supply and grievances in Church and State, and had dissolved the last (March, 1628-9) with wrath and contumely, and an avowed determination that he would resort no more to the Parliamentary apparatus for the government of England or the levying of public moneys, but would rule without Parliaments by his own authority and with the help of his Ministers. For four years this experiment had been going on, Charles acting as an arbitrary monarch, but surrounded by a Privy Council of between thirty and forty nobles, ecclesiastics, and state-officers, whom he consulted when he chose, and who carried out his orders in their respective departments. A few of these councillors, the most acquiescent in his policy, or the ablest to advise him, formed his Junto, or Cabinet of Ministers-in-chief. The ablest of them, Viscount Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford, had just been made Viceroy of Ireland; so that, except in as far as he could still interfere in English affairs by correspondence and occasional visits from Dublin, the conduct of these affairs was in the hands of the colleagues he had left in London—to wit, Laud, Lord Cottington, Secretary Windebank, and two or three great Earls and Law-lords. Above all, the King's adviser in the government of England, in some respects even his master, was Laud. Appointed Bishop of St. David's in 1621, while King James

was alive, transferred thence to the Bishopric of Bath and Wells in 1626, made a Privy Councillor in 1627, and promoted in 1628 to the Bishopric of London, this resolute ecclesiastic, now in his sixtieth year, and still only Bishop of London, though he had the Archbishopric of Canterbury in near prospect, had so wound his hands into all the affairs of Church and State that, since Buckingham's death, he had been minister paramount. Part of his power consisted in the extreme definiteness of the system of ecclesiastical views which he had brought into the councils of the King, and his determination to make these views the regulating principles of the English body-politic throughout its entire fabric. In other respects he was subservient to the King's policy; but here he was the master, and the King his pupil. Laud's theology being of the kind called Arminian, his theory of Church government being that of the highest and most absolute *jure divino* Episcopacy, and these motives and his private tastes inclining him to the utmost sacerdotalism in forms and garb for the clergy, and to a ceremonial of public worship as florid as it could be on this side of what was distinctively Popish, the tasks he had prescribed for himself were to correspond. They were the uprooting of the Calvinistic doctrines that had hitherto been prevalent in England, the subjection of the whole life of the laity to a tight priestly and episcopal supervision, and the beating down, whether among laity or among clergy, of all those questionings of Episcopal power, those demands for a simplification of Church-forms, and those cravings for a teaching ministry rather than a priesthood, which had come down in the English mind under the name of Puritanism. He had so thoroughly indoctrinated Charles with these purposes that Charles's policy had come to be not a mere continuation of his father's, but a continuation of it with the new element of Laudism superadded. And already England had been feeling the effects of Laud's political supremacy. Not only was the whole country writhing under the torture of monopolies, illegal taxes,

and all the ways and means employed to raise revenues for the Crown; but there had begun, under Laud's influence, those persecutions and punishments of Puritan ministers and laymen, throughout all the dioceses, in comparison with which James's proceedings to the same effect seemed mild, and which were driving into exile, on the Continent or in America, hundreds and thousands of England's most forward spirits. For four years England had been prostrate in a dumb agony of discontent, with no Parliament to speak out or wrestle for it, but with Laud, Bishop of London, squat on its very breast, proud of the results of his doctoring, and meditating what he could further.

Part of Charles's business in his Coronation Visit to Scotland was to study that country with a view to the extension to it of the system in force in England. He was fond, indeed, of distinguishing between his Scottish realm and his English, and of keeping up the tradition of a governing apparatus for Scotland separate from that of England. It was noted that he was rather punctilious in keeping Scottish affairs from the cognisance of his English Council, reserving those affairs for himself and one or two Scottish Councillors specially about him, such as the Marquis of Hamilton and Secretary Stirling, and deputing, for the rest, the practical management under him to his Scottish Privy Council and Ministry in Edinburgh. There had not even been roused in him so much dread or hatred of Scottish Parliaments as he had conceived of English ones, probably because Scottish Parliaments for a long tract of years had been found sufficiently manageable. With all this, however, there were things to be rectified in the machinery of the Scottish Government; and he had come to look after these. But especially and pre-eminently he had come to look after the ecclesiastical condition of Scotland. Here he did *not* make the distinction between the two nations. Here, conscientiously a Laudian himself, he was willing that Laud, though a Prelate only in the English Church, with no official rights in Scotland,

and no more knowledge of Scotland than he had of Norway, should yet be his adviser equally for both countries. There was but one right system of Theology and Church-government, and the man who was the best authority for England in that matter was also the best authority for Scotland! Now, Laud had for some time had his eye upon Scotland, as not only an outlandish bit of religious savagery which it would be an exercise of missionary benevolence to reclaim and reduce to proper sacerdotal order, but also a most convenient field, or *corpus vile*, in which to try more recondite experiments of ecclesiasticism than he had yet ventured on in England itself. Accordingly, it was as good as agreed on between him and Charles that the Coronation Visit to Scotland should be made an opportunity for a survey of the state of the Scottish Kirk as it had been left by James, and for a beginning of the necessary improvements. For this purpose it was that Laud had accompanied Charles to Edinburgh, and that, wherever Charles went among his Scottish subjects, the red-faced little English bishop was seen trotting at his tail.

The state of the Kirk of Scotland, as Laud found it, must have seemed to him very woeful. It was certainly Episcopalian in name and in general organization. James's persistent efforts, or intermittent Parthian shots, after he had left his native land, had so far prevailed against its Presbyterian instincts and the traditions of Knox's Reformation as to have brought about *that* semblance of ecclesiastical conformity between the two kingdoms. The old system of kirk-government by Presbyteries, Provincial Synods, and General Assemblies, had been undermined and disused; and the country had been mapped out into thirteen Dioceses or Bishoprics, nine of which were included in the Province or Archbishopric of St. Andrews (the Scottish Canterbury), and four in the Province or Archbishopric of Glasgow (the Scottish York). A Court of High Commission had been set up in each of these provinces, with the Archbishop as President; and a certain amount of power over the inferior

clergy had grown up around each Bishop, which the Bishops themselves were more or less resolutely enforcing, and were very willing to extend. Then also a number of ceremonies in worship and other observances of a religious kind, originally most distasteful to the Scots—such as kneeling at the communion, confirmation, and feast-days—had been introduced into Kirk-practice, and were pressed by the Bishops. Many of the fiery parish-ministers, of the old Presbyterian school of Knox and Melville, had been crushed into silence, or driven into exile for their resistance to these innovations; and a new generation of parish-ministers had sprung up, who might be expected to acquiesce in a prelatically-organised Church, on account of the chances of preferment it offered, or for other reasons. All this was satisfactory so far, but more in appearance than in reality. Underneath this external texture of an Episcopal organization, the popular soul of the country was still fervidly, and even tumultuously, Presbyterian. That Puritanism which in England was but a contention against the long-established national system was here the national system itself, overthrown for a while, but struggling for repossession; and the Bishops walked amid the population but as aliens and upstarts, unknown to the genuine custom of Reformed Scotland, and foisted in upon it by mere State-policy since Scotland had been connected with England. The Calvinistic theology remained nearly universal among people and clergy, only a few of the Bishops and their immediate clerical adherents having opened their eyes to Arminian lights. And then what a wretched sense among the Bishops themselves, whether Calvinistic or with Arminian tendencies, of the true sanctities of their office, its mystic rights, and the duties and possibilities attached to it! They were themselves content with such garb as they could win by a compromise with the prejudices of their dioceses, and they were careless of the science of clerical costume generally. Of the higher mysteries of postures, changes of surplice, cathedral service, church-upholstery, and the use of

green candles in communication with the Almighty, they were scandalously ignorant. There did not seem to be any notion among them, or anywhere in the Scottish mind, of what Laud called the Beauty of Holiness. That the church-edifices in the towns and the country were often dilapidated and squalid, and always unadorned and ill-furnished, might be owing to the barbarities of that process of Deformation by hammer and pickaxe which the Scots called their Reformation, and to the sacrilegious rapacity of the nobles who had led it. They had seized for themselves the bulk of the old church-revenues, and had left but a pittance for the new establishment. That might be remedied in time. Alienated church-revenues, Abbacies, and what not, might be won back in Scotland more easily perhaps than in England. But, even in matters where the Scottish Bishops might have had power, how little they had done! No proper Church-ritual in Scotland, no strict Liturgy, no Ecclesiastical Canons; all left, with slight exceptions, to popular use and wont, and Knox's imported higgledy-piddledy of Genevan forms! *There* one must begin with one's remonstrances and changes. The Scottish Bishops themselves must receive lessons in the true Beauty of Holiness, and in the duties of the episcopal office. Some of them already, from the mere effects of their situation, or acted on by recent influences from England, had manifested right perceptions, and a forwardness in the right direction; and, if put on their mettle by farther informations and stimulants from head-quarters, they would, doubtless, become zealous advocates and propagators among their countrymen of the higher Prelacy yet needed. To strengthen their hands and accustom the Scots to just views of the clerical prerogative, there might be a more frequent promotion than heretofore of bishops and other kirk-dignitaries to offices of political power and trust; and meanwhile a new Service-Book and a new Book of Canons for the Scottish Church, containing even improvements upon the English Liturgy and Canons, might be in preparation.

All this, partly in Laud's mind before he came to Scotland, grew more and more distinct in it as he trotted about with the King. He had begun his lessons to the Scottish Clergy in the true Beauty of Holiness at the Coronation ceremony itself. Although the two Scottish Archbishops, and all the Scottish Bishops, save one, were present, and the main act of putting the crown upon the King's head had to be performed, of course, by one of the Scottish bishops, Laud had taken the management into his own hands. It was he that had set up the "four-nuikit table," with the books, candlesticks, and empty basin upon it, and the crucifix behind it, which the Scots were told to consider an "altar"; it was he that instructed the Bishops employed in the service to "bow the knee and beck" as they passed the crucifix; and when, according to the natural arrangement, the Archbishop of St. Andrews had placed himself at the King's right hand, and the Archbishop of Glasgow was placing himself on the left, it was Laud that actually shoved this latter Prelate aside because he was not properly dressed, and substituted Maxwell, Bishop of Ross. These first lessons, given at the Coronation itself, produced marked effects. On the very next Sunday, when the King attended service in St. Giles's Church, the people were surprised to see Maxwell, Bishop of Ross, displace the Scottish minister who was conducting service in the ordinary Scottish fashion, and substitute two English chaplains and the use of the English Liturgy; and they were still more surprised to see another of their own bishops, Guthrie of Moray, ascend the pulpit in a rochet, and preach in it unabashed. Such things had not been seen in an Edinburgh church since the Reformation; and they occasioned much talk, and no little fear that they were but a prelude to an intended restoration of Popery.

While some little beginning was made in this way at once, by mere private instructions to the Scottish bishops, there was farther hope for Laud in what Charles might be able to manage more publicly through the agency of the Scottish

Parliament. And here Charles, with Laud to prompt him, did his best.

An old Scottish Parliament was an assembly of a peculiar kind, with many queer forms. Not only did all the Estates sit together in one House, but there was a kind of inner or central authority within that House, charged with the greatest amount of the work. Bills or measures were not regularly and individually discussed by the whole House, but were first drafted by a committee of delegates from the various Estates, called the Lords of the Articles, and then submitted all together to the general body for approval or rejection.

Such, at least, was the old tradition, and Charles took care that on this occasion it should be revived in full strictness. Accordingly, though the Parliament which he met on the 20th of June consisted of 155 persons in all (12 prelates, 47 nobles, 45 lairds, and 51 burgesses), the business of drafting the Bills was at once vested in a committee of 40, of whom 8 were Prelates (elected by the nobles), 9 were State-officials (nominated by the King), 8 were Nobles (elected by the prelates), 8 were Lairds (elected by the prelates and nobles), and 9 were Burgesses (elected by the prelates, nobles, and lairds). This convenient body having done its work, and prepared Acts of one kind or another to the number of nearly two hundred in all, though only thirty-one were of much public consequence, the general Parliament re-assembled on the 28th of June, to hear the Acts read over and convert them into laws. Charles was again present in person, interested in seeing the Acts all carried, and particularly two of them, on which, if on any, there might be opposition. One was *An Act anent his Majesty's Prerogative and the Apparel of Kirkmen*, in which there was not only a general assertion of the King's supremacy, but also a specific acknowledgment of his right at any time by a mere Royal Letter to regulate the garb to be worn by the Scottish clergy. The other was a *Ratification of Acts touching Religion*, intended to confirm all the acts of the preceding generation by which

the Kirk had been so far de-Presbyterianized. On these two Acts there *was* opposition. The Earl of Rothes, backed by a little phalanx of other nobles, and a larger number of lairds and burgesses, made a bold fight against them to his Majesty's face; so that his Majesty had to resort to the high-handed style he had learnt to use with his English Parliaments. He had a complete list of the members, he said, exhibiting a paper from his pocket; and he would take care to note the names of those that voted against him. Nor would he have any breaking up of the obnoxious Acts into parts, this to be accepted and that rejected; they must be voted on bodily *Ay* or *No*. Rothes, and those of his adherents who were not frightened, then manfully voted *No* on both. Rothes further contested that, if the votes, as actually given, were fairly counted, it would be found that the Acts had been rejected; but, as the Clerk-Register declared them carried by a majority, and a charge against that functionary for falsifying the vote was a life-and-death risk, the Acts passed, with the others, as the will of the whole Estates.

Charles was excessively irritated by this opposition in Parliament, and by a memorial of similar Presbyterian significance by a number of parish-ministers, which had been lodged with his Clerk-Register, for formal presentation to him. To this memorial he vouchsafed no public notice; but it was observed that, during the rest of his stay in Scotland, he took especial pains, wherever he went, to frown on every person or thing that was conspicuously Presbyterian. Altogether, people were perturbed by his behaviour, and thought it very ungracious. This and that in his demeanour and habits were noted as peevish and unprincely. It was even observed that he walked too fast. Returning on foot, instead of in his coach, one day from the Parliament House to Holyrood, he went at such a pace down the Canongate that his guards were quite in a heat with keeping up with him, and were seen wiping their faces when they came to the Palace.

After a ten days' circuit into parts north of Edinburgh, which took him successively to Linlithgow, Stirling, Dunfermline (his native place), Falkland, Perth, and thence back to Falkland, Charles returned to Edinburgh on the 10th of July, losing one of his plate-chests and eight of his domestics by the sinking of one of the boats in the passage from Burntisland to Leith. He remained in Edinburgh till the 18th, when he took his departure southwards.

Whatever may have been the impressions he left among his countrymen generally, he had made a good many individuals among them happy by his visit. To grace his coronation, he had created one Marquis, ten Earls, two Viscounts, and eight Lords, besides dubbing, at various times and places, fifty-four Knights. Among the persons so honoured we need take note only of our old friends of the Drummond connexion, Alexander and Kerr. From being Viscount Stirling, Alexander became (June 14, 1633) Earl of Stirling and Viscount Canada; and Sir Robert Kerr of Ancram, too long kept back at Court with that mere title, became, at one leap (June 24, 1633), Earl of Ancram.——From Charles's coronation-visit also may be dated the erection of Edinburgh into a bishopric, making the total number of Scottish bishoprics fourteen, though the first Bishop of Edinburgh was not actually appointed till the following year. From the same time may be dated that more systematic promotion of Kirkmen to civil and judicial offices in Scotland to which, as has already been said, Laud meant to trust so much, both for the reconciliation of the Scottish clergy to his system, and also for the conversion of the Scottish people to right views of the powers of the priesthood. While the inferior clergy might become Justices of the Peace almost for the asking, the Prelates, at an unprecedented rate, were to be brought into the central government, in high state offices, or as Councillors and Extraordinary Lords of Session.——In short, here is the state in which Charles left the working Government of Scotland (*i. e.*, the resident and acting portion of his

Scottish Privy Council) in 1633, or which it assumed shortly afterwards, when he had leisure to adjust it to his mind :—

LAY COUNCILLORS WITH OFFICE.

Lord High Chancellor (the chief State Dignitary)—George Hay, Earl of Kinnoull. He died December 16, 1634.

Chief Treasurer—William Douglas, Earl of Morton. He resigned the office in 1635.

Treasurer Depute—John Stewart, Earl of Traquair. He succeeded Morton as *Chief Treasurer* in 1635.

Lord Privy Seal—Thomas Hamilton, Earl of Haddington. He died in 1637.

Secretary of State (as Colleague in Edinburgh to the Earl of Stirling in London)—Sir Archibald Acheson of Glencairn.

Clerk-Register—Sir John Hay of Lands.

Justice-General (as successor to the cashiered Earl of Menteith)—Sir William Elphinstone.

Justice-Clerk—Sir James Carmichael. He succeeded Traquair in 1635 as *Treasurer Depute;* and Sir John Hamilton of Orbiston then succeeded him as *Justice-Clerk.*

Master of Requests—Sir James Galloway.

King's Advocate—Sir Thomas Hope of Craighall.

LAY COUNCILLORS WITHOUT OFFICE.

Robert Kerr, Earl of Roxburgh. He succeeded Haddington as *Lord Privy Seal* in 1637.

John Drummond, Earl of Perth.

George Seton, Earl of Wintoun.

John Maitland, Earl of Lauderdale.

John Fleming, Earl of Wigton.

William Crichton, Earl of Dumfries.

John Lyon, Earl of Kinghorn.

David Carnegie, Earl of Southesk.

Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus (eldest son of the newly-created Marquis of Douglas).

Archibald Campbell, Lord Lorne (afterwards the celebrated Earl and Marquis of Argyle).

John Stewart, Lord Doune (son of the Earl of Moray).

William Alexander, Viscount Canada and Lord Alexander (eldest son of the Earl of Stirling).

Alexander Elphinstone, Lord Elphinstone.

James Ogilvy, Lord Deskford.

Archibald Napier, first Lord Napier (son of Napier of the Logarithms).

PRELATES IN THE COUNCIL.

John Spotswood, Archbishop of St. Andrews. He succeeded Kinnoull as *Chancellor*, or chief dignitary of the realm, in December 1634, when the promotion of a Kirkman to that post was much noted.

Patrick Lindsay, Archbishop of Glasgow.

David Lindsay, Bishop of Edinburgh, after September 1634.

John Guthrie, Bishop of Moray.

Walter Whiteford, Bishop of Brechin.

Adam Bellenden, Bishop of Dunblane till 1635, when he was transferred to Aberdeen, and succeeded in Dunblane by James Wedderburn, a personal friend of Laud's.

John Maxwell, Bishop of Ross.

Thomas Sydserf, Bishop of Galloway, from 1634.

It is rather remarkable that our good Drummond, who was undoubtedly the chief literary celebrity in Scotland at the time of Charles's coronation-visit, whose loyalty to the reigning family had been made proverbial as long ago as 1617 by his *Forth Feasting* in honour of King James, who had contributed so much to the pageantry for the welcome of Charles himself, and of whose various merits Charles must have had exact personal cognisance, should yet have emerged from all the bustle of the Royal Visit still only as Mr. Drummond of Hawthornden. Such, however, was the fact. Even of the knighthoods that were falling so thick not one descended upon him. Whether he cared very much, or was as glad that it had so turned out, one cannot tell; but I should not wonder if, with all his readiness to write the poetic speeches for Jamesone's pictorial pageantry on the King's welcome, he had eluded the bustle as much as possible, and hardly presented himself at Holyrood House.

It is more important to enquire what he thought of the Visit and its results. I believe I must repeat that he saw no objections to the King's Pro-Episcopal policy, and regarded Rothes and the other Parliamentary oppositionists as a set of troublesome Presbyterian Radicals. By temperament and by culture, Drummond was a philosophical conservative, the friend

of prerogative and constituted authority in all things, and adverse to all popular movements and democratic ideas as mere roarings of the Blatant Beast. His own soft vein of religious philosophizing, and his liking for quiet, had kept him aloof from the vehement Presbyterian theology of his countrymen, and perhaps from formal and definite theology of any kind. He had decidedly preferred, however, the easy kind of Scottish Kirk which King James had been bringing in, with Bishops and a sprinkling of Anglican ceremonies in it, to the stern, uproarious, Kirk of Melville and David Calderwood, with its eternal Presbyteries, Synods, and General Assemblies, in the midst of which a poor scholarly laird of free opinions could never be at peace, but might be sessioned for catching a trout on his own property on the Lord's Day, or visited by a deputation of gaping clerical blockheads to see what books he had in his library. And so the gradual Prelatizing of the Scottish Kirk, and the Arminianizing of the theology of some of the Prelates and their supporters, had been the reverse of disagreeable to Drummond. Whether, if he had been secretly consulted as to the further Prelatic intentions of Charles and Laud, he would have advised perseverance in them, may, nevertheless, be doubted. He knew his countrymen well enough to foresee that by these provocations there might be that very rousing of the dormant democratic and Presbyterian spirit of Scotland which it should have been the first care of loyal statesmanship to avoid; and he knew also that, even among those lay friends of his, of the nobility and the lairds, who approved of a moderate Episcopacy in the Kirk, and were altogether the supporters of established order against the Presbyterian malcontents, there was a deeply-rooted jealousy of the interference of Kirkmen in secular affairs and dislike of their promotion to state-offices. Still, as Charles had acted deliberately and on advice, it was the part of a loyal Scottish conservative to conceal any private doubts, and to hope for the best! If only the Blatant Beast could be muzzled, all might go well; and, if Laudism, green candles, white surplices,

choral services, and games and sports on Sundays, could be introduced into Scotland, without too much noise and exacerbation in the process, perhaps it might be all the better! Might not these things be an education for the Scottish mind in those elements of sweet sensuousness, devout decorum, and fine dreamy stupidity, in which, whether from climate or the recent influence of Calvinistic dialectics, it was confessedly deficient?

With such feelings, as I believe, Drummond pondered the probable results of Charles's Coronation Visit, and saw Scotland committed to that government of mixed Prelates, Nobles, and Lawyers, which had to abide the consequences. Probably there was not one member of that government, layman or kirkman, that he was not personally acquainted with, and that had not some reciprocal respect for a man so distinguished.

CHAPTER XI.

POETRY AND VERSE EXCHANGED FOR HISTORY AND PROSE: DRUMMOND'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE EARL OF PERTH AND INTEREST IN THE DRUMMOND GENEALOGY: *HISTORY OF THE FIVE JAMESES* COMMENCED: A GLIMPSE OF SCOT OF SCOTSTARVET.

1633—1634.

DRUMMOND'S vein of poetry proper was by this time worked out. He had continued, indeed, to write sonnets and other occasional pieces since the publication of his *Flowers of Sion* in 1623; he had re-published that volume, with some additions, in 1630; he had spurred his reluctant Muse for some metrical stuff that might serve for Charles's welcome into Edinburgh; and he retained the habit of elegant and sprightly verse-making to the end of his life. But it may be doubted whether anything he wrote in verse after 1623 comes up to the best that had appeared in his volume of that year, and in its predecessors of 1617 and 1616. He seems to have been conscious of this, and of the objection that would have been made to the monotony of his vein if he had published another selection of pieces, descriptive and reflective, hardly differing from those by which he was already known. Hence he let whatever he wrote new in that kind lie about in MS., or only printed a piece now and then for private presentation. He had persuaded himself also that only for brief fancies and lyrics was his genius apt; and this, or indolence, with that indifference to notoriety which belonged to his peculiar habits of metaphysical musing, had

prevented him from trying his strength on any continuous and elaborate poem.

> "Here Damon lies, whose songs did sometime grace
> The murmuring Esk: may roses shade the place!"

was the epitaph he had written for himself in his thirty-fifth year; and, if he would not have re-proposed it in his forty-eighth, he would not then, on account of anything he had since done in poetry, or yet meant to do, have cancelled it for anything stronger.

But, if the poetical vein were exhausted, or the sameness of that vein were too evidently proved, why not exchange Poetry for Prose? From the author of a prose-essay so remarkable as the *Cypress Grove* one might have expected farther prose performances equally remarkable. Or, if even in that Essay the thought were too like that of the Sonnets and Poems, or too uniform in itself, to bear much repetition, had there not been signs in Drummond's letters of a certain power of ranging, a certain width of interest in old or current topics, that might exert itself usefully in more extensive and miscellaneous prose-writings,—History and Biography, for example?

Well, at the time of Drummond's life at which we have now arrived he did betake himself to History. One is not surprised to find that it was Scottish History that attracted him more particularly. He was lured into this line of Literature, however, not by any remonstrances with himself for idleness, or debatings what he should do to fill up his time, but in a much more natural way.

Drummond, we have said, counted among his acquaintances nearly all the aristocracy of his little country, including the nobles, lairds, and lawyers, who composed the existing Government. Among his aristocratic correspondents, in addition to those there has been occasion to mention already, we find the Earl of Morton, *Lord Chief Treasurer* (to whom there is a very

early letter of Drummond's, enclosing some madrigals, which he calls "toys of youth and those youthfully handled"), the Earl of Traquair, *Treasurer-Depute*, the Marquis of Douglas, the Earls of Perth and Lauderdale, the Countess of Lothian (daughter-in-law of the Earl of Ancram, whose eldest son, in consequence of his marriage with this lady, then Countess in her own right, had been created Earl of Lothian in 1631, thus preceding his father in the peerage by two years), Lord Binning, Lord Maitland, and Sir William Douglas of Cavers. His letters to these and to other lords and ladies, not named, are in the style of elaborate politeness then customary, those to ladies with a tinge of stately gallantry, but all on a certain footing of admitted equality, and some of them in the tone of one who might assume the part of critic or adviser. Of all the persons just mentioned, however, the most frequent and intimate correspondence was with the Earl of Perth.

The reason is not far to seek. John Drummond, second Earl of Perth, who had held that title since 1611, and had married the daughter of his fellow-councillor the Earl of Roxburgh, was *the* Drummond of his time in the reckoning of heralds and genealogists. For he was the representative of the Drummonds of Stobhall, the senior of two branches (the Drummonds of Concraig being the other) into which the family of Scottish Drummonds, tracing themselves back to the reign of Malcolm Cannmore (1047-1084), had split a century or two afterwards, itself again to branch into a multiplicity of offshoots, calling themselves Drummonds of Cargill, Drummonds of Carnock (whence those of Hawthornden), Drummonds of Blairdrummond, Drummonds of Riccarton, &c., &c. If a man about the year 1633-4 did care about being a Drummond, he could not avoid knowing all this, and thinking with some respect of the Earl of Perth. He would ascend the line of that Earl's family history, noting that, though the Earldom of Perth was a creation only of 1605, the antecedent title of Lord Drummond of Stobhall had been in the family since 1471, and long before that time the

Drummonds of Stobhall (Sir John, Sir Malcolm, and so on, in their series) had been energetic Scottish somebodies. Nay, coming to the ganglion where these Drummonds of Stobhall and the other patriarchal Drummonds of Concraig were found united, he would push his inquiries or his dreams still beyond that, till he was in the semi-mythical company of the Drummonds of the far-back reigns of William the Lion, David I., and the big-headed Malcolm who had extinguished Macbeth. What though he were told that the original Drummond of all in this last reign was not a native Scotchman, but a Hungarian called Maurice, either with no surname or with some outlandish or unascertained one, who had come into Scotland in the train of Edgar Atheling and his sister Margaret, and who, when Malcolm chose to marry the fair English refugee, had the good sense to remain with her in Scotland, be appointed Seneschal of Lennox, and found a Scottish family? Few Scottish families of rank but had been imported from some foreign country or other, to manage and qualify the Celtic aborigines; and, though a Mongolian from Hungary was rather a peculiar ancestor, and a Norman might have been preferable, people did not then distinguish the Hungarians as of non-Aryan descent, but regarded them as a very respectable, though rather distant, European nation.

So much, I say, any Drummond alive about the year 1633 that cared about being a Drummond at all would have made clear to himself by research less or more. Now, our Drummond of Hawthornden was not free from the common Scottish weakness. He did care about being a Drummond, had always been curious on the subject of his ancestry; and, as he was personally acquainted with the Earl of Perth, this subject had been one of conversation, and even of correspondence, between them. There are five extant letters of Drummond to the Earl, all undated except one. The four undated ones seem all to have been written before the date at which we now are. What appears to be the first is a mere note accom-

panying some printed things of Drummond's sent to the Earl. "These idle toys" he calls them, "the tokens of my due observing your honour;" and he speaks of them as "enclosed for handsel's sake," to continue him in his lordship's good graces until he can send "a more rare token" of his service. The note simply proves a friendly acquaintance that had already lasted some time, and the writer's affectionate regard for the Earl as the head of the Drummonds.

In the other three letters we come upon the subject of common interest to them. The Earl had consulted Drummond about his family device and motto; and Drummond, whom we already know to have been a dabbler in these ingenuities, replies in a letter which is printed in his Works under the title of *A Short Discourse upon Impresas and Anagrams*: "My censure of the device which was sent to me by your "Lordship," he begins, "is that by way of *emblem* it may stand "sufficient, but not by the nature of an *impresa*. Though "emblems and impresas sometimes seem like each other, what "is a perfection in an emblem is a great fault in an impresa. "The words of the emblem are only placed to declare the "figures of the emblem, whereas in an impresa the figures "express and illustrate the one part of the author's intention, "and the words the other. Emblems serve for demonstration "of some general thing, and for a general rule and teaching "precept to every one, as well for the author and inventor as "for any other; which is a fault in an impresa. For an "impresa is a demonstration and manifestation of some notable "and excellent thought of him that conceived it and useth it; "and it belongs only to him and is his properly, and so "properly that the successors may not use the impresa of their "predecessor or parents, except the impresas be incorporated "into the arms of their house of which they are descended, or "they would show they have the self-same thought which they "had which went before them. It is quite contrary with the "emblem: emblems of the deceased may be used by others.

"The figures in the emblem may be one, two, or many; but in "impresas, if the essential figures be more than two, they lose "their grace." Having thus discriminated between the emblem and the impresa, he proceeds to give the minute laws of the impresa proper, whether without words, as was the most ancient custom, or with figures and words together, which he considers the perfect form. He discusses first the laws of the figures, entering into curious details, and then the laws of the words or motto; under which second head he says that two-worded mottoes are the best, and instances "Gang Warily" (the family motto of the Earls of Perth) as a very good one. Altogether he took a great deal of trouble to enlighten his lordship on the important subject on which he had been consulted.——He reverted to the subject in another letter, from which we are able to guess in a general way the nature of the device which had been submitted to him by the Earl. It must have been something like a rock or height rising out of the waves, the device having been got at by the decomposition of the name Drummond into *Drum* (Celtic for "a height") and *Unda* or *Onde* (Latin and French for "a wave"). Drummond, thinking over this device, had liked it better and better. "After a long inquiry about the arms of your ancient house, "and the turning of sundry books of Impresas and Heraldry," he accordingly writes, "I found your *Ondes* famous and very "honourable." He then mentions some half-dozen cases of Italian and other continental families or personages of mark who had had waves in their emblems or impresas, and sometimes the word *Unda* in their mottoes; and he concludes, "By "reason of your lordship's name and the long continuance in "your house, to none they appertain more rightly than to your "lordship. *Drum* is, in the old Celtic and British language, an "*height*, and *Onde* in all the countries almost of Europe a *wave*; "which word is said to have been given in a storm by Mar-"garet, Queen of Scotland, to a gentleman who accompanied "her, the first of your lordship's house. But to make an

"inquiry in surnames were now too long."*——The third letter may be quoted entire. It shows that, either before he had written the two last, or because they had given a direction to his thoughts, he had been occupying himself not merely on the Earl of Perth's impresa, arms, and motto, but, with some care and research, on the whole genealogy of the Drummonds.

"*To the Right Honourable* JOHN, *Earl of Perth.*

"MY NOBLE LORD,

"Though, as Glaucus says to Diomed in Homer, 'Like the race of Leaves the race of Man is: that deserves no question, nor receives his being any other breath: the wind in autumn strews the Earth with old leaves; then the spring the woods with new endues:' yet I have ever thought the knowledge of kindred, and the genealogies of the ancient families of a country, a matter so far from contempt that it deserveth highest praise. Herein consisteth a part of the knowledge of a man's own self. It is a great spur to virtue to look back on the worth of our line. In this is the memory of the dead preserved with the living, being more firm and honourable than any epitaph; and the living know that band which tieth them to others. By this man is distinguished from the reasonless, and the noble of men from the baser sort. For it oft falleth out, though we cannot tell how for the most part, that generosity followeth good birth and parentage.——This moved me to essay this Table of your Lordship's House; which is not inferior to the best and greatest in this Isle. It is but roughly, I confess, hewn, nakedly limned, and, after better informations, to be amended. In pieces of this kind, who doth according to such light as he receiveth is beyond reprehension.

"Your Lordship's

"Humble Servant and Kinsman,

"W. DRUMMOND."†

* The arms of the Earls of Perth were—"Or, three bars wavy, gules, supported by two savages, wreathed about the loins proper: crest, a sleuth-hound standing on a ducal coronet: Motto, *Gang Warily.*" Drummond's own arms were—"Or, three bars waved within a bordure, gules: crest, a Pegasus proper: Motto, *Hos gloria reddit honores.*"

† This Letter is from p. 136 of Drummond's Works (Edit. 1711); the preceding letters to the Earl of Perth will be found, in the order in which

Drummond, it appears from this letter, had been at the pains to draw out, for the Earl of Perth's satisfaction and his own, as perfect a genealogical tree as he could of the Drummond Family from first to last, beginning with the Hungarian Maurice of Malcolm Canmore's reign, and coming down (doubtless with many gaps and asterisks) to the historical Drummonds of Stobhall and their branches. In this pedigree, we may be sure, one fact was made to stand out conspicuously by every device of colouring and capital letters. For we have kept to the last the tradition of the Drummond Family of which every Drummond was proudest.

The reader will remember the two marriages of Robert II., the first Stuart King of Scotland, and the confusions that had arisen in Scottish History from the rivalry between the descendants of Elizabeth Mure, his first wife (the afterwards reigning Stuarts), and those of his other wife, Euphemia Ross. Now, Drummond, in his Paper of *Considerations to the King* on that old subject, in connexion with the recent case of the Earl of Menteith and his claim to the Stratherne succession, had not been quite disinterested. For Robert III., who had succeeded Robert II. on the throne, as his eldest son by Elizabeth Mure, had also married a subject, and that subject was Annabella

we have quoted them, as follows:—(1.) Mr. Laing's Extracts from the Hawthornden MSS., *Arch. Scot.*, IV. 91; (2.) Works, pp. 228-9; (3.) Works, p. 142.——In connexion with Letter 2 it may be remarked that, though it is headed, in Drummond's Works, "A Short Discourse upon Impresas and Anagrams," there is not a word about Anagrams in it. The reason is that the heading was prefixed by the Editors to cover not only this letter about *Impresas* to the Earl of Perth, but also a totally distinct little paper on *Anagrams*, which they print immediately after the letter, though they give it the separate additional title of "Character of a Perfect Anagram." The paper is characteristic of Drummond's fondness for such pastimes (caught, perhaps, from his uncle Fowler); but there is nothing in it worth quoting here, unless it be the closing sentence:—"One will say it is a frivolous art and difficult; upon which that of Martial is current,

"Turpe est difficiles habere nugas,
Et stultus labor est ineptiarum."

Drummond, daughter of Sir John Drummond of Stobhall. He had married her in or about 1357, when he was a mere boy, and before his father came to the throne; but the marriage was a legally recognised one all through his father's reign. Two sons, David and John, were born of it during that reign; and, after Robert III. himself came to the throne in 1390, and Annabella Drummond was his crowned queen, a third son was born, called James. Now this James, born at Dunfermline in 1394, by the deaths of his two elder brothers, became heir to the throne. He was, in fact, that James I. of Scotland, famous as the poet-King, who was carried away into captivity in England in 1405, was nominally King of Scotland from 1406, when his father died broken-hearted by his loss and other misfortunes, and actually King from his release and return to Scotland in 1424 to his assassination in 1437. From him, in regular succession, had come James II., James III., James IV., and James V. of Scotland, Mary Queen of Scots, James VI. of Scotland and I. of England, and so at length King Charles. All these sovereigns, therefore, and all their offspring, who had intermarried so largely with other Crowned Houses of Europe, were descendants from Annabella Drummond of Stobhall.

Here was something for the Earl of Perth, the living representative of the Drummonds of Stobhall, to be proud of; here was something for every cadet of that family, including Drummond of Hawthornden, to be proud of also. We see a reason now why our author should have been so keen in his remonstrance with King Charles on his admission of the claims of the poor Earl of Menteith to the Stratherne title. The original wearer of that title had been the half-brother of the Robert III. who married Annabella Drummond. By allowing the title, Charles, the descendant of Annabella Drummond, had revived the question whether Robert III., her husband, ought, as the son of Elizabeth Mure, to have been King of Scotland at all, or whether the Crown ought not to have gone instead to David, Earl of Stratherne, the son of Euphemia Ross. He had thus

put in possible jeopardy not only his own rights, and those of his ancestors and descendants, to the thrones of Scotland and England, but also the humbler rights of the Drummonds of Stobhall, and all their kin, to boast that the royal Stuarts, and all their European offshoots, had sprung from a lady of their name and house. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ* of Drummond over the Stratherne-Menteith affair.

It was Annabella Drummond's ghost, not a doubt of it, that beckoned Drummond into the dark backward and abysm of Scottish History. His investigations for the Stratherne-Menteith affair, and his researches in the Genealogy of the Earl of Perth, had been but preparatory peepings and sketches of the track. Now he flung himself bodily into the abysm. It was in the year 1633, as his old biographer believes, and as all the circumstances agree in indicating, that he began what turned out to be a regular and somewhat studied composition from Scottish historical records. His designs may have been vague when he began; but, by attention to the beckoning of Annabella Drummond, they soon became determinate. He took up, first of all, the Life of Annabella Drummond's royal son, the poet-king James I.; from that he was drawn on into the Lives of James II., James III., James IV., and James V.; and so the work, when completed, turned out to be a *History of Scotland during the reigns of the Five Jameses* (1424-1542). But it seems to have been pursued in a leisurely and intermittent manner; and, though it was begun in 1633, there is something like proof that it was not finished till a good many years afterwards. We shall, therefore, say no more about it now, but shall wait till it becomes due.

It is the tradition that Drummond was incited to his historical undertaking by his brother-in-law, Scot of Scotstarvet, and that it was begun during a temporary residence of Drummond, for some reason or other, in Scotstarvet's house. Whether one of Scotstarvet's houses in Fifeshire is meant, or his town-

house in Edinburgh, we have no means of saying; but, from all that one knows of Scot's life about this time, one guesses that Edinburgh must have been his head-quarters, and that visits to his Fifeshire or other properties must have been but occasional. For, though a busy and public man in King James's reign, he had come to be a busier and a more public in that of Charles.

Knight and Privy Councillor since 1617, when he had first christened his collective Fifeshire estates in a freak by the scraggy name of Scotstarvet, and retaining always his inherited post of Director of Chancery, Sir John had, in 1629, been appointed an extraordinary Lord of Session. In July 1632, he had passed from that honorary rank to one of the ordinary or regular Judgeships, taking his seat on the Scottish Bench with the territorial courtesy-title of Lord Scotstarvet. That, as we have seen, was the year of Drummond's marriage; but Scot, though of exactly Drummond's age, or perhaps a few months younger, had then been the husband of Drummond's sister for three-and-twenty or five-and-twenty years, and was the father of two sons and seven daughters. His eldest son James was, in fact, now of full age, and on the point of marriage with Lady Marjory Carnegie, daughter of the Earl of Northesk; and the careful father had recently obtained from the King a grant whereby, "in consideration of the great and faithful services done to the crown" by the Scot family for three generations in the Directorship of Chancery, the tenure of that office in the family was extended through the joint-lives of himself and this his eldest son. We hear also of various lands and baronies which Scotstarvet had been acquiring since Charles came to the throne, in addition to his former properties. Altogether, in 1634, there can have been few men in Edinburgh with a better grip of lands and money, or a better notion how to get more, than this shrewd Lord of Session, Drummond's brother-in-law. "A busy man in foul weather, and one whose covetousness far exceedit his honesty" is a contemporary character of him; but

it is perhaps only the ill-natured snarl of a personal enemy. A shrewd, sagacious, Scottish lawyer and judge of his peculiar generation, very orthodox in his morals and beliefs, but with a dash of the eccentric and humorist in his ways, and something crabbed and cynical in his temper—systematically acquisitive of lands and gear, it must be admitted, and not more scrupulous as to the means than most Scottish officials of his time, but thrifty in his use of what he had acquired, and with a rough sense of honour and responsibility in him after all—so we would rather picture for ourselves the Sir John Scot of Scotstarvet whose figure in his judicial robes, or in his ordinary town-garb, was familiar to all Edinburgh, while Fifeshire knew him best in his old suit and top-boots, plodding about his farms.

One fine and generous quality at least all recognised in Scotstarvet. He had himself a liking for learning and literature, and his anxiety for the promotion of learning and literature in Scotland amounted to a passion. For this object he was munificent to an extent that shamed his contemporaries among the Scottish nobility. As long ago as 1620 he had virtually founded and endowed the Professorship of Latin in St. Leonard's College, St. Andrews, where he had himself been educated; and to this day the patronage of that Professorship in the University of St. Andrews, exercised by the English Dukes of Portland, comes to them by inheritance from Scot of Scotstarvet, through intermarriage of the Cavendish-Bentincks with the line of his descendants. In the main, indeed, in Scotstarvet's view of things, as in that of most of his coevals, Latinity represented Literature generally. He had himself in his youth practised Latin verse, and he had kept up the habit ever since. Less to write himself, however, than to collect what had been written by Scottish Latinists of the last generation or two, and to stimulate the Latin Muse round about him to fresh exertions, was now his ambition. This was known; and, as his position made him a very conspicuous man in the eyes of his countrymen, there was not one of them with any pretensions to Latin poetry and

scholarship, from David Wedderburn, master of the Grammar School in Aberdeen, to Arthur Johnston, also an Aberdonian, but settled in London since 1632 as Physician to the King, that did not regard Scotstarvet as a friend and patron. For had he not already in contemplation that work which was to make them all famous, and to prove to the foreign world that Scottish genius was not extinct or barren? The printer Blaeu of Amsterdam had been issuing, since 1608, selected specimens of the best recent Latin poetry of the different continental nations; and Scotstarvet had resolved that the series should include a collection of the best recent Latin poems by natives of neglected little Scotland. This was certainly to be done, though it should be at Scotstarvet's expense; and in 1634 there seems to have been a patriotic flutter of expectation and preparation on the subject, with much praise of Scotstarvet for his enterprise and generosity.

Drummond, as we know, was not likely to be a contributor to his brother-in-law's intended collection of Latin poetry by Scottish authors. The two brothers-in-law, wholly different from each other in character and in ways of thinking, differed notably in their literary tastes. While Sir John still identified Literature in the main with Latin and Latinity, Drummond had been a votary all his life to the general English of Great Britain. Even in English their styles were at variance. When Scotstarvet scribbled in English (and he did so a good deal), it was for business purposes, and in the homespun form of English then generally used in his country, with racy Scottish idioms and spellings; while Drummond, as we have seen, studied the most classical English even in his prose, and was so careful of polish that he would sometimes make several scrolls of an important letter before he sent it off. The two, however, understood each other thoroughly, and got on admirably together. Scotstarvet, vernacular and Latin though he was himself, was pleased with Drummond's fame in the walks of Literature he had chosen; and Drummond could sympathise

with Scotstarvet in all his hobbies. One feeling which they certainly had in common was their patriotic interest in Scottish History and Antiquities. It is the most conceivable thing in the world that Scotstarvet did encourage Drummond in his researches into Scottish antiquity, with a view to his *History of the Five Jameses*. There is even less doubt that, if there was any house where Drummond, when away from Hawthornden, could make himself at home, it was his brother-in-law's house in Edinburgh, or the veritable Tarvet itself in the heart of Fifeshire, or that other house of Thirdpart in the same county where the Scotstarvet estate adjoined that of Barns, and both looked out upon the sea.*

* Authorities for this glimpse of Scot of Scotstarvet are—Douglas's *Baronage of Scotland* (Art. "Scot of Scotstarvet"); Scot's own *Staggering State;* "Memoir of Scot" by Dr. Charles Rogers, prefixed to reprint of the *Staggering State* (1872); and a MS. volume in the Advocates' Library of Edinburgh, entitled *Epistolæ Doctorum Virorum ad Jo. Scotum*, and consisting of many Letters in Latin and French, and eulogistic Latin verses, addressed to Scot, between 1618 and 1657, by foreign scholars and conspicuous Scotsmen. From these Letters and Verses I infer that Scot had visited Holland before 1620, and that from about that time, or at latest from 1627, he had had the project in his mind of a collective publication of recent Scottish Latin Poetry. Among the most interesting and familiar Letters are some from Joannes Leochæus, S.P.D. (*i.e.*, John Leitch, a Scottish scholar of the day), dated 1618 and 1619. They are from Paris and other foreign towns; and in every one of them, I think, the writer sends his respects to Drummond.

CHAPTER XII.

PROGRESS OF LAUD'S POLICY IN SCOTLAND: DRUMMOND'S POSITION: THE BALMERINO BUSINESS; DRUMMOND'S MANLY LETTER ABOUT IT: THE EARL OF STIRLING'S UNPOPULARITY: THE NEW SCOTTISH SERVICE-BOOK.

1634—1637.

WHILE Drummond was writing the Life of Annabella Drummond's son, that son's great-grandson's great-great-grandson was causing Scotland a great deal of trouble.

Determined to follow out the policy declared in the Coronation Visit, Charles had handed over Scotland to Laud absolutely, to be hacked and carved to his ecclesiastical pleasure. Laud, now promoted to the Archbishopric of Canterbury (Aug. 1633), proceeded as if Scotland were a mere *annexe* of his Archbishopric; and the King did all that Laud wanted done, and exactly at the time he was asked. Letters and orders, some from Laud, some from the King himself through the Marquis of Hamilton or Secretary Stirling, came continually to the Scottish Bishops or the Scottish Privy Council, with new directions about the Kirk. In October, 1633, for example, there came the King's letter ordaining, by the prerogative accorded to him in the Scottish Parliament, the future apparel of all the Scottish clergy, from the archbishops to the parish-ministers—what gowns, tippets, and hats

they were to wear, and of what materials, and when they were to put on their "whites" or surplices. This, with private instructions as to the use of the English Liturgy in the meantime in the Chapel Royal of Holyrood, seems to have sufficed ostensibly till Oct., 1634, when by a royal warrant a new Court of High Commission was established in Scotland, with much larger powers than had belonged to the previous agency of that name. Then, in May, 1635, came the new Book of Canons, which had meanwhile been in preparation between Laud and some of the Scottish Bishops. It did not come, as these bishops themselves seem to have expected, in the form of a draft to be considered further by the Kirk itself, but in the form of "Canons and Constitutions ordained to be observed by the Clergy" on the King's mere decree—*i.e.*, on Laud's. By these Canons such liberties of meeting for collective deliberation as had yet remained to the clergy were greatly abridged, or totally abrogated, and a vast quantity of new ceremonial was imposed on them and on the laity. By implication even the practice of auricular confession was legalized, and altogether the regulations looked more like an experiment in Popish resuscitation than an extension northwards of anything yet tried in South Britain. The Canons, among other things, enjoined the strict and universal use of a new Scottish Liturgy or Service-Book which they spoke of as ready. As no such Service-Book, however, had yet seen the light, people could only guess what it was likely to be, and judge of the Canons by themselves.

Yes! there was one fragment, or intended appendage, of the promised Service-Book with which people were already familiar. King James's Metrical Version of the Psalms, edited by Viscount Stirling, now the Earl of Stirling, had been out from the Oxford University Press, as we know, since 1631, with a permission that it should be used in all the churches of his Majesty's dominions. The permission had not been enough. Copies had been distributed among the Scottish clergy by way

of trial, with requests to Presbyteries to report their opinions of it to the diocesan assemblies, with a view to its general introduction. The Scots, however, had not liked the Version. Leading ministers of the Presbyterian faction had openly rejected the "Metaphrase" and criticised it severely. It called the Sun "the Lord of Light," and the Moon "the pale Lady of the Night," and how could decent Christians sing stuff like that? Nor was there any hurry of others to use it. This had been very vexing to Secretary Stirling, who had the patent of the Version for thirty-one years, and whom every year's neglect of it mulcted of so much profit. Accordingly, in December, 1634, there had come a royal order to the Scottish Privy Council that the use of the version should be compulsory throughout Scotland, or, what was the same thing, that "no other Psalms of any edition whatsoever" should thenceforth be either printed in Scotland or imported from abroad. Here was a forerunner of the new Service-Book; for, doubtless, when the Service-Book was printed, these Psalms would be attached to it by fresh authority.

Very irritating all this was to the Scots, and to many of them most horrifying. No imagination now can picture sufficiently the disturbance caused by those successive measures of Charles and Laud, the universal muttering of anger in the thousand parishes of the realm, the open clamour in some towns, the passing of jibes and phrases of fury from mouth to mouth, the stirring of old fires from their ashes, the moody re-mustering of Presbyterian humours. It was easy for Charles and Laud, at the distance of London, to frame their enactments and send them down; the authorities in Scotland itself knew better. However Laudian the Scottish bishops had become, some in the sense of loathsomely profound obeisance to every nod from the little man at Lambeth, others in the sense of frightened acquiescence in what they dared not oppose, they were powerless in the tempest of circumstances. Notwithstanding the King's mandate of October, 1633, about clerical

canonicals, it can have been but a small percentage of the Scottish clergy that ventured to ask their wives to make them a set of "whites," or to appear in them if they were made; and how could the severest Prelate, if he had any heart or sense left, compel a poor parson to appear in "whites" in a parish where they would have been torn off his back on the first sight of them? Not to act, therefore, without the whole power of the Privy Council and Government visibly in their support, and to employ their influence to bring this about, was the policy, in the main, of even the most Laudian of the Scottish Prelates. Now, though the Prelates were strong in the Privy Council, both numerically and by their assiduity, and though their power had been increased by the accession of Archbishop Spotswood to the Chancellorship, or, as we should now call it, the Premiership, in Dec. 1634, the Privy Council was a divided body. Not a few of the lay members disliked in their hearts the whole business that was in progress, and wished that Laud were drowned in the Thames, or at least would confine his activity to England. Most of them had a hereditary, or professional, antipathy to clerical statesmanship; and, though this sentiment could not be avowed, and all had to go so far with the current, there were means of seeming to do so without yielding the helm entirely to the Prelates. There had come, in fact, by this time, to be two parties in the Council—the Spotswood, or thorough-going clerical party, headed by the Chancellor-Archbishop; and the Traquair, or lay-and-lawyer party, led by Treasurer Traquair. Rumours of this dissension, or exact information about it from the clerical party, might reach Charles in London; but what was he to do? No Government could be formed in Scotland more to his mind on the whole; and he could trust to himself and Laud for keeping it sharply to its main duty. Meanwhile all he knew was that he had made several enactments for Scotland with very little success hitherto, and that he had a most perverse population to deal with.

How did Drummond comport himself in this turmoil? Partly as might have been expected. He was, as we have seen, by temperament and by philosophy, a Conservative, a friend of Authority to the utmost; he was also, as we have had reason to think, personally inclined to moderate Episcopacy, easy and gentle Theology, and something of rich ceremonial, in the national Kirk, rather than to the stringent, bare, and popular Presbyterianism; and, on both these grounds, he would have been well pleased, on the whole, whatever were his private opinions of Laud and his theories, to see Charles's measures for the Kirk quietly accepted. As he must, however, have had grave doubts from the first whether they would be quietly accepted, so, now that they had brought the country into turmoil, his advice, had he been consulted, would have been to stop. Turmoil, in and for itself, was hateful to Drummond. The very word was his deepest definition of a wrong condition of things. Whatever brought about turmoil was, by that very fact, to be condemned and discontinued; the persons, whoever they were, that had at any time occasioned turmoil were the persons, at that time and in that particular, to be most distinctly blamed. In such a state of feeling and reasoning one may see, if one chooses, the cultured and studious recluse of Hawthornden, indifferent to the complex and struggling world around him, and perturbed only when that surrounding world became too noisy for his comfort. We have seen enough of Drummond by this time, I hope, to know that this would hardly be a fair representation of him. We have seen in him not only a certain high-mindedness and dignity, but also a certain strong-mindedness, a power of flashing out a disagreeable opinion rather sternly when there seemed occasion; and the philosophy of rest and obedience which such a mind had adopted for itself, and recommended to others in the midst of so much of the contrary, must have been gathered from deeper springs and principles than love of personal ease.

Fortunately there is at this point a paper of Drummond's

which will speak for itself. It lies among his printed prose writings, unread, I should suppose, by twenty persons for the last hundred-and-fifty years. If read there, it would not be understood, so vilely were the writings edited; but it is so creditable to Drummond, and records so courageous an interference of his in the affairs of his time, that one has a pleasure in bringing out its purport in the right historical setting.

We have mentioned the opposition led by the Earl of Rothes in the Scottish Parliament to the King's unpopular Kirk Acts. The King had bitterly resented that opposition at the time; and Rothes and his adherents, among whom were about a dozen other Scottish nobles, had, on their part, observed this, and especially the fact that his Majesty had taken a note of their names when they voted. They had, accordingly, while his Majesty was yet in Scotland, had several meetings among themselves to consider what was to be done. It had there been proposed to draw up a "Supplication," to be signed by them all and presented to his Majesty, explaining their reasons for having opposed the new Kirk Acts, and the perfect consistency of their conduct in that affair with their loyal respect for his Majesty and zeal for his service. Such a statement had been actually drafted for them by Mr. William Haig, an advocate or solicitor, who had a good pen for such things, and was a strong sympathizer with the views of the dissenting lords. This document had been looked over privately by some of them, more particularly by Rothes, the Earl of Cassilis, Lord Loudoun, and Lord Balmerino; and it is uncertain whether they had agreed upon it, or were still modifying it to their satisfaction, when (either because of a positive intimation from the King that no such document would be received, or from certainty otherwise that this would be the result) the project was abandoned. Copies of the document, however, had been kept, and one, in particular, by Lord Balmerino.

Now, by ill luck, a certain Mr. John Dunmure, a writer in Dundee, who was on friendly terms with Lord Balmerino, and

had the run of his lordship's library at Barnton, near Edinburgh, came upon this copy, and, thinking the paper an interesting one, made a transcript of it, meaning no harm. But this Mr. John Dunmure had a friend, called Peter Hay of Naughton, who, on being shown the paper, admired it so much that he contrived to borrow it and make another copy. He had a purpose in his admiration; for no sooner was the document in his possession than he carried it to Archbishop Spotswood. The Archbishop, at once seeing what might be made of it, posted it off, or posted off with it, to the King; and, after due consultation, it was resolved, in the month of May, 1634, to convert the accident into a crushing blow against the Rothes oppositionists and all the gathering Presbyterianism they represented. A commission was sent down, early in June, from London to Spotswood and six others for the examination of Lord Balmerino; he was committed, by the King's own warrant, to close confinement in Edinburgh Castle: and the news ran about of the discovery of a certain "Infamous Libel against the King's Government," for which he, and perhaps others, would have to stand their trial. Mr. Haig, who had penned the paper, and against whom it would have been sure to go hardest, prudently escaped abroad, only leaving an acknowledgment that the draft was entirely and originally his; and the Earl of Rothes, after some examination about his concern in the matter, was dismissed. The brunt was to be borne by Lord Balmerino.

We need not relate the steps of the process. Enough that from June, 1634, to July, 1635, or for more than thirteen months, the business of the "Infamous Libel" was in all men's mouths in Scotland, and poor Lord Balmerino's life hung in the balance, the Bishops and their adherents pressing the case against him with all their might, the more moderate members of the Government doing all they dared to bring him off easily, and the whole Presbyterian population of Scotland wildly excited in his behalf and praying for him in his strait. The

crisis of the business was in March, 1635, when, after many preliminaries and postponements, during which there were some hopes that the king would see fit to quash the proceedings, Lord Balmerino, whose imprisonment had then lasted nine months, was brought to trial before an assize of fifteen noblemen and lairds. The indictment was founded on an Act of James VI. making it capital to promote or possess Libels against the King, his Council, or Nobility; and it charged Lord Balmerino with having kept and concealed the particular libel in question, with having allowed the original libeller to escape when he might have apprehended him, and with having himself been concerned in the libel. The trial lasted through the whole of March 8, and into the following night. Of the fifteen assizers or jurymen seven were for complete acquittal, and seven for a verdict of guilty, though only on the first point of the indictment; so that the casting vote lay with the Earl of Traquair, who had been elected chairman of the jury. It was a disagreeable responsibility for Traquair; but, as he had reasons at the moment for standing well with the Bishops, and the sentence after all would depend on his Majesty, he gave his vote against the prisoner. Virtually a condemned man, therefore, Balmerino was removed back to prison, to await his Majesty's pleasure.

The "Infamous Libel," for keeping a copy of which a Scottish nobleman was thus in danger of the scaffold in the year 1635 may be read yet by any one who will take the trouble of looking it up. Whoever does read it will be amazed (unless his knowledge of those times has deadened all power of amazement at anything whatsoever occurring in them) that such a document could ever have imperilled a man's life, or been called a Libel at all. It is an extremely temperate, business-like, and well-written paper, without a word of disrespect for his Majesty, but, on the contrary, full of expressions of obedience to him. Mr. Haig, writing for Rothes and the other Parliamentary Oppositionists to the Kirk Acts, had begun by

saying that the Oppositionists were grieved at having incurred his Majesty's displeasure, and hoped that, if he would read their statement, he would see that they had been actuated by "no want of affection" to his Majesty's service, "but a careful endeavour to conserve" for him "the hearty affection of a great many" of his good subjects, whose fears about innovations in the Kirk must be well known to him. They then go back on King James's reign, referring to innovations in that reign, which some of themselves had then opposed, but pointing out that King James, "in the depth of his wisdom," had refrained at a certain point, and "thought it fit absolutely to prefer the peace of the Church to the appetite of Churchmen." They beseech his Majesty to consider all this, and also to take notice how moderate they had been in their opposition to the Acts brought forward by the Lords of the Articles. Although there were among those Acts not a few to which they objected, or about which they were dubious, although there were various heavy grievances of a secular kind under which the country was labouring,—increased taxation, bad forms of taxation, waste of public money, &c.,—they had forborne any discussion of these, in consideration of his Majesty's convenience, and had confined themselves to the new Kirk Acts. These were the matters of immediate importance, in which there was most danger of alienation between his Majesty and the Scottish people. They conclude, therefore, by imploring his Majesty to prevent this danger by not introducing into the doctrine and discipline of his mother Church anything "not compatible with the honour thereof" and the conscience of his good subjects.——This, positively this, was the "Infamous Libel." It was the intended Humble Petition to his Majesty of about a dozen Scottish peers, and a larger number of lairds and burgesses, Commissioners to Parliament. It had not been presented; and the crime was in having kept a copy of it in one's library.

Drummond, we are glad to say, was properly roused by the

monstrous iniquity and absurdity of the whole proceeding. The paper of his which refers to it is entitled *An Apologetical Letter*, and is dated March 2, 1635, or six days before the trial of Lord Balmerino. It is addressed to some noble lord whose name is not given, but who is ascertained, from a scroll copy among the Hawthornden MSS., to have been his old friend Robert Kerr, now Earl of Ancram.*—"My Lord," he begins, "in a time when men for reading papers concerning State are "challenged, it must be a great hazard to write them, and a "greater to send them from home, and the most to send them "to one so near the helm as your lordship, who the next day "perhaps may put in the Prince's hands what is sent him." He professes, however, perfect confidence in his correspondent, and says that, notwithstanding the danger, he adventures the sheet of paper to him, and beseeches him to be "both judge and patron" of it. It is clear, in fact, that Drummond was willing to run the risk of its being shown to the King, if his correspondent thought fit, and hoped, at all events, that the substance would somehow be conveyed to his Majesty. There was real courage in this, inasmuch as the paper is a ten times sharper and more outspoken remonstrance with his Majesty than the "Infamous Libel" which is the subject of it.

It is not, in the main, a defence of the Libel, but only a protest against the folly of having made it the occasion of a State-trial. "What a noise hath been raised in this country," says Drummond, "by prosecuting a piece of writing supposed "to be derogatory to the honour of the King's Majesty! No "times have been without such men [as the supposed libellers]. "Wise men keep their thoughts locked up in the cabinet of "their breasts, and suffer the faults of times patiently: fools "rail, cry out, but amend nothing." Here, with no great politeness, Drummond at once disavows sympathy with Rothes,

* *Arch. Scot.*, IV. 67; where Mr. Laing gives the title of the preserved scroll copy thus:—"A Letter Apologeticall, concerning the divulging of a Paper to his Majestie, 2nd March, 1635: addressed to R., E. of A."—*i.e.* to Robert, Earl of Ancram.

Balmerino & Co., the troublesome Presbyterian Radicals that they were: but only in order to be more effective in his pleading for poor Balmerino. "Whatever advice," he proceeds, "hath been given for the putting of Libellers to the extremity "of Law, I would say, with all humble respect to grave states-"men, that, in a matter of calumny and reproach with subjects, "a Prince can do nothing more fitting his own fame and "reputation than to slight and contemn them, as belonging "nothing to him, and that 'twere better to neglect than to be "too curious in searching out the authors." He introduces here historical instances of the wise neglect of libels, and even scurrilous pasquils, by ancient Kings and Emperors. "If "these papers," he resumes, "were, for the King's honour, not "to be seen and read, or if they did derogate from the fame of "the nobles, why were they not suppressed and hidden? But "is this the way to suppress and hide them—to imprison, ar-"raign, banish, and execute the persons near whom they are "found? Or is it not rather to turn them in[to] a piece of the "story of the time to make such a noise about them, and, by "seeking to avoid the smoke, to fall into the fire?" There then follow more historical anecdotes—how Queen Elizabeth did herself infinite harm with her subjects by "cutting off the hands of Stubbes and Page" for a pamphlet; how "that poor gentleman Collingburn" suffered from the tyranny of Richard III. for a satirical rhyme; &c. In these allusions one discerns not only a constitutional disgust at the barbarity that had permitted such punishments, but also something of an author's proper love of the right of free speech; for, after a repetition of the commonplace that the prosecution of writings is the very way to call attention to them, and give them influence above their worth, he bursts out, "No prince, how "great soever, can abolish pens; nor will the memorials of "ages be extinguished by present power." Then he ventures on more precise and dangerous ground. "Sometimes," he says, "it is great wisdom in a Prince not to reject and disdain

"them who tell him his duty, and open to him his mis-
"demeanours to the Commonwealth, and the surmises and
"umbrages of his people and Council, for the amending of
"disorders and bettering the form of his government." And here, by way of examples of what it might be fit that "a man should tell King Charles," he enumerates, with a perfectly cutting emphasis, some of those secular grievances of the Scottish people which the Lords implicated in the Libel had been silent about in Parliament, but had adverted to generally in the Libel itself. What if a man were to tell King Charles "that there is none in all his kingdom here can reckon himself "lord of his own goods amongst so many taxes and taillages, "so much pilling and polling?" What if he were to tell King Charles that the Property Tax then in force would never do, and "what a strange thing it is to swear a man for the true "value of his own substance?" What if he were to remind King Charles of the Biblical condemnations of usury, and suggest to him, if usury is "a sin in the persons of subjects," it must be "a greater sin in the person of a Prince?" Nay, "about this subject [Lord Balmerino] who is the subject of "this letter," what if the King were to be told that people were quoting the proverb, "Kings seeking treason shall find land, and "seeking land shall find treason," and so actually hinting that the King had an eye to Balmerino's estates in the capital prosecution? These might be very unpleasant truths for the King to hear; but were they not truths which an honest subject might honourably convey to him? Especially it would be a right thing to awaken the King thoroughly to the danger of revolt and insurrection arising from the wretched financial and administrative system subsisting in his name. "It hath "often been found that nothing hath sooner armed a people "than poverty; and poverty hath never so often been brought "upon a nation by the unfruitfulness of the earth, by disasters "of seas, and other human accidents, as by the avarice of the "officers and favourites of the Prince, who are brought foolishly

"to believe that by tearing off the skins of the flock they shall "turn the shepherd rich." For instruction in such themes, and in the duties of supreme magistracy generally, "it were "not ill for a Prince to read Jan Mariana and George Buchanan's piece *De jure Regni apud Scotos*, for his own private and the public good." After this strain, certainly bolder and more definite than anything in the Libel itself, Drummond returns to the Libel. There are various kinds of Libels, he says, some containing truths, some of a mixed character, and some sheer libels. In no case ought they to be met by public prosecution or the exertion of mere power, though in some cases, where they tended to sedition, they might be answered by reason and overthrown; and, farther, "if they be presented by way of supplications for redressing of errors in the State, it is a question whether they be libels or not." In illustration of this last proposition, so relevant to Lord Balmerino's case, he again adduces historical instances; after which there is a passage which seems to be levelled distinctly at the Scottish Bishops: "Those who set their Prince "to work to follow and pursue such an idle piece of paper, if "*they* had unfair judges and powerful enemies near the Court, "may *themselves* be brought within compass of the same "punishment which they would have laid upon others, as "Perillus was brought to take an assay of his own Brazen "Bull; for no better are they which relate, divulge, and are "occasioners to have infamous Libels published, than they "which write them. And these men have done what in them "lay to make that paper public, and have recorded in the "annals of this kingdom to all ages what should have been "smothered in the darkest pits of oblivion. They have often "assembled the King's Majesty's subjects, to the great charges "and vain attendance of many noblemen and barons, to see "their passions put forward. They have busied the Prince "to condemn others by power (a minister of their attempts) "and not to purge himself to posterity; for such a paper

"should have been answered by a pen, not by an axe. There "is no Prince living, no nor dead, but subjects have and do "both write and speak of after their fancies." In conclusion there is this fine sentence, in which the poet breaks out,— "A Prince should be such towards his subjects as he would "have God Eternal towards him, who, full of mercy, spareth "peopled cities, and darteth his thunders amongst the vast and "wild mountains."—Bravo! Drummond.

This letter was penned six days before Balmerino's trial; and for four months afterwards he remained a prisoner in Edinburgh Castle, uncertain of his fate. In the circumstances, and with all Scotland madly on the watch, it was impossible to carry out the sentence; and Traquair himself, going to London on purpose, did his best to persuade the King that the release of Balmerino would be a right and popular act. The Earl of Stirling seconded him; and Laud, on technical grounds, was of the same mind. He had read the whole process, and he told the King that, according to all practice of law in England, it would be shocking to put a man to death who had been convicted only by a casting vote in a jury of fifteen, and even then on the weakest part of the indictment. Traquair and Stirling, accordingly, came to Scotland with the necessary warrant of mercy; and on the 16th of July, 1635, Balmerino left Edinburgh Castle, to reside on his estates in Fifeshire on good behaviour.

The Earl of Stirling had much need at this time of any reputation he could win by connexion with a popular act. He had become a very unpopular man. Any old admiration for him, or pride in him, among certain classes, on account of his plentiful, clear and stately, but nerveless, boneless, and artificial, English Poetry, had sunk in the dark thoughts about him as one of the King's ministers, one of the abettors of the King's tyrannical policy at head-quarters, and the official medium through whom the King's decrees and warrants reached Edin-

burgh. The special means by which he had risen to wealth, and was still acquiring wealth, added to his discredit. The Nova Scotia scheme, with his bargain for the cession of other people's rights in Nova Scotia as well as his own, was still a sore subject; but, as he had a reserve of rights in Canada, and had even started afresh on a new grant of lands, including what is now Long Island and the site of New York, there may have been hopes of his redeeming past failures in that vague American concern. A harder charge against him with his Presbyterian compatriots was his monopoly in King James's Psalms, his power of stopping Psalmody in Scotland unless people would buy his precious edition of the royal translation printed by Turner of Oxford. There were, however, *turners* of a still more detestable kind, with which his name was associated. In consequence, probably, of his original charter of Viceroyalty in Nova Scotia, which gave him the right of coining money, he had obtained license to issue, for circulation in Scotland, a certain quantity of copper coin, to pass at such a rate over the intrinsic value of the metal as to yield him a handsome profit; and these wretched *black farthings* of the Earl of Stirling, called also *turners* for some reason (antiquarians may know, but it would have been clever if it had been to identify them with the Psalm-books), were a pest and a by-word in Scotland for several years, and must have cost the Earl more in jests and curses than they can have been worth to him in money. Not a huckster would take one of Stirling's *turners* if he could avoid it, and they fell lower and lower in value. On the Earl's fine new mansion in Stirling, completed about this time, he had placed his armorial bearings, with the motto *Per mare, per terras;* and wicked popular wit had converted the legend into *Per metre, per turners.* Such may be the fate of a poet who leaves poetry for politics, and grasps at wealth by means of patents.

Drummond, who had expressed himself so strongly against all forms of private fortune-making at the public expense, can-

not have approved of the courses into which his friend Stirling had gradually gone. Their friendship, however, continued unbroken, if with less frequent interchanges of letters than in the old days when they were Alexis and Damon to each other. Of extant letters from Stirling to Drummond about this time (indeed for a good while before and after) I find only one. There is nothing in it of consequence, and the allusions to Drummond's letter which evoked it are obscure; but, for the mere flavour, it may be quoted:—

"My Noble Friend,

"I was very glad to see your letter, but displeased with that part thereof whereby you excuse the discontinuance of writing to me; for no distance of degree nor place should have the power to interrupt the course of so harmonious an unitedness as hath so long continued between us. As for the Fairy Queen, of whom you wrote to me, her apparitions of late have bewitched so many that I find sundry ready to dance with the Fairies; but I shall use my best means (for the Nymph's sake that dwelleth upon the Lake) to conjure them, and shall ever approve myself

"Your very loving Friend to serve you,

"Sterline.

"Newmarket, 22nd October, 1636."*

In this same year, 1636, Stirling had brought out a new Edition of King James's Psalms, not in duodecimo as the Edition of 1631 had been, but in folio, and not printed at Oxford, like the former Edition, but in London. *The Psalmes of King David: Translated by King James*, was still the title; but, "London, Printed by Thomas Harper, 1636," was the distinguishing imprint. In this Edition, besides the folio form, there are the peculiarities of black letter, long lines, and the accompaniment of musical notes. It also appears, on a comparison of the wording of the Psalms as they stand in it with

* Drummond's Works, p. 151.

the wording of the former Edition, that very considerable changes had been made, though nothing is said to that effect in note or preface. The inference is, that Stirling, by advice, had again revised the Version, with a view to remove, if possible, the objections that had been made to it, by Scottish or other critics, in its first published form.*

As some demure and innocent-looking fish (I forget its name) is said in the old stories to precede the Shark, so the Earl of Stirling's fine new folio Edition of his Patent Psalms, in black letter, and with musical notes, might have been taken as a pretty sure indication of the approach of the long-expected Scottish Service-Book. Nobody, in fact, could tell why it had been so long in coming. It had been spoken of as already existing, and its universal use had been enjoined, in May, 1635, when the new Book of Ecclesiastical Canons appeared; and yet months and months had passed without any sign of it. The truth is, Laud and the Scottish Bishops had been excessively careful over it; proof-sheets had gone and come between Edinburgh and Lambeth; there had been cancellings and improvements and resettings; it should not go forth till Laud was perfectly satisfied!

This consummation, it appeared, had been at length attained in October, 1636. On the 18th of that month there was a royal missive to the Scottish Privy Council from the Court at Newmarket (exactly four days before the preceding note from Stirling to Drummond from the same place) reciting his Majesty's desires in the matter of the new Service-Book, announcing it as now ready, and ordering proclamation to be made that it should immediately come into use, under strict penalties, in all the Scottish churches. Such proclamation was duly made by the Privy Council on the 20th of December; but still not a copy of the Service-Book was to be procured. Some new cause of delay had occurred at head-quarters, or in the Edinburgh

* Mr. David Laing's Account of Metrical Versions of the Psalms: Appendix to Baillie's Letters, III. 531.

printing-office, and there were the strangest rumours. At length, in May, 1637, the anxiety was so far relieved that copies could be had freely. *The Book of Common Prayer, and Administration of the Sacraments: And other Parts of Divine Service for the Use of the Church of Scotland. Edinburgh: Printed by Robert Young, &c.*, 1637, such was the title of a volume in folio—printed in black and red, the black letters in old gothic type, and with various devices of pictorial capitals and the like, which made it altogether a marvel of typographic art—bales of which, in various bindings, were lying in Edinburgh in that month, ready for distribution into all parts of Scotland. With most copies there was bound up, as an integral part of the work, or necessary to its completeness, a copy of the Earl of Stirling's last or London Edition of the Patent Royal Psalms; and to all the copies there was prefixed the Royal Proclamation commanding universal conformity to the book throughout Scotland under "charge of horning," *i.e.* denunciation by blast of trumpet—the only instance, thinks Mr. Hill Burton, in the history of Christianity, in which a book of devotion appeared with a writ of legal threat in its forefront. No need, therefore, for any longer delay in the introduction of the new Service, Psalmody and all, into the entire Kirk, from the Tweed to the Orkneys. To prevent mistakes, however, the Bishops, in conformity with the original instructions of the Royal Missive, issued letters, commanding the parish-ministers individually throughout their dioceses to provide themselves at once with two copies each, one for the minister himself and the other for his reader or assistant, at the expense of their parishes. "The price of the Book, I think," the Bishop of Edinburgh had already written to his clergy, April 28, "shall be £4, 16s.; "that is £9, 12s. the two. The matter is of no great "moment, and the employment very necessar and profit-"able, as experience shall prove. I hope, therefore, ye "will not fail every one to bring in your moneys, and

"receive your books, for it is appointed that the printer be "paid, and the books taken off his hand, betwix this and the " 1st of June."

O David Lindsay, Bishop of Edinburgh! O David Lindsay, Bishop of Edinburgh! Little ken ye what experience *shall* prove, or how speedily, and in what a three-legged form!

CHAPTER XIII.

DELITIÆ POETARUM SCOTORUM: THE JENNY GEDDES RIOT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES: THE SCOTTISH COVENANT: GRIEFS AND DISGRACE OF THE EARL OF STIRLING: THE MARQUIS OF HAMILTON'S MISSION: DRUMMOND'S THOUGHTS ABOUT PUBLIC AFFAIRS: HIS *IRENE* AND ITS PECULIAR POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY: THE GLASGOW ASSEMBLY AND ABOLITION OF EPISCOPACY IN SCOTLAND: HAWTHORNDEN HOUSE REBUILT.

1637—1638.

"*PRODEUNT tandem Poetæ Scoti, tuis, vir amplissime, auspiciis et impensis* (There go forth at length the Scottish Poets, most generous Sir, under your auspices, and at your expense,") is the opening of a Latin letter that had been addressed by the King's physician, Arthur Johnston, to "that noble Mæcenas of the Muses, Sir John Scot of Scotstarvet, Director of the Chancery, and member of the King's Council in Scotland." The letter had been intended to appear, and it did actually appear, at the beginning of that collection of the Poems of Scottish Latinists which Scot of Scotstarvet had so long been anxious to bring out for the credit of his country, and about which he had been in correspondence with the printer Blaeu, of Amsterdam. By Sir John's care in selecting the best out of the mass of matter (in part already printed, but much only in manuscript) that came within his design, by his assiduity in furnishing Blaeu with the copies, and seeing after the correction of the proofs, and by his readiness in paying Blaeu the "hundred double

pieces" which were demanded for the transaction, all difficulties had been overcome; and early in 1637 there arrived in Scotland, in some ship from Amsterdam, the long-expected "*Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum hujus ævi Illustrium*," with "*Amsterdami, apud Johannem Blaeu, MDCXXXVII.*," as the imprint at the foot of the title-page.

It was a proud day for more people in Scotland than Scotstarvet when that cargo came to Leith; and even yet there is some interest in looking at any stray copy that has survived from the cargo, shelved away in some obscure corner of a Scottish library, after having been fingered more or less through eight generations that are dead and gone. The book is in two small dumpy volumes, of close and neat type, the first volume containing 699 pages, and the second 575. There is first an *Imprimatur* by *Jo. Sanctandreæ Archiepiscopus* (Spotswood, Archbishop of St Andrews), in which he testifies that he has reviewed the book, found nothing in it contrary to Christian doctrine or sound morals, and therefore recommends it heartily. Next follows that letter of Arthur Johnston to Scot of Scotstarvet the first words of which we have quoted. Johnston, as himself by general acknowledgment at the head of the Scottish Latinists of the time, and as moreover a man of official note, had been thought a fit person to write such an introduction; and he does the duty very modestly and prettily. After some sentences about the love of literature, and the patronage of it among the ancients, he turns to his immediate subject. "This "remote corner of the earth, lying almost under the world's very "hinge," he says, addressing Scotstarvet, "was once made illus- "trious by Buchanan, *facile princeps* of the poets of his age. "That sun extinct, you redecorate it marvellously with new stars, "among which you shine yourself. Of these not a few are of "the first magnitude, and emulate in their splendour those "greater luminaries which shone in the age of Augustus. "There offered itself to you as it were an innumerable army of "Poets, all of whom you keep in memory. But a choice has

"been exercised, in which I admire no less the critical tact of "your judgment than the elegance and brilliance of those whom "you have selected. Only one thing deserves censure, and that "is your placing your friend Johnston among those heroes of "the Grampians." To this Latin letter of Johnston's there are appended nine little pieces of elegiac verse, with the name of one of the Muses heading each, all praising Scot (sometimes by the name of Tarvatius) and his patriotic work. Next follow similar commendatory verses by two Dutch scholars, Isaac Gruter and Caspar Barlæus, both of whom were friends and correspondents of Scotstarvet. Then comes the body of the work, in the form of the collected or selected Latin Poems, in various kinds of verse, but chiefly hexameters and elegiacs, of thirty-seven recently dead or still living Scottish scholars, arranged alphabetically.

Unread now, alas! and utterly uncared-for, except perchance by some rare book-worm or zealot in Latinity here and there, those elaborately conserved productions, the growth of hours and months of the linguistic skill, and even, in some cases, the real thought and heart-throbbing, of men once alive as we are, but whose dust lies long-scattered and untraceable now in Scottish and foreign earth. All the more reason that the mere names of the glorious thirty-seven should not be allowed to perish. Do they not represent, in one department at least, what Scotland in 1637 asked the world to look upon as her latest literary effulgence?——If a name seems out of its alphabetic place in the following list, it is because the Latin form of it is dropped and the plain Scottish substituted. I annex dates as far as I can:—

Patrick Adamson, 1543-1591.
Henry Anderson, 1617.
Robert Aytoun, 1570-1638.
John Barclay, 1582-1621.
William Barclay, 1541-1605.
Mark Alexander Boyd, 1562-1601.
Robert Boyd, of Trochrig, 1578-1627.
Thomas Craig, 1538-1608.
James Crichton ("the Admirable"), 1560-1582.
George Crichton, 1603.
Henry Danskin, 1617.
Thomas Dempster, 1580-1625.
David Echlin.
Peter Goldman, 1617.

James Hakerstone.
David Hume, 1560?-1630?
Arthur Johnston, 1587-1641.
John Johnston, 1550-1612.
David Kinloch, 1617.
James Macculloch, 1616.
Andrew Melville, 1542-1622.
John Maitland, Lord Thirlestane, 1537-1595.
Thomas Maitland, 1570.
Thomas Murray, 1603.
Adam King, 1603.
Thomas Reid.
John Rose, 1637.
Hercules Rollock, 1600.
Alexander Ross, 1575-1639.
Andrew Ramsay, 1637.
John Scot, 1603.
John Scot, of Scotstarvet, 1586-1670.
Thomas Seghet, 1603.
George Strachan.
George Thomson, 1603.
Florence Wilson, 1500-1546.
David Wedderburn, 1570-1645.*

Prodeunt tandem, in this same famous year 1637, however, not only the *Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum*, but also the new Scottish Service-Books. While Archbishop Spotswood was licensing the *Delitiæ* he must have been far less anxious about the reception of that book among the few scores of Scotsmen into whose hands it was likely to come than about the reception of the Service-Book by the Scottish Clergy and People.

The bales of copies of the new Scottish Service-Book had lain in Young's printing-office or elsewhere in Edinburgh since April 1637, not much diminished by even the commanded purchases of the clergy; but a sufficient number of copies had gone out for inspection and criticism. The criticism had at once become sheer execration. Had the book been immaculate in its kind, had it been the work of a joint-committee of Cherubim and Seraphim, it would not have been accepted in Scotland. But, on the first look, it was pronounced to be

* In the MS. volume of *Epistolæ Doctorum Virorum* to Scot of Scotstarvet, referred to in a previous note (p. 227) as now in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, there is what I take to be the original, in Arthur Johnston's own hand, of the Introductory Letter to the *Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum*. It is one of the neatest, prettiest, pieces of the handwriting of that time I have ever seen.—Johnston was quite right in saying that Scotstarvet had given but a selection of the Poems of the Scottish Latinists since Buchanan. Besides the favoured thirty-seven (among whom Johnston himself figures in chief) there had been a shoal of others. The thirty-seven were, doubtless, the best in Scotstarvet's judgment. Some of these I have had to leave undated: others I have dated by some year when they were certainly alive and flourishing. Those whom I have dated as alive in 1617 were contributors to the *Muses' Welcome* to King James in that year.

Laud's all over, full of "Popish errors and ceremonies, and the seeds of manifold and gross superstitions and idolatries," altogether "little better than the mass," and much worse than the Liturgy of the Church of England. Rather than accept such a Book, Scotland would be hanged, drawn, and quartered!—— The Privy Council, all save the Bishops, were in a dreadful difficulty; but what could they do but persist? On the 13th of July another peremptory order was issued that the clergy should obtain their copies of the Book, under grievous penalties, within fifteen days; and Sunday the 23rd of that month was appointed as the day on which, by way of example to the whole country, the new Service should be solemnly used for the first time in all the churches of Edinburgh and the parts adjacent.

That Sunday came. The early morning service in the various churches passed quietly, the prayers and other forms of worship being according to the ordinary Directory for such purposes till then in use among the Scots. Ten o'clock was to be the hour for the great innovation; at all events, that was to be the hour in the High Kirk of St. Giles, the Cathedral Church of Edinburgh. By that hour the church was crowded with a large congregation, most of the Council and other officials being present, with the Chancellor-Archbishop himself, and the Bishops of Galloway and Brechin, besides the Bishop of Edinburgh and his Dean, Dr. James Hannay, who were to perform the service. The Bishop was in the pulpit with the service-book, and the Dean was in the reading-desk with the service-book, and the Bishop had opened the book and begun to read, and the Dean had opened the book and begun to read, when a moaning ran through the church, which swelled into cries of "Woe, woe!" "Sorrow, sorrow!" and at length into a vast hubbub and uproar, the women especially conspicuous, and rising from their seats, and beginning to toss their arms to help their voices. Suddenly, from one woman wilder than the rest (*Jenny Geddes* she will

be called to the end of time, though some say that was not her real name) there whirled into the air, for lack of any other missile, her three-legged stool, aimed at the pulpit. On this signal other stools flew in the same direction, till, stronger arms beginning to aid, it seemed as if they would tear up the pews and benches. Through the uproar the Bishop, the other Bishops, the Archbishop, and high officials had been gesticulating in vain, and trying to be heard; and many had run out of the church in fright. If there were not to be absolute fighting and murder within the sacred walls, there was no help for it but to stop the attempted reading, and huddle through the rest of the service anyhow. This was what was done; but the tumult meanwhile had communicated itself to the streets, and a mob was waiting outside. When the Bishop of Edinburgh came out he was pursued with hootings, and had to take refuge in the nearest stair leading to a house; and, had not the Dean, who was more unpopular than the Bishop, prudently remained in the church, it would have fared worse with him. All that afternoon the riot continued; and on a second appearance of the Bishop in the High Street, he was again chased with such fury that, had not the Earl of Roxburgh, who chanced to pass in his coach, driven through the crowd to his rescue, and pulled him in, his life would have been in peril. As it was, the Earl and Bishop barely escaped in the shower of stones that rattled against the coach at that part of the High Street where they were then building the Tron Church and stones were conveniently at hand.——In short, on that day Edinburgh was in revolt; and, within the next week or ten days, the rumour of this revolt having spread, and similar outbreaks having attended the very few attempts that had been made to read the service elsewhere, all Scotland was in revolution.

The Edinburgh Riot of the 23rd of July, and the evident determination of the Court to persist in defiance of that warning, having been taken as a sufficient signal by all the scattered representatives of the Anti-Episcopal sentiment,

whether in its stronger or in its weaker forms, there was a first flocking of such into Edinburgh in the month of September, with the result of separate "supplicates" against the Service-Book and other innovations from 20 Nobles, a larger number of Lairds, 100 Ministers, 14 Burghs, and 168 Parishes, and of one general Supplicate combining the separate four for His Majesty's own perusal. Then, this first general gathering having dispersed, only leaving a central nucleus of the most energetic and long-headed men on the watch, there was a pause till the answer to the Supplicate should come from Court. The answer having come in the form of injunctions to the Privy Council to receive no more such supplicates and to remove its own meetings from Edinburgh, and also in the form of certain high-handed proclamations to be made at the Cross, there was a second gathering in Edinburgh, in October, larger than the first, with the result of a new document of more fervid expression and deeper anti-Episcopal import. Then, in November, the Privy Council having in vain tried to remove itself out of the pressure by going to Linlithgow and Stirling, there was a repetition of the process, still with an increase of adherents to the popular cause and an advance of the claims made. Then also the machinery of *The Tables*, as they were called (*i.e.*, of the deliberative and executive committees of the leaders stationed in Edinburgh), assumed regular form—a Table of the Nobles, a Table of the Lairds, a Table of the Burghs, and a Table of the Clergy; with a supreme Table of delegates from all the four, to consult and act for all in common. And so through the winter the commotion continued, the infatuation in London becoming more fatuous, and the Scottish Privy Council drifting about in the popular tide, utterly powerless in comparison with the Provisional or Revolutionary government of the Tables. At last, in February 1638, the popular association now counting in its ranks over thirty nobles, lairds without number, all the chief towns except Aberdeen, and nearly the whole body of the parish-clergy, there was a change in the

style of demonstration. A fresh royal proclamation having come from London, denouncing pains of treason, &c., and the Privy Council having duly made the proclamation at the market-cross of Stirling, a Protest was then and there read against the same with every possible ceremony. The process was repeated with equal formality at the Cross of Edinburgh. This, however, was but the preliminary to a more momentous manifesto. Word having again gone out for a general gathering of all the representative spirits in Edinburgh, and a vaster crowd than ever having come at the summons, and the Tables having met and deliberated, it was resolved to trust no more to this method of mere periodical meeting and dispersing, supplicating and protesting, but to declare the will of the Scottish nation in a manner which neither Charles himself nor England and the rest of the world could possibly misunderstand. It was resolved to renew that NATIONAL LEAGUE AND COVENANT in matters of religion which had in former times in the history of the nation been found a useful blazon of union and confederacy. Accordingly, a document having been prepared, substantially repeating documents of similar purpose framed in the days of genuine Scottish Presbyterianism, all the leaders present, nobles, lairds, burgesses, and ministers, put their names to it, pledging themselves to adhere to each other to the death in resisting the late innovations, and "promising and swearing to each other, in the name of the Lord their God, that they would continue in the obedience and discipline of the Kirk, and defend the same, according to their vocation and power, all the days of their lives, under the pains contained in the Law, and danger both of body and soul in the day of God's fearful judgment." The public signing of the Covenant began in Greyfriars Church in Edinburgh on the 1st of March, 1638; and copies, with the leading signatures attached, were at once despatched to all parts of the country, that people everywhere might sign, or at least, standing up in open congregation, men and women together, swear to the Covenant.

Our ignorance is enormous in these days about past British History generally; but respecting few incidents is the ignorance more dense than about the Scottish Covenant. When people nowadays, even in Scotland, speak of the Covenant and the Covenanters, they usually think of those much later times, in the reigns of Charles II. and James II., when there were the persecutions of the Presbyterians that refused to acquiesce in the then restored Episcopacy, and the chasings and murderings on the moors of the poor men and women of an exasperated land. These too were times of the Covenant, but of the remnant and closing agonies of the Covenant, or rather of a subsequent Covenant which sprang out of this one; and the true time of the original Scottish Covenant was the year 1638, with the years immediately following. Partly dependent on this misconception as to the time of the original Covenant is a misconception as to the nature and amount of the force engaged in it. When the Covenanters are talked of, they are imagined by many as a herd of poor men, blue-bonneted ploughmen and shepherds, led by a few crack-brained enthusiasts of preachers, Kettledrummles and Mucklewraths. Such were not the original Scottish Covenanters. They were simply the general body of the Scottish people, of all ranks and in all districts. They comprised the majority of the whole peerage, the majority of the landed proprietors next in rank to the peerage, nearly all the parish-clergy, the magistrates and councils of nearly every one of the Scottish burghs, and, surrounding these and cheering them on, the entire mass of the Scottish commonalty, with local exceptions which could be easily specified. At the head of the clergy stood forth Alexander Henderson, of Leuchars in Fife-shire, the ablest man among them all, with such seconds as Andrew Ramsay and Henry Rollock of Edinburgh, David Dickson of Irvine, Samuel Rutherford of Anwoth, Robert Baillie of Kilwinning, Andrew Cant of Pitsligo, Robert Douglas of Kirkcaldy, and George Gillespie of Wemyss. Among the Burgesses were Kays, Smiths, Patersons, Cochranes,

Durhams, Meldrums, Buchanans, and others, now all forgotten, but provosts or bailies of towns, and well-to-do men, in their days. Among the lairds or lesser barons one notes, as having names of interesting historical sound yet, Stirling of Keir, Hume of Wedderburn, Douglas of Cavers, Mure of Rowallan, Fergusson of Craigdarroch, Agnew of Lochnaw, Baillie of Lamington, Graham of Fintray, Ramsay of Balmain, Skene of Skene, Fraser of Philorth, Barclay of Towie, and (chief in activity) the lawyer Archibald Johnstone of Warriston. Perhaps, however, it is by the array of Scottish nobles included among the original Covenanters that people even now will judge of the strength and respectability of the movement, as it certainly was by this test above all that Charles judged it then. Well, the noblemen who signed the Covenant in Edinburgh on the 1st of March, 1638, were the Earls of Rothes, Montrose, Cassilis, Sutherland, Eglintoun, Wemyss, Home, and Lothian, with Lords Balmerino, Loudon, Lindsay, Yester, Burleigh, Melville, Johnston, Forrester, Cranstoun, Boyd, Sinclair, and Cupar; and to these were added so many more, when copies of the Covenant had got duly about, that positively, with the exception of the lords of the Privy Council, and four or five others (one or two of them Roman Catholics), the whole Peerage of Scotland stood pledged to the Presbyterian side. It was, indeed, only official allegiance that prevented some of the peers of the Council itself from joining the confederacy. Almost all the lay-peers of the Council had become sick of their compelled conjunction with the detested Bishops, and several of them were tending, already all but openly, to the Covenanters. Among these was Lord Lorne, soon to be among them, and, as Earl and Marquis of Argyle, to succeed Rothes in the aristocratic leadership.

The Confederacy of the Covenant had not yet reached its full dimensions, but its thoroughly national character was apparent, when the news of it first reached London. Charles was furious, and yet utterly nonplussed. "The damnable

Covenant" became, from this time, one of the most frequent phrases in his vocabulary. He muttered it to himself; he used it in conversation, and in letters. His irritation broke out upon all the Scotsmen around him. He was angry with the Scottish Bishops, who posted up to report the state of matters and blame their lay colleagues, and especially Traquair; he was angry with the lay Councillors, who posted up to defend themselves and blame the Bishops; he was angry with the resident Scottish Lords about the English Court. From this time, indeed, the Scottish business ceased to be a purely Scottish business, and became one of the most harassing subjects of discussion between Charles and his English Privy Council.

Among the Scotsmen blamed most, with or without reason, was Lord Secretary Stirling. Our last glimpse of him was in October, 1636, when, in his secretarial capacity, he was transmitting to Scotland the royal orders for the reception of the Service-book, little thinking what a storm the book was to raise when it actually appeared, and how his own amended folio edition of King James's Psalms was to go down in obloquy, as part and parcel of the abominated volume. In the year and a half that had elapsed since then, not only had his eyes been opened on that subject, but he had had sore private troubles besides.

So little had the Earl foreseen the possibility of any such catastrophe in Scotland as the Jenny Geddes revolution that he had been regaling himself, just before it happened, with a return to the society of his old Muses. If we except his editorship of King James's Psalms (which was not acknowledged), his last distinct metrical appearance had been in 1614, when he added his *Doomsday* to his *Aurora*, his *Parænesis to Prince Henry*, his four *Monarchick Tragedies*, and his *Elegy on the death of Prince Henry*, published between 1603 and 1613. Yet, through all those four-and-twenty intervening years of courtiership, politics, Nova Scotia speculation, and the manage-

ment of home patents, he had never ceased to hanker after his poetical fame; and in his reflective moments he had probably sometimes envied the private and leisurely life of his contemporary Drummond. Might not Drummond be said to have succeeded him in that laureateship of English Poetry and English Literature generally among the Scots which had once been nominally his, and in which, poor post though it was in comparison with a laureateship in South Britain, he might still have been finding an honest pleasure? As he had resigned it, however, and it would have been unbecoming in him, a politician and Secretary of State, to be publishing more books of Poetry in competition with Drummond or with anybody else, what remained for him but to rest on what he had already done of the poetical kind in his freer and younger days, and show his continued interest in Literature only in reserved and distant ways?

A little Essay entitled *Anacrisis, or a Censure of some Poets ancient and modern, by William, Earl of Stirling*, and an accompanying short letter of Stirling's to Drummond, are both printed in Drummond's Works. "After a great "travail both of body and mind," the Essay begins, "(which, "since not voluntary, but imposed upon me, was the "more painful), by retiring for a time where I was born, of "late, gladly embracing this rarely-offered opportunity to re-"fresh myself, and being curious, as the most dainty kind of "pleasure for such as are capable of these delicacies, to recre-"ate myself with the Muses (I may justly say *recreate*, since "they create new spirits, which, shaking off gross affections, "diving into the depths, reaching the heights, and contemplat-"ing both, are transported with those things which are only "worthy to entertain so noble a thing as the Mind of Man), I "began to renew my acquaintance there, having of a long time "been a stranger with them; so that at the first I could not begin "to practise as one of their ordinary train, but only to court with "those whose credit might procure my access. I conversed

"with some of the Moderns as well as with the Ancients, "kindling my fire at those fires which do still burn out of the "ashes of ancient authors." Accordingly, the Essay consists of a series of desultory remarks on poetry in general, suggested to him by his readings, with little criticisms on Virgil, Ovid, Horace, Juvenal, Statius, and Lucan, among the Latins, Tasso among the Italians, and Du Bartas among the French, the conclusion passing unexpectedly into a survey of the special department of prose-romance, with mention of the *Cyropædia* of Xenophon, the *Æthiopics* of Heliodorus, Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* (praised to the utmost, with the information that Stirling in his youth had tried a sequel to it), the *Arcadia* of the Italian Sannazaro, the *Diana* of the Spanish Montemayor, the French Marquis D'Urfé's *Astræa*, and Barclay's Latin *Argenis*. The whole essay is singularly pithless and pointless, a kind of stately maundering about literary matters by one who thought himself entitled to give his opinions, but who had none worth giving. Evidently, however, the Earl attached some value to it; for, having written it at Menstrie, immediately after some holiday-time, he sent it to Drummond with the following note :—

"*To my much honoured Friend*, MR. WILLIAM DRUMMOND *of Hawthornden.*

"SIR,

"I would have this piece appear to the world with your name, as well for a testimony to after-times of our friendship and love as for that, to my knowledge, there is not any in our mother-country who hath more diligently perused the authors cited in this Censure, and can so universally discern of every one of them in their own language, as yourself. My daily cares at Court, and employment in matters of the State, have not granted me leisure to set the last hand on it; neither have I went (*sic*) so through all but that you, if you please, in that solitariness and leisure which you enjoy, may proceed and spend some flying hours upon this same subject. And I am

assured our pieces cannot but with applause and contentment be read and embraced by the thankful Posterity who after death will render to every man what is his due.

"Your loving Friend and Brother,

"STIRLING." *

It is by inference that we date this letter and the essay at some time not long before the Service-Book revolt in Scotland; but the inference is confirmed by the fact, that in 1637 the Earl did intimate in a public way that he had recently been doing the very thing the essay speaks of so pointedly, *i.e.*, "recreating himself with the Muses." *Recreations with the Muses; By William, Earl of Sterline,* is the title of a folio volume he published that year in London, with a fine portrait of himself prefixed to some copies, and consisting of a revised edition of all those of his former poems by which he cared to be remembered. The *Aurora* set of juvenile Poems was omitted, and there was included a longish fragment of an intended heroic poem in stanzas, called *Jonathan,* not previously published; but, for the rest, the volume was essentially a republication of his Poetical Works in a collected and improved form for a generation that had forgotten the first editions.

Just at this time it was that the poor Earl was visited by a family misfortune, which must have taken away his thoughts very considerably both from poetry and from politics. Of seven sons that had been born to inherit his honours, at least three had survived till 1637. His eldest son and heir, William, Lord Alexander and Viscount Canada, a young man of peculiar talent and promise, who had been educated at Glasgow, had for some years been taking part in public affairs. He was, as we have seen, one of the Scottish Privy Council; he had spent a year in America, as deputy for his Father, in what were still vaguely called the Nova Scotia settlements there, though they included infant New York; he had married the eldest daughter of the

* The letter is given in Drummond's Works (edit. 1711) p. 158, and is followed by the essay.

Marquis of Douglas, and had, altogether, the finest prospects. Next to him in age was his brother, Sir Anthony Alexander, also a young man of ability, who had been made Master of the King's Works in Scotland, and had taken up residence partly in Edinburgh and partly at, or somewhere near, the paternal Menstrie. Younger still, and not yet of full age, was the third brother, Henry. Now, in August 1637, about a month after the Jenny Geddes Riot, the second of these brothers, Sir Anthony, died when on a visit to London. The fact is thus noted in Balfour's Annals—"About the latter end of August, "this same year, Sir Anthony Alexander, Knight, second son to "William, Earl of Stirling, and Master of his Majesty's Works "for the Kingdom of Scotland, departed this life at London; "from whence his corpse, being embalmed, was brought by sea, "and by torchlight privately interred in Bowie's Aisle, in the "Church of Stirling. He married one of the daughters of Sir "Henry Wardlaw of Pitreavie, Knight, in Fifeshire, and had no "issue." Both on his father's account and on his own, the death of the young Knight was the subject of considerable regret; and there is a special commemoration of it in a short poem printed at Edinburgh, "in King James his College, by George Ander-"son, 1638," and entitled, *To the Exequies of the Honourable Sir Anthonye Alexander, Knight, &c.: A Pastorall Elegie.*

The piece does not bear Drummond's name; but it has always been included among his Works, and is undoubtedly his. It is not written, however, in direct form—in which case it could have but expressed the regret of a man of fifty-two years of age on hearing of the death of a promising youth, some thirty years his junior, and the son of one of his oldest friends. Wishing to write something more artificial than this, Drummond quite concealed himself, and threw the poem into the pastoral form of a lament for the dead shepherd Alcon by his fellow-shepherd Idmon, represented as of the same age with the deceased, and his constant companion on the banks of the Forth when he had been alive. Thus the opening lines—

> " In sweetest prime and blooming of his age,
> Dear Alcon, ravished from this mortal stage,
> The shepherds mourned, as they him loved before:
> Among the rout him Idmon did deplore."

The rest of the poem, accordingly, consists of the plaint of this supposed Idmon, very much as, in *Lycidas*, the words are supposed to be spoken by a fellow-swain of the dead Edward King of that elegy. While, however, there may be a certain slight interest on this account in comparing the poem with *Lycidas* (which was published in the very same year), the composition is so thin and poor on the whole, so much beneath Drummond's best, as hardly to be worth remembering as his at all, much less to be dwelt on as his in so trying a comparison. Besides the vast inferiority otherwise, there is a jar all through in the recollection that, while the shepherd who speaks in Milton's Monody is really Milton himself, or undistinguishable from him, the Idmon who grieves for Alcon could not be Drummond himself, and was merely an invented speaker for an obituary tribute which Drummond thought it proper to pay to the Earl of Stirling's son, and decided to pay in the pastoral form. With this explanation, an extract from Idmon's plaint may be given, the rather as it conveys some information as to the circumstances of the young Knight's death :—

> " When from thy native soil love had thee driven,
> Thy safe return prefigurating, a heaven
> Of flattering hopes did in my fancy move,
> Then little dreaming it should atoms prove.
> 'These groves preserve will I, these lovèd woods,
> These orchards rich with fruits, with fish these floods:
> My Alcon will return, and once again
> His chosen exiles he will entertain. "
> The populous city holds him; amongst harms
> Of some fierce Cyclops Circe's stronger charms.
> These banks,' said I, 'he visit will and streams,
> These silent shades ne'er kissed by courting beams;
> Far, far off I will meet him, as I best
> Shall him approaching know, and first be blest
> With his aspect: I first shall hear his voice,
> Him find the same he parted, and rejoice

"

To learn his passèd perils, know the sports
Of foreign shepherds, fawns, and fairy courts.
No pleasure to the fields: an happy state
The swains enjoy, secure from what they hate:
Free of proud cares, they innocently spend
The day, nor do black thoughts their ease offend;
Wise Nature's darlings they live in the world,
Perplexing not themselves how it is hurled.
These hillocks Phœbus loves, Ceres these plains,
These shades the Sylvans, and here Pales strains
Milk in the pails; the maids which haunt the springs
Dance on these pastures; here Amyntas sings;
Hesperian gardens, Tempe's shades are here,
Or what the eastern Ind and west hold dear.
Come then, dear youth; the wood-nymphs twine thee boughs,
With rose and lily, to impale thy brows.'
Thus ignorant I mused, not conscious yet
Of what by death was done and ruthless fate."

With the death of his second son lying at his heart, and with whatever troubles besides, Stirling had toiled through the winter of 1637-8, doing his best to manage the utterly unmanageable business of the Scottish tumults. And, when it had clearly proved itself to be unmanageable,—above all, when there came to London the news of "the damnable Covenant" of March, 1638,—then, I repeat, much of the blame, beyond any share that would be properly his, fell upon Stirling. Was it not *his* business to have given the king better information? was it not *his* business to have seen such and such documents better worded? What else was he Secretary for? *Recreations with the Muses*, when he ought to have been putting down Edinburgh hags! Such were the hard thoughts that occurred to the king, or were officiously fostered in his mind by some of the Scottish Privy Councillors who came to Court to clear themselves. Even before the crowning fact of the Covenant the rumour ran through Scotland that Stirling was in disgrace, and was to lose his Secretaryship.

That he was not actually disgraced may have been partly because the king, when his first wrath was over, did not see so much reason after all for blaming his old servant more than

others; but it seems to have been owing in part also to a natural and widely-felt pity for him under a new domestic calamity. In March, 1638,—the very month of the Covenant,—the Earl, still in mourning for his second son, lost his eldest. He died in London, unexpectedly, after a few days of fever; and his body, having been embalmed, was brought to Scotland, and buried beside his brother's in the Church of Stirling. The Covenanting Baillie, who was related somehow to the Alexander family, thus mentions the death in one of his letters to a foreign correspondent:—"With the President [Sir Robert Spotswood, son of the Chancellor-Archbishop, and President of the College of Justice] comes news of my Lord Alexander's "death. I have into it a loss of a near cousin and familiar "friend. The king did profess his loss of a servant of great "hopes. Ye know, beside the gallantness of his person, that "he was both wise, learned, and very well spoken. The coun- "try makes not much dool for him, for they took him for ane "advancer of the Episcopal causes to his power. It fears me "his death will undo that rising house: their debts are great; "his father is old, and extremely hated of all the country for "his alleged bribery, urging of the Psalms, and the Books "[Service-Books] for them [*i.e.*, on account of the Psalms], "overwhelming us with his Black Money. His son [the son "of the young lord] is but ane infant; his brother Sir An- "thony, and Robert also, are dead; Henry will not be able "yet for his place; and, if he should, what he can gain must "be for himself, and not the House. Many who intended his "father's overthrow were withholden for respect to him [Lord "Alexander]."——To this we may add what seems to be Drummond's letter of condolence to the Earl, some weeks after the occasion:—

"*To the Right Honourable the* EARL OF STIRLING.

"When the pitiful news came of so dear funerals, though I had an intention to have written to your Lordship, I restrained

myself, both because your wound was flagrant, and that I had not an argument of comfort which was not your own. Nothing is now left me but to manifest that the sense of this loss could not but perplex him grievously who never made any difference between your fortunes and his own. I hold myself co-partner of all your griefs, as I have been of your prosperities. I know your fatherly affection; I know too your constancy; which, being seasoned with piety, will not suffer you to repine at that which is the determined will of God. Your erudition and experience instruct you that such accidents should be taken in good part and cheerfully which are not incident to us alone, and which by our sighs, tears, and plaints, we may not evite and put far from us. You must not attend till time mitigate your languor; for this do the vulgar sort of men, with *Sola dies poterit tantum lenire dolorem.* A wise man should prevent and anticipate time, overrun new-born grief; which is an ungrateful guest, thrusting out and ransacking the masters of the inn. I, who am conscious to your patience and wisdom, am assured you have performed all this already; upon which confidence I will leave off to trouble you further, or lay a heavier burden and needless task upon myself.

"W. DRUMMOND." *

Stirling lived on in his Secretaryship, still sufficiently in favour with the King, through the brief remainder of his life. There was even some conjecture whether he might not be employed on a service for Charles of greater responsibility and dignity than any yet imposed upon him. For, after revolving the whole business of the Scottish Revolt, and taking counsel with his English ministers, Charles had abandoned as hopeless the project that had been first suggested to him, of trying to crush the Covenanters by mustering an opposing force within Scotland itself. He had come to two definite resolutions instead. The first, and more secret, was to raise, as soon as possible, an English army, with which, and the help of a contingent from Ireland, to invade Scotland, restore authority, and punish the rebels; the

* Drummond's Works, p. 145. The letter is not dated; I have assumed it to be on the occasion of Lord Alexander's death; but it is just possible it may have been on a previous death in the family.

other was to send a Plenipotentiary into Scotland, to treat with the rebels in the meantime, make the best bargain with them that circumstances would permit, get them on any pretext to dissolve their "damnable covenant," and altogether pre-arrange things so that, when the English and Irish forces should be ready, Scotland might be walked over and all bargains annulled with the least trouble. Who should the Plenipotentiary be? There was much speculation on this point. Several Scottish nobleman were named on guess, and Stirling among them, though it was acknowledged that *his* antecedents made him very unlikely; the Earl of Traquair was the favourite. At length (May, 1638) it was announced that Charles had chosen from a higher heaven than that of regular Scottish officialism, and appointed his kinsman and intimate friend, the Marquis of Hamilton. As the very highest, with one exception, of the Scottish nobility, and yet hitherto quite out of the turmoil personally, the Marquis would enter on the mission with every advantage.

The Marquis of Hamilton's mission carries on the History of Scotland from May to the end of December, 1638; but there was an important pausing-point on the 22nd of September. The essence of the story to that point is as follows :—

The Marquis came empowered to grant concessions to the Covenanters. *That* was involved in the very fact of his mission. The question was between the amount of concession he was empowered to grant and the amount the Covenanters were determined to exact. Now the Marquis came empowered to grant, or at least to offer at first, only the most wretched *minimum* that it was possible to devise—a suspension of the Service-Book and Canons till they could be legally introduced, a rectification of the Court of High Commission, and a promise of a General Assembly of the Kirk and a meeting of Parliament to discuss matters at large at some convenient time : all this, moreover, to be conditional on the immediate abnegation of

the Covenant and dissolution of the Tables. The Covenanters, on the other hand, not only regarded the Covenant as a solemn oath which they could not unswear, and the Tables as their established executive which it would be suicidal to dissolve before everything was secure; but, the Covenant having by this time gone through the country like wildfire, they had resolved not to be satisfied with even the entire abrogation of Charles's own recent innovations—the Service-Book, the Canons, and the High Commission—but to take the opportunity of sweeping away also the ceremonies and the diocesan powers of Bishops which had been introduced by James, so as to get back as nearly as possible to Knox and the old Presbyterian basis. If they did not yet demand the abolition of Episcopacy altogether, but seemed to think only of a limitation of Episcopacy, it was partly because they were willing that this should remain an open question for the General Assembly and Parliament, the speedy calling of which they made all-essential. Between the two parties thus confronting each other for negotiation there was for three or four months an incessant tugging and manœuvring, an incessant trial of firmness and skill, but with the result on the whole that, as the Covenanters would not yield an inch from their positions, the Marquis had to go over to them. Accordingly, after he had twice gone back to London for fresh instructions, after the King had writhed with pain inexpressible under the necessity of yielding, and would at once have begun war had he not known that the Covenanters were better prepared for that emergency than himself, there was the form of a full surrender. On the 22nd of September there were three Proclamations in his Majesty's name at the Cross of Edinburgh —one of them a General Declaration, revoking the Service-Book, the Canons, and the High Commission absolutely, suspending all the unpopular Kirk-ceremonies, and promising a limitation of Episcopacy; the others calling a General Assembly at Glasgow on the 21st of November, and a Parliament at Edinburgh on the 15th of May. The only drawback was a

proposal to attenuate or modify the Covenant, by substituting for it another document, the same in the main, but different in some particulars, in which the King would be glad to agree with his Scottish subjects. Not troubling themselves too much about this proposal, though resolved not to accept it, the Covenanters were satisfied with their victory, and there were rejoicings through all the land.

It was at this moment that Drummond stepped forward, or at least made the gesture of stepping forward, with an address to his countrymen of all ranks, and to his Majesty also.

We understand sufficiently by this time what is likely to have been Drummond's state of mind through the recent agitation. Willing enough for a while that Charles and Laud should succeed in shaping the Kirk to their pleasure, and probably also himself preferring something of the Prelatic pattern they were devising, but intrinsically, I should say, rather indifferent as to the pattern of the institution altogether, if only it were one that would leave the country at peace, and allow elbow-room to people of peculiar ways of thinking, he had found himself obliged at length, by the force of facts, to question the royal policy, and the blundering zeal of its agents, the Scottish Bishops. On the whole, I should say, before the tumults had actually broken out, he had come to side politically with the Traquair party in the Scottish Privy Council, whose object it was to sustain the king's authority, but recover popularity for it by keeping the Bishops more strictly in their places. Traquair, at any rate, had won his regards; for, either on Traquair's appointment to the Treasurership-Depute in 1630, or on his promotion to the High-Treasurership in 1635, Drummond had sent him some congratulatory verses, in acknowledgment of his lordship's constant zeal towards the Muses. "They "have fair hopes," he there said, "that the advancement of "your Lordship is the advancement of them; for, the body "preceding, the shadow must follow. Your lordship being

"near the helm of the State, they expect a new Saturnian "world."* Not on this evidence alone, however, may we suppose the Traquair party in the Privy Council to have had Drummond's best wishes through 1635, 1636, and that portion of 1637 which preceded the Service-Book Riots. The Traquair party was then, indeed, the hope of all moderate men, and even of the Presbyterian dissentients throughout the country. But, when the Traquair party had not been able to avert the Service-Book, and stood equally implicated with the Spotswood or Bishops' party in the consequent crash (it was even said by Traquair's enemies that he had purposely urged the Service-Book in order to bring on the crash), what were Drummond's feelings? Indignation, I have no doubt, at the St. Giles's riot, and at the rising of the Edinburgh mob against the constituted authorities—movings as these were of that most horrible of all creatures in his imagination, the populace, or Blatant Beast. Nor can the subsequent flocking into Edinburgh of the dissentient nobles, lairds, burgesses, and ministers, to constitute their Tables, and organize a national confederacy against the king's government, have seemed less shocking to him. Farther reflection must have come, however, as he gauged the dimensions of the movement so organised, and especially after he saw it hoist the banner of the NATIONAL COVENANT in March, 1638. Clearly this was no longer a loose popular commotion that could be trampled down by any ordinary exertion of the executive, but a full-grown and ably-managed League of the majority of the Scottish People of all ranks, which Charles could never put down, except by frank concession of all that was demanded, or by the murderous alternative of a Civil War. There must have been a significance for Drummond, more keen and exact than we can recover, in the very names of the leaders of the confederacy. Whatever he may have personally known or thought of such parish-ministers as Henderson, Dickson, Rutherford, Baillie, Gillespie, and Cant, their reputation and power among

* Drummond's Works (1711), p. 136.

their countrymen can have been no secret to him; among the representatives of the Scottish Lairds and Burghs in the Covenant he saw many men of greater social weight and greater experience in affairs than himself; and in the cluster of nobles that formed the aristocratic top of the confederacy he saw some who were acquaintances of his own, and others whose ancestors figured with effect enough in that *History of the Five Jameses* which he had been recently composing. Might not some of these have inherited the ancestral faculty of thwarting kings, and fashioning Scottish History in spite of kings? Rothes, Loudoun, Cassilis, Balmerino, and the other Parliamentary Radicals of 1633, were now but the centre of a band of some thirty Scottish Peers, including some sturdy old greyheads, and such younger spirits as the Earl of Lothian (the son of his old friend Ancram) and that wonderful young Earl of Montrose of whose genius and flashing eagerness to distinguish himself everybody was talking. His own brother-in-law, Sir John Scot of Scotstarvet, had taken the Covenant, and was a leading man among the Covenanters.

"Well, what times we *have* got into!" may be taken as a fair summary of Drummond's meditations with himself after his first disgust at the popular outbreak was over, and he had taken a measure of the facts. Even the humours of the crisis began to come in upon him, and, by exercising his pen in little squibs and spurts of satire, to temper his disgust or grief. The poor plight of the Scottish Bishops, for example, in the crash that had befallen their system, had a comical aspect for him as well as for their declared enemies; and he could place himself in the point of view of their enemies, and ironically lead the clamour against them thus:—

> "Do all pens slumber still? Dare not one try
> In trembling lines to let some pasquil fly?
> Each hour a satire craveth to display
> The secrets of this tragic-comic play.
> If love should let me write, I think you'd see
> The Pyrenees and Alps come skip to me,

And laugh themselves asunder, if I'd trace
The hurly-burly of state-business,
And to the world abusèd once but tell
The legend of Ignatian Machiavel,
That old bold smoking monster, and the pride
Of these usurping prelates that dare ride
Upon authority and look so gay,
As if, good men, they ought, forsooth, to sway
Church, State, and all. Plague on that damnèd crew
Of such hell's black-mouthed hounds! It's of a new
That Roman pandars boldly dared to woo,
Nay strain, a gentle king these things to do,
That move the French, Italian, and Spain,
In a luxurious and insulting strain
To sing *Te Deum*, 'cause they hope to see
The glory of the Popish Prelacy
Raisèd above his royal throne apace,
To drown his minor light with prouder face.
These hounds, they have engaged him on the stage
Of sharp-eyed Europe; nay, there's not a page
But thinks he may laugh freely when he sees
Kings buffoons act and Bishops tragedies."*

There is irony in this; but we may question whether it is all irony, and whether Drummond did not write in his assumed character of Episcopomastix with some good-will. Perhaps, however, he was more in his own vein when he wrote—

"Bishops are like the *turners*, most men say;
Though now cried down, they'll up some other day."

Or this against Andrew Ramsay, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, and now a Covenanter—

"Rams aye run backward when they would advance:
Who knows if Ramsay may find such a chance,
By playing the stiff Puritan, to wear
A Bishop's rochet yet another year?"

Or this—

"God never had a church, but there, men say,
The Devil hath raised a chapel by some wiles:
I doubted of this saw till on a day
I westward spied great Edinburgh's St. Giles."

* From "Drummond's Lines on the Bishops, 14 April, 1638," printed in the Maitland Club Edition of *Drummond's Poetical Works* (pp. 404-406), "from a manuscript in the Advocates' Library, in the handwriting of Sir James Balfour."

But, while Drummond thus amused himself with the humours of the crisis, and satirised right and left indiscriminately, not the less was he anxious at heart for a restoration of peace and order, and consequently for the success of the Marquis of Hamilton's mission. He himself, of course, stood aloof from the Covenant; to sign which, so long as Charles's Privy Council remained even nominally the government, there could be no actual compulsion for men in his position. But he must have marked the fever of subscription to it and swearing to it that pervaded the country; and, though he may have had reason to think that thousands who signed it did so only to be like their neighbours and avoid trouble, and that in some districts the moral pressure exercised by the clergy and lairds in its behalf was little better than tyranny, still the increasing invincibility of the League by anything short of a civil war, promoted by armed force from England, must have been more apparent to him with every day that passed. Hence, as such an extremity seemed to him the most horrible of disasters, his anxiety was to see the Marquis come to terms with the Covenanters, whatever they might be. Nor, after all, was there anything so intrinsically terrific in the extreme terms of the Covenanters themselves that he or any peaceable lay Scotsman should object to them, if only the King would be satisfied. When, therefore, on the 22nd of September, proclamation was made that the King had in substance yielded all the demands of the Covenanters, Drummond was little less delighted than if he had been a Covenanter himself. He sat down at once to write an address to his countrymen, congratulating them on the happy event, and at the same time inculcating on all ranks and classes of them the sentiments proper in connexion with it.

He entitled the address *Irene* (*i.e.*, "Peace"): *or A Remonstrance for Concord, Amity, and Love amongst His Majesty's Subjects;* and the title well indicates its character. It is of the size of a considerable pamphlet, very thoughtfully and eloquently written, in the most earnest mood throughout,

and with many traits of Drummond that are interesting, and some that are likeable. Whether, however, because he was too late in finishing it, or because he was dubious of its reception, he did not publish it. Copies, nevertheless, were distributed privately in manuscript; and there is extant at least one note of his, addressed to some noble Lord, which accompanied one of these copies. "My Lord," the note runs, "having made a "promise to my soul never to employ it to another use than to "that where charity is required, I send you this Essay, a "Remonstrance of Peace and Obedience for the Country. "Force hath less power over a great heart than duty."* There is proof, in short, that, though not actually published, Drummond's *Irene* was in the hands of some persons of influence immediately after it was written, and was heard of with curiosity by others.

The Pamphlet opens strikingly thus :—

"As pilgrims, wandering in the night by the inconstant glances of the moon, when they behold the morning gleams; as mariners, after tempests on the seas, at their arrival in safe harbours; as men that are perplexed and taken with some ugly visions and affrightments in their slumbers, when they are awaked and calmly roused up: so did this Kingdom, State, nay the whole Isle, amidst those suspicions, jealousies, surmises, misrepresentations, terrors more than panic, after the late Declaration of the King's Majesty find themselves surprised and over-reached with unexpected and inexpressible joys. Religion was mourning, Justice wandering, Peace seeking whither to fly; a strange, hideous, grim, and pale Shadow of a Government was begun to crawl abroad, putting up a hundred heads. Men's courages were growing hot, their hatred kindled, all either drawing their swords or laying hands upon them. The enemy was the Country; the quarrel Differences of Opinions. Towns were pestered with guards of armed citizens, the country and villages thralled with dormant musters;

* The above is the whole letter, as printed by Mr. Laing in his Hawthornden Extracts, *Arch. Scot.*, IV. 95. One infers from the wording that the noble Lord addressed was some leading Covenanter, whom Drummond was sorry to see in that company, and wished, if possible, to rescue.

the danger seemed great, the fear greater: all expected the Prince would enter the lists. And so he did! Mean things must yield unto the more noble; *vicit amor patriæ;* that same wind which gathered the clouds did dissipate them. He not only giveth way to our zeal, graciously assenting to all our desires, but condescendeth, nay commandeth, that our own writ should be current, and embraced by all his subjects. To human eyes a perfect conclusion of our wretched distractions!"

There follows much laudation of King Charles for his wisdom and management in having at last granted the concessions, all in the tone of a man who thoroughly approved of the concessions and had himself desired them, but still considered that the King ought now to have the full credit. There is also a glowing apostrophe to Peace, and a welcome of the blessed prospect of her re-appearance in Scotland. But, to convert that prospect into reality, there must be a unanimous thankfulness to the King for his present gracious yielding, with a candid allowance for all the causes (distance of place, misinformation, multiplicity of cares, &c.) which had prevented his yielding sooner; and there must also be the most zealous co-operation with him for the future. "It is the duty of every "man not only to rest satisfied with this fair way and entrance "to peace, concord, and unanimity, which the Prince most "graciously hath yielded unto, but to endeavour and use all "possible means and industry that they may be permanent, "lasting, and eternal, so that division, strife, and dissension be "wholly taken away and extinguished, that the people be "recalled, tamed, and persuaded to live in quietness, recover "the taste of government, peaceably exercising their wonted "trades and arts, and that differences and doubts, if any yet "remain, be pleaded and decided by reason and law, and not "by violence and arms."

Obedience, Drummond proceeds to say, is the main principle of all civil society; and, under the guise of this maxim, he inculcates, without any stint or measure, his own peculiar

political conservatism. Absolute submission in every matter, and at all costs, to the officially-declared authority of the Prince, whatever may be one's own opinion or private repugnance: nothing short of this seems to be the political belief into which Drummond had reasoned himself. To this proposition, in its most naked and offensive form, he seems to have been quite willing to commit himself, if urged to it, and this on the plea that in no middle proposition could he find either logical or practical resting-ground from that other extreme of Democracy which he found unfigurable altogether, or could only figure hatefully as chaos. But let him speak for himself—

"Obedience being the strongest pedestal of concord, and concord the principal pillar of State, we should always embrace and follow her, if we would enjoy a civil happiness, or at least use her as a bridle, helm, or stay to our wild perturbations and disordered passions. Imagine in the statutes, edicts, and ordinances of Princes there be many things contrary to our opinions, and which do displease us; to such difficulties, contrarieties, and differences, let us apply the remedies of patience and obedience. For it is not lawful for a subject to be a syndic of the actions of his Prince in matters of State, being for the most part ignorant of the secret causes and motives upon which they are grounded; it belonging only to God Almighty, the searcher of all hearts, to censure and judge the actions of Princes, from whom alone they have their royal power and sovereignty. . . . If inferior subjects were permitted to examine, approve, and condemn the ordinances of their magistrates, where were the security and safety of the Commonwealth? The greater number, rejecting the obedience and yoke of the fewer, would make all things common, or everything their own; servants should violently over-run their masters, vassals their patrons, children their parents, the strong the weak, the poor the rich, and all civil order be overturned, confusion entering in where obedience goeth out."

A practical consequence of this doctrine was that there should be an immediate dissolution of the Covenant—

"Let us then, to this effect, give over and desist from all

Leagues and Confederations (which are, in plain terms, Treasons), secret Fraternities, Bonds amongst ourselves or with foreigners, without warrant and leave granted by Royal Authority; it belonging only to the Prince to confederate and league his People: for otherwise ordinarily all such Bonds, Practices, and Intercourse end in the ruin of the State. A League giveth a Law to a King, and is an usurpation of those rights, pre-eminences, and prerogatives, which the Crown reserveth only to the Prince; it abolisheth the oath of fidelity which the subjects owe him; it transferreth the Royalty into a confusion and oligarchy—which cannot but bring forth divisions, and occasion envy, jealousies, quarrels, and complaints, to which all oligarchies and associations are usually subject; and it is a visible preparation for a change in the State. To league a people is to make them know their strength and power,—how many heads, how many hands, what riches, what arms they have,—and to dissolve in one day that power and frame which in a monarchy hath been joined and soldered together many ages, and thus to bring in a popular State, or warn and cite a People to make choice of a new Master. In all which interval and space of change, poor silly men, they are miserably oppressed; for by a League a man or nation is invassaled and thralled to obey and follow another man's or nation's pleasure, to give obedience to many when he oweth it but to one. He that is not his own, but another man's, and yet a man, the same, saith Aristotle, is a bound slave. Now he is another man's whosoever, being a man, is possessed of another. Such are all Leaguers."

Drummond next passes on to remonstrate with each of the great sections of his countrymen respectively. First of all he lectures the Nobility and Gentry, having in view more especially, we are to suppose, the Nobles and Lairds who had joined the Covenant and composed two of its Governing Tables. He is extremely severe in his address to them, not concealing his opinion that the great mass of them were actuated by motives of personal revenge or ambition, though they made religion and the public interests their pretext. One passage may be quoted :—

"If the Prince holdeth not his Crown of you, but of God (who distributeth honours as it seemeth best unto Him) and the ancient laws of His kingdom; if his crown be not by election, but by a lineal succession; if he be lawfully invested, anointed, and crowned: why should ye servants give a law to your Master? What honours, riches, greatness, you enjoy you have all from the kings his ancestors; and you owe him all subjection, service, and obedience. Who assume and usurp the rights of their Sovereign the laws of God and Man proclaim worthy of death. Good Princes should be obeyed; yea, evil Princes should be tolerated: God who raised Kings above you holdeth Himself wronged in their wrongs, and revengeth the injuries done unto them. Though they should in some things go beyond their duties, they are not to be judged by their subjects; for no power within their dominions is superior to theirs. What can you purchase, by some few months' liberty of dancing to your own shadows in new magistracies, offices of State, imaginary and fantastical councils, landscapes of commonwealths, and an icy grandeur erected by yourselves to impair and derogate from sovereignty and to dissolve government, but a part of a tragi-comedy? . . . The climacteric and period of the Monarchical Governments of Europe is not yet come: and when, or if ever, it shall come, ye who are Nobles shall perish with it; for the Commons, then *all* Princes, will not suffer in *their* statutes, edicts, and ordinances, any longer I, but WE. In distribution and parting of honours, offices, riches, and lands, they will proceed after an arithmetical proportion, and not a geometrical; towns will close their gates upon you; and ye may some day expect a Sicilian Even-Song."

The address to the Common People need not be quoted from: it is simply to the effect that they are seduced, deceived, misled, are sure to be the chief sufferers in the end, and had better at once return to their allegiance, their shops, ploughs, and handicrafts. The address to the Clergy is more subtle and complex, and deserves some attention, not only because it shows the relation in which Drummond chose to stand publicly to such Presbyterian contemporaries of his as Henderson, Baillie, Rutherford, and Gillespie, but also because it brings out special reasons of his for appearing in that relation. For the fact

is, that underneath Drummond's doctrine of Passive Obedience, and probably the chief secret source of his liking for that new obsolete doctrine, was his unusual zeal for an important form of Liberty, about which he saw his Covenanting fellow-countrymen sadly indifferent.

It would hardly be a paradox to maintain that not a few of the defenders of the Passive Obedience principle in state-politics have been actuated, in considerable degree, by a regard for that freedom of individual thought which students and speculative men always value more than the active multitude. When there is a democratic movement in a country, an agitation for political liberty, or for the rights of the collective body-politic against despotism or hereditary prerogative, it is in the very nature of things, especially if there is life-and-death danger, that the partisans of the movement shall band together in the biggest possible mass, shall adopt watchwords defining their immediate aims, shall sink minor differences among themselves, shall ostracise and black-mark all who do not come into their confederacy, shall construct a system to be imposed on the country when they win the game, and shall push on in the faith and hope of that system, with even threats of what shall happen to opponents when it comes into supremacy. In such a condition of affairs there is little patience with any demand for intellectual liberty for the individual. It is like the demand of a luxury for some few while the community at large want food. All the while, however, those whose habits have made this luxury essential for themselves, or who have perhaps perceived that it is no mere luxury, but the very breath of human life—all the while, I say, these persons are looking on; and some of them, unable to reconcile the passion for collective liberty which they see rampant with security for the individual liberty in which they have a true interest, wrap themselves in from the rampant passion in a mantle of proclaimed disgust, and resile to any extreme of the doctrine of Prerogative. In some cases of such conduct in the past it may have been because the un-

popular dissentients knew by experience that under the old authority there would still be liberty for their own ideas, whereas under the new system striven for there would be liberty also for other people's. In other cases, however, there was no such selfish narrowness, but a real willingness to see a protection for all differences.

This decidedly appears to have been Drummond's predicament. We have seen already that he had no sympathy with the persecuting and repressive policy of Charles's past government, but could on occasion stand forth boldly in defence of free speech. It was not, then, because he thought individual liberty had been sufficiently respected under the system of use-and-wont, which the Covenanters were bent on subverting, that he fell back on the doctrine of passive obedience to the Prince. He probably regarded the persecutions of prominent Presbyterian ministers under Charles and his father as shabby and unnecessary stretches of power; and one of his objections to Laud's high Episcopacy, when he came to know it, must have been that such persecutions would be multiplied under it, and that excellent and pious men, whose only fault was that they were a little crazed about Predestination or the Sabbath, or absurdly squeamish about surplices and candles, would have no peace left them. But then, looking forward to what Scotland was likely to be when the Covenanters had fashioned it to their pleasure, he foresaw, quite as distinctly, that under that rule there would be no toleration for the opposite sorts of opinions and prejudices. Calvinism, Sabbatarianism, and Presbyterian ritual and discipline would then be in the ascendant; and, though it might be but a small minority that would care to have a little liberty of Arminian Theology, or Roman Catholicism, or Ritualism, reserved them, or that would be aggrieved by the prohibition of surplices and symbolic candles, why should that minority not have quiet corners left for their habitation? All this being in Drummond's mind, and the concessions of the King to the recent Presbyterian demands having probably made

it easier for him to conceive an ideal state of things, in which, under a single high-minded authority atop, there should be no tyranny of majority over minority, or of one denomination of subjects over another, but a fine general carelessness of trifles and indulgence in differences, we have the curious fact that Drummond, so conspicuously the advocate in 1638 of that doctrine of Passive Obedience which the Scottish Presbyterian Clergy were manfully throwing off, was yet the conspicuous advocate also of that principle of Toleration or Individual Liberty which these Clergy repudiated and meant to suppress. How difficult it is to apportion praise and blame among the men of past times! Henderson and his Presbyterian colleagues were ably, courageously, and energetically leading a cause unquestionably righteous, and were cleaving the way for a great political liberation, the benefits of which were not to stop within Scotland, but were to extend to England and all the British Islands. Yet these same men intended a system of compulsory Calvinistic and Presbyterian uniformity when they should come into power, and, when they did come into power, established such a system, and denounced the doctrine of Toleration or Liberty of Individual Conscience as impious and diabolic. Drummond, on the other hand, who shuddered at the manly pugnacity of these men, and insisted on the figment of Passive Obedience which they were tearing to tatters, was indubitably the one eminent representative in Scotland of the idea of Toleration or Liberty of Difference.

In proof of what has been said, take the following string of extracts from the part of the *Irene* which consists of an address to the Scottish clergy. The reader will obtain from the extracts also some light on Drummond's own Theology and his views of the History of the Church :—

"Ye lights of the world, examples of holiness and all virtues, you living libraries of knowledge, sanctuaries of goodness, look upon the fragility of mankind! The bodies of commonwealths are already turned into skeletons, the cities into sepulchres, the

fields into shambles, the trees into gibbets. Pity the human race, spare the blood of man; the earth is drunk with it, the waters empurpled, the air empoisoned; and all by you. For they who give advice and counsel for the performing of evil actions cause them, and do these actions themselves; and they who command them, and approve them when done, are beyond the actors guilty. . . . Holy chain betwixt Heaven and Earth, how art thou profaned! How long shall ambition, emulation, avarice, malice, revenge, make a cloak of thee to their most irreligious ends? If we must fight for thee, have we not millions of infidels to pursue, and that bloody race of Ottoman which possesseth the fairest bounds and dearest pledges of Christianity of all the earth? But for what great matters concerning thee would we now launch forth into a sea of blood? Not for renewing thy beauty; not for supporting thy glory; not for propagation of thee amongst the sunburnt nations of the South, or the far East, or North, or Western wildernesses; but for taking from thee what thou hast many ages since purchased, for turning thee as naked as when thou first appeared in the world, for quintessencing and alembicking thee, and using thee as alchemists do gold, which they turn often into sophisticate powders. Sacred race! have you no remorse when ye enter into the cabinets of your own hearts, and there, for arras and portraits, find millions of Christians represented unto you disfigured, massacred, butchered, and made havoc of in all the fashions the imaginations of wicked mankind could devise, for the maintaining of those opinions and problems which ye are conscious to yourselves are but Centaurs' children, the imaginations and fancies of your own brains, concerning which ye would argue with and chide one another, but never shed one ounce of your blood? Have you no remorse that by your rhetoric, under pretence of piety and devotion, ye persuade a populace to cast off that obedience they have sworn to their native Kings, arise in arms against them, breathe nothing but spoil, vengeance, and rebellion? . . . With what countenances can ye look upon your Master, at whose nativity Angels proclaimed the joyful embassy of peace unto Men and glory to God; whose last will was love and peace; who so often recommended patience and suffering; whose example in all his actions ever crieth peace? But ye have transformed truth into rhetoric, by your commentaries destroyed the texts; the shadows have deprived us of the bodies; the echoes, so often redoubled and

multiplied amongst mountainous concavities, have drowned and made unheard the proper and personal voice. . . . Ye may err, *non solum errore personali, sed judiciali.* How then have ye raised yourselves to that height of presumption to assume the power of God in sainting some and sending others to the infernal ghosts as they favour you and your cause? Ye have named many martyrs who have been infernal furies, and many good have ye drawn your sword against who have been innocently guiltless. Why, in an hungry rage of vainglory and false constancy, do ye eat and gnaw upon one another with malignant disputations and reproachful violence? Are ye not afraid to find the accomplishment of that prophecy of Bernard, that the Saviour of the world will come down from Heaven, and beat out of his Temple the Priests, as once he did the Buyers and Sellers? Compound your differences and controversies; forsake your furious disputes; use your eloquence to quench the flames of rebellion, and not to blow them up; labour to establish order, not to bring in confusion; study unity and not distractions; seek not so much cunningly to make men know what goodness is as to make them embrace and cheerfully follow it. A little practice of goodness is many degrees above abstract contemplations, disputes, and your learned orations; at least suffer never your differences to arise to that height as to keep citizens amongst themselves irreconcileable, or that they trouble the state of a kingdom, and, though they walk through diverse paths, but that they may all meet and condescend upon one highway. . . . If we shall consider this Universe, *ex diversis substantiis, diversis officiis, constans, diversitatibus corporatur et temperatur:* the Sovereign Creator of this All making nothing but in order, and that not being but where there is a difference and diversity; yea, not only this Universal in general, but there is no creature in it, not a body, not a simple, that is not composed and existing with some diversity. Gems, gold, the minerals, the elements, exist not pure; the Planets have a motion contrary to the First Moveable: yet is there a perfect harmony in all this great frame, and a discording concord maketh all the parcels of it delightful. Of the diversity and variety which is in this world ariseth that beauty so wonderful and amazing to our eyes. In architecture diversity doth not destroy conformity; the limbs of a noble fabric may be correspondent enough though they be various. We find not two persons of one and the same shape, figure, and lineaments of the face, much less of the same con-

ditions, qualities, and humours, though they be of the self-same parents; and why do we seek to find men all of one thought and one opinion in formalities and matters disputable? Or, if they shall be found dissonant and disagreeing from the vulgarly received opinions or errors, why should we, by our fancy and law of power, banish, proscribe, design, or expose them to slaughter? Why should we only honour and respect those of our opinions as our friends, and carry ourselves towards others as if they were beasts and trees, nay as our enemies? Were it not more seemly and meet to make a difference between men according to their vice or virtue? There be many wicked men of our profession, and a great number of good and civil men of other professions. *Suadenda est Religio, non imperanda.* The consciences of men neither should nor will be forced by the violence of iron and fire; nor will souls be compelled to believe that which they believe not: they are not drawn nor subdued but by evidence and demonstrations."

The Treatise is wound up with an address to King Charles himself. "And, now, Sir," Drummond begins, "if ever this paper shall have the happiness to kiss your royal hands . . . ; but suddenly he stops this direct form of address, and throws the speech, for greater decorum, into the form of a pleading by Scotia herself, personified as prostrate at Charles's feet. It is very eloquent, and, though in the language of profound loyalty, contains some home-truths for Charles. Thus, after confessing that her children have gone greviously astray and forgotten their duty, Scotia continues :—

"Since one evil amendeth not another, vanquish and subdue them by mercy. The impregnable fortress of a Prince is the love of his subjects; which doth only arise from the height of his clemency. And this excess of meekness is in him a kind of Justice. Extremities had changed their humility into rage, their sugar into wormwood, their obedience into a disorderly revolt. It was not Religion alone which did occasion these troubles; she was combined with State; their first miseries were the occasion of all which hath since followed. Suspicions, misconstructions, and false fears for the liberties of their birth and country, in many matters violated, and their common unity

endangered; credulity in believing that all things were carried by the hands of some few, that the managing of the public affairs was trusted to men who would clip them to the quick, not fleece them; taxes and customs daily enhanced; extreme poverty, the principal ground of novations and alterations: all these turned them from one evil to another, changed their hopes into despair, and, like men in shipwrack, made them catch at anything which came nearest to help. And, if they shall enterprise and undertake aught hereafter, it shall be out of distrust, and by way of necessity, having nothing now, as they conceive, remaining but arms and courageous hearts, their vows to Heaven, and their promises one to another upon Earth. . . . Dissolve, and, like another Alexander, cut these Gordian knots of Leagues and Rebellion, but without the blood of your People. *Qui ducuntur non errant; necessaria venia est ubi totus erravit exercitus.* For, if you should, Sir, you shall make your power odious every way, even to yourself; your loyal subjects shall smart and suffer with the bad, being their friends, kinsmen, compatriots, and be compelled, for the necessity of *their* safety, to run the same course with them, and, to prevent *their* harm, be partners and companions of their dangers. The drawing of your sword against them shall be the drawing of it against yourself; instead of triumphs, you shall obtain nothing but sad exequies and moanful funerals. . . . Turn me not, Sir, your country, into shambles, a desert wilderness, a sepulchre, a monument of desolation. By that duty and reverence you owe to God Almighty, who placed you to represent Him upon Earth; by the ashes and memories of so many kings, your predecessors, who here so peaceably reigned; by that charity which is due to me, your native country; if there be no king so good as yourself; if there be no people which more dearly love their kings (however now in an ague) than this; if they have lost anything of what they feign to be Liberty (which is only a power to do what is convenient): restore it unto them; change their troubles into rest, their miseries into prosperity, their dissensions into concord and peace!"

It is with a certain humorous pleasure that one finds that, if Drummond placed at one end of his political philosophy a strenuous doctrine of *passive obedience* on the part of the subject, he tried to counterbalance it at the other end by an equally strenuous recommendation to the King of a policy of

unenforced command. Without dwelling, however, on the rather abstract oddity of a political philosophy revolving on two such poles, or inquiring how it would work in practice, one may rest with a certain respect, and even admiration, on Drummond's patriotic intention in penning so peculiar a pamphlet at so critical a time. As it was written with the most passionate earnestness, and from a point of view which was neither that of the King nor that of the vast majority of Drummond's countrymen, so there was much in it that might have been useful on both sides. The advice to Charles, at least, was excellent. "Change your ways, or you are a lost King; oppose no longer this banded determination of the Scots to have their Kirk and State settled to their own liking; above all, give up your horrible purpose of invading Scotland with an English army and asserting your authority and Laud's crotchets by war and bloodshed:" such was the exact substance of the advice, and Charles never received a better. The advice to the Covenanters was not so perfectly to the point. The protest in behalf of Toleration and Liberty of Religious Difference was, indeed, much needed. Could the Covenanters at this early period of their history have taken something of the tenet thus urged upon them into their political creed, the career of Scottish Presbyterianism in the few years that were immediately coming might have lost none of its real emphasis, and there would not afterwards have been its deserved break-down and condemnation under the criticisms of some of its first well-wishers among the largest minds of England. Yet the moment for such advice lay perhaps a little ahead of that which Drummond had chosen; and, at all events, had it been published among the Covenanters, it would have been vitiated for most of them by the accompaniments. For, in the main matter, which these accompaniments concerned, the Covenanters were decidedly in the right, and Drummond was querulously in the wrong. Passive Obedience to the Prince! Pshaw! it was not a principle that had ever been very deep

in the Scottish mind, and what rag of it *was* there had been torn out by recent experience and argumentation. Did any man mean to say that, if nine-tenths of the Scottish people were Calvinistic and Presbyterian, they had not a right to insist that their national Church, if they were to have one at all, should be of their own pattern, and not a gewgaw fabricated for them by a Berkshire ecclesiastical upholsterer? Did any man mean to say that they were to be dragooned, and fined, and banished, and hanged into accepting Dr. Laud's ideal Beauty of Holiness, or even the best Church in the world, if they did not like it? Did any man mean to say that they had any way left of getting rid of the torture, in Church and State, that had so long been inflicted on them, but sheer revolt? Could any man deny that Charles's late concessions had been wrung from him only by a display of force which astounded him, and which he was not prepared to resist? Could any man deny that he had yielded in appearance only, and that, as soon as he should be able, he would annul all his concessions, restore all he had consented to abrogate, and exact vengeance? And yet Mr. Drummond could represent all as now satisfactory, exhort to peace and a cessation from farther effort, perfume his periods to that effect with the water of roses, and, for the rest, assail with eloquent invective all classes of his countrymen for that very course of action which had brought about the consummation he praised! Observe the very gist of his advice! Was it not that there should be an immediate dissolution of the Covenant? What was this but playing into the King's hands? What was the single remaining stumbling-block of the crisis but the demand made by the King that, in return for his concessions, the Scots should dissolve their League, surrender their Covenant, and join with him in another Covenant which was much the same, only more to the royal taste? Was not this the one remaining subject of heat and dispute between the Marquis of Hamilton and the Covenanting leaders? Had it not been well considered by the Covenanting leaders;

and, with all their willingness to be fair and reasonable, had they not come to the conclusion that the King's proposal of another Covenant was but a politic device to introduce discord into their ranks? Their own Covenant was not a toy which they could throw aside, like children, because another was offered; it was a solemn oath between them and Heaven, and they would stand by it to the last!

The matter of the rival Covenants was for some time very serious. The conclusion of Henderson and the other Covenanting leaders for abiding by the original Covenant having, however, been aided by the fact that the chief alacrity for the King's Covenant was in Prelatic Aberdeen, the Marquis had to report that his attempt to dissolve the popular Covenant was a failure. In his wrath, the King thought of retracting his permission for a General Assembly at Glasgow, and resuming his policy of menace and defiance. This having been judged inexpedient, all that could be done was to make every effort beforehand to deter the Assembly from bringing the Scottish Bishops to ecclesiastical trial for their past misdemeanours, as the Covenanters had announced their intention of doing, and from stirring the fundamental question of Limited Episcopacy or Absolute Presbytery in the future constitution of the Kirk. To this end the Marquis was busy through the weeks preceding the meeting of the Assembly; but the Covenanters were busier. The Marquis had his instructions how to act in the Assembly itself in the last emergency.

And so at length the famous Glasgow Assembly did meet, on the day appointed, November 21, 1638. It consisted of 144 representative clergymen from all parts of the country, and 96 lay elders, among whom were most of the Covenanting nobles, and a selection of Covenanting lairds or burgesses. Alexander Henderson was chosen Moderator of the Assembly, and Johnstone of Warriston Clerk; the Marquis sat on a throne as representing the King, and with most of the King's Privy

Councillors in attendance. The real strife began when the Assembly proceeded to the trial of the Bishops, in spite of a legal document which the Bishops had sent in, declining the Assembly's jurisdiction. At this point, the Marquis, acting on his final instructions, struck in for the Bishops, declaring that they had appealed to the King, and that, in the name of his Majesty, he must stop the Assembly in that business. As the Assembly would not be stopped, the Marquis left the house with his Privy Councillors, and next day proclaimed the Assembly dissolved under pain of treason. Deserted by no more than four or five of their number in consequence, the Assembly sat on resolutely,—sat on, day after day, till the 20th of December. And what a month's work they did! All the Scottish Bishops deposed, and the majority of them excommunicated as well as deposed; all Acts of former Assemblies ratifying ceremonies and Episcopal jurisdiction in the Kirk condemned and repealed; Episcopacy in every form rejected and declared at an end in Scotland; and the Kirk re-settled, not in generality only, but in the most minute details of arrangement, on its old Presbyterian basis! This was the great news that rang through the land, and at which crowds shouted and huzzaed in cities and towns, and groups of peasants gathered joyfully in villages and fields, and venerable men, seated among their grandchildren by cottage fire-sides, removed their bonnets from their heads, thanking the Lord that they had seen this day!

Before we leave the year 1638 there is one incident of Drummond's life of which we must take notice. A married man for some years, and with two or three infant children, he had thought it necessary to repair or rebuild his house in Hawthornden. The building and repairs must have been going on through months and months of that troublous period which we have been traversing, and it is quite possible that this disturbance of his usual dwelling may have been the occasion of that temporary

stay of his with his brother-in-law, Scot of Scotstarvet, during which he is surmised by his old biographer to have been engaged on his History of the Five Jameses. The new house was completed in 1638, when Drummond, to commemorate the event, caused this inscription to be carved over the new doorway: "*Divino munere Gulielmus Drummondus ab Hawthornden, Joannis, Equitis Aurati, Filius, ut honesto otio quiesceret, sibi et successoribus instauravit*, 1638" ("By the divine favour, William Drummond of Hawthornden, son of Sir John Drummond, Knight, that he might rest in honourable ease, founded this house for himself and his successors.") Accordingly, the mansion of Hawthornden which tourists now admire, peaked so picturesquely on its high rock in the romantic glen of the Esk, is not the identical house which Ben Jonson saw, and in which he and Drummond had their immortal colloquies, but Drummond's enlarged edifice of 1638, preserving in it one hardly knows what fragments of the older building. One associates Ben Jonson with the house all the same, and fancies this or that lintel the one he must have sat under, and this or that place in the rock around and beneath a spot where his figure may have rested. The hoary old tower to the left, with its mysterious caverned socket, lasts now, at all events, very much as it was when Ben Jonson saw it; and the great old sycamore in front, under which tradition will have it that the first meeting between Drummond and Ben took place, and which must have been a tree of goodly age even at that time, still lives and flourishes, the pride of the place, and the most celebrated sycamore in all Scotland. If anywhere on earth Ben Jonson's ghost still walks, surely it is by the side of that grottoed tower and under that old sycamore. There, indeed, Drummond himself, now and then on a thoughtful evening, may perchance have encountered the burly phantom. For, when Drummond, at the age of fifty-three took possession of the mansion as he had rebuilt it, Ben Jonson's visit lay already twenty years in the past, and Ben himself was no more in the world. He had died in London on

the 6th of August, 1637 (just a fortnight after the Jenny Geddes Riot), at the age of sixty-three, after much indigence, and suffering from dropsy and other diseases, in his later years, but brave, famous, and formidable to the last. They buried him in Westminster Abbey, not in the usual horizontal fashion, but, from deficiency of room, or some other reason, standing on his feet. Most of the English poets and wits, with such men among them as Falkland and Buckhurst, celebrated him in obituary verses; and a collection of such, unusual for its size and the respectability of the contributors, was published six months after his death by Dr. Brian Duppa, tutor of the Prince of Wales, afterwards Bishop of Winchester. It was intended also to erect a noble monument to him in the Abbey by subscription; but this intention had not been fulfilled, and all that marked his grave was the inscription which an Oxfordshire squire, who was walking in the Abbey at the time of the funeral, had given a mason eighteen pence to cut in the stone placed over him: "O RARE BEN JONSON."

CHAPTER XIV.

PREPARATIONS ON BOTH SIDES FOR THE *FIRST BISHOPS' WAR*: DRUMMOND UNDER SUSPICION: LASSWADE PARISH AND THE PRESBYTERY OF DALKEITH: DRUMMOND AS A PSEUDO-COVENANTER OR COVENANTER BY COMPULSION: SECRET SQUIBS OF HIS IN VERSE AND PROSE: LESLIE AT DUNSE LAW: CLOSE OF THE *FIRST BISHOPS' WAR* IN THE PACIFICATION OF BIRKS: DRUMMOND'S CONCERN IN THE AFFAIR: HIS LETTERS TO THE MARQUIS OF DOUGLAS.

THE King, who had all along intended war, had been making what preparations for it he could even while the Marquis of Hamilton was negotiating with the Scots in his name. He had been taking counsel with his English ministers, and he had been in correspondence on the subject with Wentworth, whose help, in the shape of some force from Ireland, was an important item in his calculations. Now, however, that the insult to his authority by the proceedings of the Glasgow Assembly had removed all doubt, he was doubly busy, raising money, pushing on levies, and getting ready ships. His difficulties, it is true, proved far greater than he had expected. The Puritanism of England, which for ten years had been dumb and dormant, bereft of the power of uttering itself through a Parliament, and almost of the hope of ever seeing a Parliament in England again, had been marvellously set astir by the recent events in Scotland; and, instead of a desire to aid Charles in putting down the

Scots and restoring the Scottish Bishops, the prevalent feeling throughout England had come to be one of sympathy with the Scots, and longing to imitate their example.

This was pretty well known in Scotland; but, even had it not been known, the Covenanters would not have shrunk from the war. All Scotland, with few exceptions, was now theirs. The King's government was at an end; the deposed Bishops were fugitives in England; the Covenanting Tables, represented now not only by a central executive in Edinburgh, but also by subordinate committees in the shires, managed everything; the Covenanting nobles were the chiefs of a new national administration. To the number of these there had been a remarkable accession in Lord Lorne, now Earl of Argyle by his father's death, who had taken the opportunity of the Glasgow Assembly to detach himself from the Marquis of Hamilton and his colleagues of the Privy Council, and adhere publicly to the Covenanters. Influenced by his example, or by the force of circumstances, four or five other great Lords, hitherto Privy Councillors and King's men, had thrown in their lot with the Covenant; so that there was no lack of men of great name and estates to assume the responsibility for all acts, regular or irregular. Musters were going on everywhere; there was drilling in all towns, villages, and parishes; moneys were subscribed, or raised on loan; disaffected districts, more especially Aberdeen and Aberdeenshire, were visited and cowed into subjection; the more important castles and places of strength, such as Edinburgh Castle, Dalkeith Palace, Douglas Castle, Dumbarton Castle, were one by one seized and garrisoned for the Covenant. Care had, of course, been taken to provide the professional military ability required for these preliminaries and for what was to follow. Sir Alexander Leslie, an experienced general and field-marshal of Gustavus-Adolphus in the great German war, had come home from Sweden to be commander-in-chief of the Covenanting Army; and other Scottish soldiers, trained in the same great school, were at hand, for colonelcies, captaincies,

and lieutenancies, in any number that might be wanted. Not the least important of these, under Leslie, was that "Sandy Hamilton" whom we saw long ago as the homely Scottish Archimedes of his day, upon whose reputation in that capacity Drummond's splendid Patent for Military Machines had been a very dubious encroachment. As Colonel Hamilton, and designated for the chief command of the Artillery under Leslie, he was already giving the Covenanters the benefit of his engineering talent by improving for them the fortifications of Edinburgh Castle, and directing a cannon-foundry in the Potter Row.

The position of Drummond in the midst of all this was very peculiar. It was the result of a conflict of motives and influences, which may be described *seriatim.*

In the first place, he could not absolve the king. Although the issue of the Glasgow Assembly in a total abolition of Episcopacy and a general defiance to the king had been a grievous trouble and disappointment to him, it was not in accordance with his principles that even yet he could justify the armed invasion of Scotland on which he saw Charles bent. Thus, in one of the little epigrams in which he gave vent privately to his feelings:—

"The Scottish Kirk the English Church do name;
The English Church the Scots a Kirk do call:
'Kirk and not Church! Church and not Kirk! O shame!
Your *kappa* turn in *chi*, or perish all!'
Assemblies meet; post Bishops to the Court:
If these two nations fight 'tis strangers' sport."

In other words, the dispute between the two forms of Church-government was still to Drummond only an affair of *Kappa* or *Chi;* and, though he had wished that the Scots would oblige the king by accepting the *chi*, yet, as they had persisted in their *kappa*, he thought it monstrous that the king should raise his English subjects to impose his and their *chi* by force on people who preferred the *kappa.*

In the second place, however, his indignation at the contrary phrenzy of his countrymen was vastly greater. For, as his theory of passive obedience compelled him to maintain that, if the king did and would dictate *chi*, it was the duty of the subjects to acquiesce with patience, he regarded it as positive rebellion in the Covenanters, and not mere mistaken zeal, to have provoked the war by their obstinacy for the *kappa*. While one might criticise the king, therefore, it must be with public allegiance to him; and it was the Covenanters that must be publicly blamed. This, accordingly, is what Drummond did. Another of his epigrams about this time was the following satirical analysis of the motives of the several classes adhering to the Covenant:—

"Against the King, Sir, now why would *ye* fight?
'Forsooth, because he dubbed me not a Knight.'
And *ye*, my Lords, why arm *ye* 'gainst King Charles?
'Because of Lords he would not make us Earls.'
Earls, why do *ye* lead forth these warlike bands?
'Because we will not quit the Church's lands.'
Most holy Churchmen, what is *your* intent?
'The King our stipends largely did augment.'
Commons, in tumult thus why are *you* driven?
'Priests us persuade it is the way to Heaven.'
Are these just cause of war, good people, grant?
'Ho! plunder! *thou* ne'er swore our Covenant.'"

In this last line there is indicated a third influence acting on Drummond, and which had at length come to act irresistibly. It was all very well for him, in his private reasonings, to apportion the right and the wrong between the King in London and his fellow-countrymen up in phrenzy all through Scotland; it was all very well to conclude that the King was ill-advised, but that his fellow-countrymen were positively mad, and ought to be told so roundly. Let him but try to tell them so roundly. Let him but take a copy of this last epigram of his in his hands, post himself on the steps of St. Giles's Church in the High Street of Edinburgh, and read it aloud to any little crowd gathered there. What would have been the consequence? He would have been

mobbed at once. There would have been cries of "Ho! plunder!", "Here's a Non-Covenanter," "Down with him," followed by a cry, "O, it's the Laird of Hawthornden: we all know *him*." Then, amid more cries, there might have come taunts from the wits in the mob: "How about *Forth Feasting* now, Mr. Drummond? Is Endymion roused from his Latmian cave yet? How do you like your new house? Have you got such a thing as a *Cypress Grove* about it?" &c., &c.——Very much so, without needing such an experiment in street-ribaldry to find it out, Drummond knew himself to be situated.

Hawthornden, the reader ought now to be informed, is in the parish of Lasswade, which is one of the parishes of the ecclesiastical district called the Presbytery of Dalkeith. Now, the minister of Lasswade, ever since 1616, when Drummond was new in his lairdship, and beginning to be known as a poet, had been a certain Mr. James Porteous, of some repute for the resoluteness of his Presbyterian opinions while these opinions were still under discouragement from the authorities. He had, on one occasion at least, been summoned before these authorities for neglect of the ceremonies which King James's legislation had imposed on the Kirk. He and his parishioner Mr. Drummond, therefore, had never, we must suppose, been much drawn together by Kirk sympathies. Nevertheless, as Mr. Porteous appears to have been a pious and faithful pastor, and as the tempering of Presbyterian discipline by Episcopal rule in those days must have kept a man in Drummond's position free from any undue interference on the part of his parish-minister, there is no reason to doubt that he and Mr. Porteous had always been very good friends. On Sundays, when not absent from Hawthornden, he would be in his place in Lasswade Church to hear Mr. Porteous preach; and on week-days there would be the proper interchange of courtesies between Hawthornden House and Mr. Porteous's modest manse, where his wife, Christian Symsone, presided among their rather numerous children. Nor, in that comparatively easy-going

time, had there been any greater variance, on ecclesiastical grounds, between Drummond and neighbours of his living beyond the bounds of Mr. Porteous's parish, in any other of the parishes of the same Presbytery of Dalkeith. Newbattle, for example, is one of these parishes, bordering on Lasswade; and in this parish was Newbattle Abbey, the chief seat of the Lothian family, with two generations of whose representatives Drummond had been on most friendly relations. A letter of his, undated, but probably written some fifteen or sixteen years before our present date, and accompanying a gift of some music-books, is one "to Annabella, Countess of Lothian," *i.e.*, that Annabella Campbell, sister of the great Earl and Marquis of Argyle, who had married Robert Kerr, 2nd Earl of Lothian. The letter is in so pretty a strain, and reminds us so pleasantly of those calmer days of Drummond's life which had now for ever passed, that it may be here quoted—

"Madam,

"As those ancients who, when they had given over with credit any faculty wherein they excelled, were wont to offer the tools and implements of their art to the shrine of some deity,—my musical recreations giving place to more laborious and serious (my lute these many days, like my mind, lying out of tune, keeping no harmony in perfect discord,)—I offer these Airs and Tablature to your Ladyship's harmonious virtues; and to whom could they more deservedly appertain than unto her whose goodness of nature and eminent known virtues of mind may justly entitle her the only Grace and Muse of our northern climate? Though the gift be not much worth, I hope your Ladyship will deign to accept it, as if it were a greater and more precious, from a giver brought already in admiration of your Ladyship's worth, and who desireth nothing more than to remain

"Your Ladyship's to command,

"W. DRUMMOND."

The Countess of Lothian here addressed had become a widow by the death of her husband in 1624, and had since

then gone to reside in France;* and the Countess of Lothian in possession of the title and of the Newbattle property at the time at which we are now arrived was her eldest daughter, Anne. This lady, her father having left no male heir, was Countess of Lothian in her own right; and it had been in consequence of her marriage with her distant relative, William Kerr, eldest son of Drummond's friend, Sir Robert Kerr of Ancram, that that young man had, as we have seen, been himself created Earl of Lothian in 1631, two years before his father received a similar honour by being created Earl of Ancram. The Ancram peerage, it had been arranged, was to descend to the Earl of Ancram's male heirs by his second wife, Lady Anne Stanley, of the English family of the Derbys, with remainder to the elder or Lothian branch only in case of the failure of such heirs in the junior. There is no doubt that, as Drummond kept up his old friendship with Ancram, now more fixed than ever in England by his second marriage, so a portion

* This Annabella, Countess of Lothian, is described by Scot of Scotstarvet, in his *Staggering State*, as "a woman of a masculine spirit, but Highland-faced;" and he relates a mysterious scandal of which she was the subject in connexion with "a young gentleman called William Douglas of Tofts, the grandson of James, Earl of Morton [the famous Regent Morton, beheaded 1581], a man of a brave personage and of a notable spirit"—which scandal rose to its height in March, 1624, when her husband, Robert, 2nd Earl of Lothian, "was found lying in his own chamber with his throat cut, never man knowing who was the author of that wicked deed." (The Presbyterian historian Calderwood, writing nearer the event, speaks of it as undoubtedly an act of suicide, deliberately committed by the Earl in a room in Newbattle House, where he had shut himself up for the purpose). Scotstarvet adds that, at the time of his writing, *i.e.*, about or after the Restoration, the Countess was still living in France, and also that the William Douglas associated with her in the scandal had gone to Holland, "where shortly thereafter he was killed at a siege."——I may here note, among Drummond's letters, one printed in his Works, (p. 144) without any indication of the person to whom it was addressed. It begins, "Should you think to escape the enemy of virtue, Fortune, when "she never spareth the most worthy? Who hath ever yet in many excel-"lencies been eminent whom she hath not, either after one fashion or "another, if not trampled, yet tossed?" Examples to this effect are then given. "You have Sidney cropped in the vigour of his youth by a "murdering bullet, Raleigh brought to a fatal scaffold, La Noue with the "Marquis D'Urfé complaining in miserable prisons, Tasso famishing in the "like thraldom, the two Counts of Mirandula spectacles of pity and cruelty,

of the life-long intimacy transferred itself to Ancram's son and daughter-in-law, William, Earl of Lothian, and the Countess Anne, his close neighbours at Newbattle.

The Service-book Revolt, the National Covenant, and the proscription of all forms of Episcopacy in Scotland by the Glasgow Assembly of 1638, had very much disturbed the relations that had existed among neighbours and friends so long as the differences on the kirk-question were more moderate or more easily concealed. Presbyterianism, having been restored to full possession, was resuming its rights of discipline over its subjects, in their districts and localities, through the action of Presbyteries and the kirk-sessions of individual parishes. Especially in a parish or Presbytery where the minister or group of ministers went strongly with the new current of affairs, persons disaffected to the Covenant and its consequences would find themselves marked out for censure and suspicion. Now, Mr. Porteous of Lasswade, as one who had not only been a Presbyterian when Presbyterianism was under a cloud, but had recently had the honour of assisting in the triumph of Presbytery as one

"the one by too soon a death (if death can be too soon), the other by "being assassinated by his dearest kinsman." After another sentence or two of moralising, the letter concludes, "We may doubt whether excellencies and "heroical virtues were to be desired, with so many dangers and miseries "lackeying them, or a home-bred, untaught, and rude plebeian *life*." Evidently the letter is one of sympathy with some man of spirit under some misfortune. Mr. David Laing having found from the Hawthornden MSS. that the person addressed was "Sir W. Duglasse" (*Arch. Scot.*, IV. 98), I had concluded that he was probably Sir William Douglas of Cavers, and that the letter referred to a temporary arrest of that gentleman, with some risk to him, when he was in London as co-Commissioner for the Covenanters with the Earl of Loudoun in 1640. In this faith, I had reserved the letter for insertion in that connexion, mentioning Douglas of Cavers incidentally beforehand as one of Drummond's friends and correspondents (*antè* p. 216). I now surmise, however, that the "Sir W. Duglasse" of the letter was the "William Douglas of Tofts" of Scotstarvet's mysterious story, and that it may have been written about 1624 and had some reference to that story. I am confirmed in this by having observed that in a list of Drummond's correspondents prefixed to the preserved scrolls of his letters (Hawthornden MSS., Vol. IX.) the name "Wm. Douglas of Tofts" occurs, but not that of Douglas of Cavers. Except the letter in question, I have not found any one in the collection appearing to be addressed to Douglas of Tofts.

of the clerical deputies from his district to the Glasgow Assembly, was not likely to be remiss in the exercise of any new powers of suasion or remonstrance which the change had given him over his parishioners. And who had been the ruling-elder or lay representative sent by the same Presbytery of Dalkeith to the same Glasgow Assembly, along with Mr. Porteous and its two other clerical representatives, Mr. James Robertson of Cranstoun, and Mr. Oliver Colt of Inveresk? Who but the young Earl of Lothian, Drummond's neighbour of Newbattle? This young nobleman, in fact, had become a leading Covenanter, associated with his wife's uncle, the Earl of Argyle, and with the other chiefs, in all their counsels; and to him more especially had been assigned the charge of the interests of the Covenant in the region south of Edinburgh lying round Newbattle and Dalkeith. A rupture had thus taken place between him and his father, the Earl of Ancram, which was to continue for the rest of their lives, Ancram remaining in England as the faithful courtier of Charles, while Lothian became more and more prominent in Scotland in the opposite part he had chosen. Any cognisance which Lothian, in the name of the Covenanting committee of his region, might be called on to take of Drummond's very unsatisfactory conduct in the crisis that had arrived would, doubtless, be as courteous and respectful as the circumstances permitted. It is to be remembered, however, that Lothian himself, if not also Mr. Porteous and the rest of the Dalkeith Presbytery, was under orders from head-quarters, and that, with an immediate invasion of Scotland threatened by the king at the head of an English army, the Covenanting powers at head-quarters could not stand on ceremony. Any laird or lord in the south of Scotland who had abstained from taking the Covenant, especially if he were a man of name and influence, was, *ipso facto*, to be regarded as an enemy of the national cause, and a friendly expectant of the coming invasion. Not that, as yet, the Covenanters had adopted the policy of requiring all their countrymen, by actual force, to take the Covenant. Sorely as they had been tempted

to that course by the knowledge that Scotsmen in London were compelled by the English Home Office to disown the Covenant and the Glasgow Assembly, and that Wentworth was more rigorously enforcing the same test upon the Scots in Ireland, they had hitherto refrained from so violent a strain upon private conscience. It was the ardent young Montrose, it is believed, that first introduced that questionable method of recruiting for the Covenanting cause, when, in the course of his terrible chastisement of the Prelatic Aberdonians (March 30—April 10, 1639), he collected them like sheep and made them swear to the Covenant under pain of confiscation of all their goods; and not even then did the act meet with the general approbation of his colleagues of the Tables. For months and months, however, there had been moral pressure of all kinds; and, now that war was imminent, the pressure had naturally became more general and severe. A nation going to war could have little patience with individual shilly-shallying. Hence, whoever remained a non-Covenanter, or did not profess himself an adherent to the Glasgow Assembly, was a tainted man, a Prelatist, a Malignant, an object of suspicion to his neighbours, and, if he were of sufficient importance, to the Covenanting executive itself. The Laird of Hawthornden could not escape some such notoriety. With all respect for him on account of his character generally, and his fame as a man of letters, the Covenanting government could not but have their eye upon him. Hawthornden was not a place of military importance; but, at a time when it was deemed necessary to seize the chief castles, and to search the houses of suspected noblemen and gentlemen in the south of Scotland, might not a visit to Hawthornden, if only for an inspection of the papers there, be a natural precaution? And, if the chiefs argued so, the populace, of course, outwent them. With the very country-people of his own parish of Lasswade, as we fancy, looking at him askance, and the Edinburgh mob ready for any mischief in the guise of a demonstration for the Covenant, Drummond

was hardly safe within his new house, or in his comings and goings between it and the city. *Ut honesto otio quiesceret* had been his purpose in building the new house, and lo! hardly had he been in it when there was this Presbyterian hurricane! What a difference from the old quiet days of King James, when one could walk all the way into Edinburgh, and down the High Street to Andro Hart's shop, saluted everywhere with respect and smiles!

To such a pass of actual danger had this social pressure come that Drummond had to do as others were doing, and give in his adhesion to the majority. Here is one of his metrical scraps, recording the hard reason :—

> "The King good subjects cannot save. Then tell
> Which is the best, to obey or to rebel."

And here seems to be the burst of wrath with which he secretly consoled himself :—

> "Give me a thousand Covenants, I'll subscrive
> Them all, or more, if more ye can contrive
> Of rage and malice; and let every one
> Black Treason bear, not bare Rebellion.
> I'll not be mocked, hissed, plundered, banished hence,
> For more years standing for a——Prince!
> His castles all are taken, and his crown,
> His sword and sceptre, ensigns of renown,
> With that Lieutenant fame did so extol,
> And captives carried to the Capitol.
> I'll not die *martyr* for a mortal thing:
> Enough to be *confessor* for a King!"

This epigram contains its own date. The reference in it is to the taking of Dalkeith Palace on Sunday the 22nd of March, 1639, by a band of a thousand armed Covenanters, led by the Earls of Rothes, Home, and Lothian, and Lords Yester, St. Clair, and Balmerino. Edinburgh Castle had been seized the day before, and other castles and places of strength were being seized about the same time in other parts of Scotland; but this

taking of Dalkeith Palace was particularly impressive from the fact that the keeper who surrendered it was Traquair himself, "that lieutenant fame did so extol," and who was now the King's chief minister in Scotland, and also from the fact that among the spoil taken from the Palace were the Scottish regalia, or, as the annalist Balfour calls them, "the royal ensigns of the kingdom, crown, sword, and sceptre." They were conveyed the same night to Edinburgh Castle—"the Capitol," as Drummond calls it—and deposited there with great ceremony. After that, Drummond means to say, what could a man do? Was one to stand out longer, and be mocked, hissed, plundered, and perhaps banished, for a —— Prince (does the blank cover some disrespectful epithet?) whose own chief minister had succumbed, and who could not save even his own regalia?

The inference is that Drummond did stand out no longer, but did, in the last week of March, or early in April, subscribe the Covenant, whether in his own parish of Lasswade, or elsewhere within the bounds of the Dalkeith Presbytery, or more publicly in Edinburgh. If so, it must have been a great relief to Scotstarvet and others of his best friends, already more or less zealous on that side, and anxious to have him with them for his own sake and on public grounds.

If Drummond had now signed, however, he had signed, as the above verses intimate, with a mental reservation. By no reasonable construction of his duty as a subject did he think himself bound to play the part of *martyr* for a King whose power was gone, and who was after all persisting in a cause which no Scottish mortal, except the deposed Bishops and their clients, regarded as of vital interest. But, if he would not be a *martyr* for Charles in these circumstances, he would not cease to be a *confessor* for him. By tongue and pen, so far as opportunity offered, he would still maintain Charles's royal prerogative—his right even to do wrong. What though one had taken the Covenant? It was a document susceptible of various interpretations. It had been drawn up nine months before the

Glasgow Assembly, and when Limited Episcopacy was perhaps the utmost dream of many who signed it; and, though the total abolition of Episcopacy, the recognition of the Glasgow Assembly, and the right of war in defence of its proceedings, were now regarded as involved in the Covenant, these were but the glosses and comments of the prevailing faction. It might be a fair argument that the Covenant itself did not contemplate or authorise war against the King in circumstances as they now were.

In illustration of Drummond's peculiar state of mind at this moment, when he found himself a Pseudo-Covenanter, or Covenanter by compulsion, adhering publicly to the Covenanting Government in their preparations to resist Charles, but privately abhorring the whole business, there are several short papers of his, the scrolls of which remain yet among the Hawthornden MSS. Though not printed till 1711, when they were inserted immediately after his *Irene* in the Edinburgh Edition of his Works, and though any use of them in their MS. form at the time when they were written must have been very limited indeed, some small circulation of them at that time among Drummond's friends may be supposed. Let us take them, however, simply as Drummond's colloquies with himself at this juncture of his life, and describe them briefly in that character:—

The first is entitled *The Magical Mirror; or, A Declaration upon the Rising of the Noblemen, Barons, Gentlemen, and Burgesses, in Arms, April* 1, 1639; or, rather, that is the title of the main portion, while an appendix or conclusion bears the separate title of *Queries of State.*——Any one coming upon this double-barrelled production of Drummond's, as it stands in his collected Works, would be puzzled what to make of it. The first part, which is much the larger, consists of a gravely-argued manifesto in the name of the Covenanting leaders and in favour of their policy. "Forasmuch," it begins, "as "evil-affected and malicious spirits, which, denying verities, "throw dust in the eyes of the weak and simpler sort, may

"sinistrously interpret and calumniate the resolution which we "have taken for the preservation of our Religion, Persons, and "Estates, by resisting and opposing ourselves to the open "violence, secret plots and mines, of the troublers of the Peace "of this Realm: to remove all offence, and whatever may cast "a shadow of disloyalty on our demeanour towards our Prince, "or breed jealousies in our neighbour country of our inten-"tions towards them, We have determined to publish this "Declaration, and manifest to all the world the just occasion "and sincerity of our actions and proceedings." Accordingly, the manifesto goes on to express the reasons of the Covenanters, very much as they would have been expressed by one of the ablest of themselves, doing his very best. So fine is the irony that, save for a turn of the phraseology here and there, it would never be perceived that there is irony at all, or that the manifesto is not exactly what it professes to be. Indeed, it may be questioned whether the mood of the writer was that of mere irony. It rather is as if Drummond had set himself to the exercise of conceiving as fairly as possible the arguments which the Covenanters might use in opposition to himself and others, and considering the best form in which they could be put. That he thought he had succeeded is indicated by the very title—*The Magical Mirror*—given to the piece. The Covenanters, he meant, could not deny that here their cause was truly represented, that here they might behold their own faces in perfect reflection. If there is a visible touch of irony anywhere, it is where he imagines how the Covenanters would meet the doctrine of absolute or passive obedience, which was so axiomatic with himself, and which had been urged against the Covenanters at this time by others, especially the Prelatic doctors of Aberdeen. "This duty of Obedience," he makes the Covenanters say, "being a part of Justice, that "queen and mother of other Virtues, by which is determined "and judged what to every one doth duly appertain, it is found "clear and certain that, to be truly just in Obedience, it is not

"enough to be always and ever in everything obedient, but "that we ought to measure, examine, and discern the degrees: "Obedience, as all other virtues, being situated between two "extremities, the too much and the too little, the passing over "of either of which may corrupt the virtue and make it degene- "rate into a vice; they being only preserved by the mediocc- "rity." After a little more in the same strain, the Covenanters are made to assure their countrymen and the rest of the world that they have avoided the error, too frequent in the past, of obeying too much, and are endeavouring "to keep the golden mediocrity in Obedience." But, through the rest of the manifesto, for all that appears, it might be Argyle, or Rothes, or Alexander Henderson himself, that is speaking. Thus:—"If "we should obey the King without exception of God, then the "commandment of a Prince should be greater than the com- "mandment of God, and in the Oath of Fidelity and Obedience "which the subject sweareth to the Prince the greater Power, "to wit God, is not excepted; which is absolute impiety. If "Religion be not a sufficient cause to excuse the subject in "rising in arms against their Prince, it follows that a Prince is "sovereign and supreme in Religion, and that he may appoint, "ordain, and dispose what gods he pleaseth to have wor- "shipped, what altars erected, what sacrifices instituted; which "is to open a gate to idolatry and all impiety. If there be not "a law amongst men to excuse the taking of arms against a "Prince, then may a Prince play the Caligula, Nero, Com- "modus,—pervert, destroy, turn upside-down all things, accord- "ing to his pleasure. The consequent holds; for, if the Prince "will do it, and the People may not nor should not resist him, "the Prince by force and violence will obtain it."——It is difficult to think that Drummond could have penned all this without feeling its force; and one does not, up to this point, see what purpose he could have had in the document, unless it were his own amusement in his study, or the mystification of any one that might examine his papers. Perhaps, indeed,

some mystification of this kind was his immediate intention, and it may have been afterwards that, not to carry the mystification too far, he appended what now forms the conclusion of the piece. That conclusion is introduced by a note, thus:—"The *Magical Mirror* having in it the most weighty of those "arguments by which those who opposed the just and lawful "government could endeavour to justify their rebellious pro-"ceedings, and not being answered within the body of the dis-"course (though the title clears the author's design), I think "these *Queries of State*, immediately subjoined, will fully "answer the strength of what is said." There follow, accordingly, nearly thirty rough practical Queries, calculated to break down the preceding casuistry, however plausible. One query is, "If it be not Anabaptism to preach the overthrow of the authority of Princes?"; another is, "If external ceremonies, or the diversity of the discipline of the Church, be *justa belli causa* for subjects to take arms against their native kings?"; a third is, "If a civil war be to be preferred to the Government of Bishops in the Church, or Episcopacy?"; a fourth is, "If they who have subscribed the Covenant be obliged to fight for matters not set down in it, or ambiguously and by equivocation understood, and by appendices and commenting supposed?"; and a fifth, varying the last, is, "If the oath of the Covenant obligeth the subscribers to adhere to all the articles that shall be concluded in General Assemblies, and to fight for them?" Two of the other queries run thus: "Whether this war may not renew the old national quarrels between Scotland and England, and divide the Island in itself, to be a prey to foreign conquest?"; "Whether these great commotions and discords may not dissolve in *bellum servile*, and peasants, clowns, farmers, base people, all in arms, may not swallow the nobles and gentry, invest their possessions, adhere together by a new Covenant, and follow our example." These are interesting indications of the nature of Drummond's conservative fears; but, on the whole, the *Queries* do

not take much strength away from the document to which they are appended.

A second paper of Drummond's, dated "May 2, 1639," is entitled, *A Speech to the Noblemen, Barons, Gentlemen, &c.; who have leagued themselves for the Defence of the Religion and Liberty of Scotland.* It is a direct address or letter, in which Drummond, "like another Cassandra," as he himself says, forewarns his "Dear Countrymen" of the horrors and woes into which they are plunging. One passage in it was considered by Drummond's old biographer of 1711 to be so great a hit that he invites attention to it in his memoir of Drummond as nothing less than a prophecy, and indeed ventures to substitute the word "Prophecy" for the word "Speech" in Drummond's title of the piece itself. "During these miseries," says Drummond, "of which the troublers of the State shall "make their profit, there will arise perhaps one who will name "himself PROTECTOR of the Liberty of the Kingdom. He shall "surcharge the people with greater miseries than ever before "they did suffer. He shall be the Protector of the Church, "himself being without soul or conscience, without letters, or "great knowledge; under the shadow of piety and zeal shall he "commit thousand impieties, and in the end shall essay to "make himself King, and under pretext of reformation bring "about confusion." Here, the old biographer meant to say, was CROMWELL predicted to the life, some years before his advent, by the studious seer of Hawthornden! Was there ever such an example of the foresight of genius? The reader may judge for himself. Cromwell was at that moment walking about the fields near Ely, a man of forty years of age, full of deep Puritan thoughts, and of such passionate mutterings of them that neighbours and kinsmen marvelled, but with only the vaguest expectations as yet raised in him, or in them, of what might be coming for England out of all this tumult in Scotland. No such man was then within the range of Drummond's conceptions; and he was not thinking of England at all. His

thoughts were confined to the possibilities within his own rugged and stern little Scotland, amid which the rise of an Argyle or some other astute noble to the titular Dictatorship or Protectorate did not appear an absurd conjecture.

There are two other brief things of Drummond's, which, though undated, seem to have been written about the same time. One is a fragment, called *The Idea*, the intention of which was to trace the commotions in Britain to the agency of the Roman Catholic or Imperialist party on the continent, and especially to the recent intrigues of France and Richelieu. Starting with this notion, he proceeds to a set of chronological jottings of recent facts in England, but chiefly in Scotland, which might bear it out. He gets no further, however, than the Jenny Geddes Riot, the Marquis of Hamilton's mission, and the Glasgow Assembly. The other paper, entitled *The Load Star, or Directory to the New World and Transformations*, must have been written after the last faint hopes of an accommodation were over, and Leslie's army was already on march. It is in a spirit of crabbed criticism, and takes the form of a series of directions supposed to embody the policy of the Covenanters. Thus "All shall be sworn to obey what is decreed in General Assembly, and for that to expose their estates, persons, and what they hold dearest;" "The Bishoprics shall be distributed to the Noblemen and Courtiers;" "The Nobles, if the King awake out of his lethargy, shall make choice of a General to defend the good cause against him, who shall have the title of *His Excellency;*" "That all who are of a contrary mind and differing in opinion from us be marked and sequestrated from coming near the Army;" "To beat down and raze to the ground the castles and strongholds of all gentlemen and others of the contrary party;" "That preachers be chosen, the fittest in the Presbyteries, for the army, not too learned, but men who have greater fancy than judgment, vehement and zealous in their utterance."

None of these caricatures or more serious dissuasives of Drummond's, as we have explained, can have had any general circulation. They must have been confined to his own writing-desk, or have gone about only within a very limited circle of friends. In fact, while Drummond was still grumbling and prophesying, the war which he would fain have stopped had been not only begun, but concluded. For *The First Bishops' War*, as it is called in British History, was a very brief affair. An English fleet under the Marquis of Hamilton being already in possession of the Forth while Drummond was writing his dissuasives, the King had come gradually north himself, with his reluctant English army of some 24,000 men, commanded in chief by the Earl of Arundel, with the Earl of Essex as Lieutenant-General, and the Earl of Holland as Master of Horse; and on the 28th of May, 1639, this army was at Berwick-on-Tweed, close to the Scottish frontier. To feel the way for it, there were two little raids of invading detachments into Scotland—one as far as Dunse, in Berwickshire, on the night of the 31st of May, led by Arundel in person; the other, on the 3rd of June, in the neighbourhood of Kelso, in Roxburghshire, led by the Earl of Holland. These ended in instant retreats. For the Scots, on their side, were quite ready; and on the 4th of June, that the King might see them, Leslie encamped his main army, of about the same size as the King's, on Dunse Law, a hill six or seven miles from the English position. With but that distance between them, the two armies stood gazing at each other, Leslie, as in duty bound, leaving the King the option of moving first and bringing on the consequences. The more the King gazed, the less he liked the look of things. He had, in short, to come to the conclusion that, with such an army as he had, ill-disciplined, ill-provided, and all but mutinous, a battle with Leslie would be certain defeat. It was accordingly conveyed to the Scottish army that his Majesty, if properly solicited, would condescend to treat. Quite as ready for that alternative as for fighting, the Scots made no difficulty about the

solicitation required; and on June 6th there began a negotiation, the King himself taking part, which ended on the 18th in the so-called Pacification of Birks. The King, on his side, yielded all the demands of the Scots, not exactly in the retrospective form of a recognition of what had been done by the Tables and by the Glasgow Assembly, but in the substantially equivalent form of a consent that the affairs of Scotland should for the future be regulated by free annual Assemblies of the Kirk and free Parliaments, the first such Assembly and the first such Parliament to meet within two months, and his Majesty himself to be present in both if possible. The Scots, on their side, agreed to surrender back the King's castles and forts in Scotland.——No sooner was the Treaty over than the King became so gloomy, moody, and snappish to everybody about him, that it could be plainly seen he did not mean to let the peace last long. After about a month more spent at Berwick, he returned to London, leaving the Scots to hold their Assembly and Parliament as they best could without him. His poor disbanded soldiers had meanwhile gone to their homes in different parts of England, each horse-soldier with four pounds, and each foot-soldier with forty shillings, for travelling expenses.

What share had Drummond had personally in that great military mustering of the Scots, culminating in the spectacle of Leslie's brave army of resistance at Dunse Law, by which Charles had been thus ignominiously foiled, the *First Bishops' War* closed ere it had commenced, and the cause of the Covenant and Scottish Presbyterianism apparently secured? That he must have contributed in some form or another is certain. All Scotland had been taxed for the enterprise by the Covenanting Government, and the rate at which the Laird of Hawthornden was taxed must have been considerable. If the story of his old biographer is true, he must have been rated, in a peculiar fashion, at a certain number of men for Leslie's army.

"He was a great cavalier, and much addicted to the King's "party," says this authority, "yet was forced to send men to the "army which fought against the King; and, his estate lying "in three different shires, he had not occasion to send one "entire man, but halves and quarters, and such like fractions: "upon which he wrote *extempore* the following verses to his "Majesty—

> "Of all these forces raised against the King
> 'Tis my strange hap not one whole man to bring:
> From diverse parishes yet diverse men;
> But all in halves and quarters. Great King, then,
> In halves and quarters if they come 'gainst thee,
> In halves and quarters send them back to me."

The bit of doggerel represents credibly enough Drummond's feelings, though in his heart, there is no doubt, he did not desire any such savage execution among the poor fellows he had sent to Dunse Law, nor wish, after all, to see the King enter Scotland after any bloody battle. But what of Drummond's own soldiering? He was liable to personal service, if required: had any such been required of him? On this point we have some information, though but vague and incidental, in two preserved letters of Drummond's, the interest of which otherwise is wholly of a literary kind.

High among the Scottish nobility at this time was William Douglas, first Marquis of Douglas, who had been raised to that dignity by Charles in his Coronation Visit of 1633, after having been known for a good many years by his inherited title of Earl of Angus. High by his rank, he was higher still as the chief living representative of the great historical family of the Scottish Douglases.——"Who has the credit of this day?" asked the old Scottish King Solvathius of his general, after that great battle, fought some time in 770, in which Donald Bane or White Donald, with his horde from the Western Isles, was defeated and slain, and the Kingdom was saved for Solvathius. "*Sholto Du-glas*" ("Behold that dark-grey man")

said the conscientious general, pointing to a warrior then standing modestly in the royal presence, who had been observed to fling himself into the battle, no one knew whence, at the very moment of crisis, and with such effect that it was unanimously agreed that *he* had won the victory. The "dark-grey man," continues the myth, was rewarded with lands in Clydesdale; and, settling there, he became the progenitor of the Douglases. And what a race!

> "So many so good as of Douglas blood have been
> Of one surname in one Kingrick never yet were seen."

First, there were the Knights, Lords, and Earls of Douglas proper, patriots of the earlier days of authentic Scottish History, king-makers, king-quellers, their strong hands wound in all the affairs of the kingdom for generation after generation, till their special line became extinct in James, the 9th Earl of Douglas, who died in 1488, his Estates and Earldom having been already forfeited to King James III. Then the main tradition of the family passed, with the Clydesdale Estates, to the Angus branch of it, already powerful for a century in their independent Earldom, and so conspicuous latterly, in rivalry with the senior house, that it had been said that the Red Douglases were putting down the Black. Archibald, 5th Earl of Angus, commonly known as "Bell-the-Cat" or "the Great Earl," was the head of the Angus house when this complete transference happened; and from him the Douglas tradition was transmitted in pretty direct succession through three more Earls of Angus, all potent in the Douglas style in the politics of their country. In 1588, however, when Archibald, the 8th Earl, called also "the good Earl," died, they had to find the next heir among the Douglases of Glenbervie, descendants of the second son of Archibald Bell-the-Cat. William Douglas of Glenbervie, great-grandson of Bell-the-Cat, had thus become 9th Earl of Angus (1588-1591); his son William was 10th Earl (1591-1616); and so we arrive at our present William, the

11th Earl, raised to the Marquisate of Douglas in 1633. His elevation to the Marquisate had been but a ratification of the precedence already accorded to the Earls of Angus as representing all the complex and immemorial fame of the Douglases; for, on his father's accession to the Earldom in 1591, a charter of James VI. had recognised the right of the Earls of Angus to the first place and the first vote in the Scottish Parliament, with the privilege of bearing the crown there, and the honour of leading the van of the Scottish army in battle. Nevertheless, the Marquisate was useful. For was there not a third old Douglas Earldom, that of Morton, illustrious through some who had held it, and especially through Regent Morton, the fourth Earl, who was himself a scion of the house of Angus? Nay, had not Charles himself in 1633 created a fourth Douglas Earldom by making the Douglas who was then Viscount Drumlanrig Earl of Queensberry, while another Douglas, an offshoot from the Morton stem, had been raised to the Viscountcy of Belhaven? Did not the title of Marquis of Douglas happily signalize the headship of the Angus Douglas over even these other Douglases of the Scottish Peerage, as well as over many Douglas families of inferior rank?

The Marquis of Douglas, it appears, maintained suitably the splendour of his position. "As he was master of a most plenti-"ful fortune, so he kept up the old Scots hospitality and "grandeur at his Castle of Douglas, where he usually resided, "having perhaps a more numerous family and attendants than "any nobleman in the kingdom." He had been twice married. By his first wife, Margaret, daughter of Claud Hamilton, Lord Paisley, the ancestor of the Abercorn family, he had two sons and three daughters; by his second, Mary, daughter of the great Marquis of Huntly, he had three sons and five daughters. The eldest son by the first marriage, now Archibald Earl of Angus and heir-apparent to the Marquisate, was already of sufficient age to be acting as one of the Scottish Privy Council; the eldest daughter was the young widow of the lately deceased

Lord Alexander, the Earl of Stirling's son; but most of the other children of both marriages were living with the Marquis and his second Marchioness in Douglas Castle. This famous mansion, the "Castle Dangerous" of Scott's last novel, was on the banks of the Douglas Water, in Lanarkshire, where one solitary fragment of it still exists, beside a great new Castle of Douglas begun about a hundred years ago, but never finished. Close to the Castle, in the town or village of Douglas, was the old Church of St. Bride, in the vault of which were piled one above another the stone or lead coffins of the dead Douglases of many generations, while in the choir above were their sculptured effigies and monuments, including one of "The Good Sir James," the companion of King Robert Bruce, who had died in 1330, fighting with the Moors in Spain, as he was carrying the heart of Bruce to the Holy Land.

Dead, indeed, now all that was best of the Douglases! It was rather as a dignitary among his countrymen than as an active chief amongst them that the present Lord of Douglas Castle lived. He had taken his high ceremonial part in the Parliament of 1633 which graced Charles's coronation; but otherwise he appeared little in public affairs. The reason may have been that he was precluded from active politics by his religion. His father, the 10th Earl of Angus, a studious and scholarly man, had become a Roman Catholic in his later years, had gone into exile in consequence, and had died in France as a devotee to the Old Church; and, if the Marquis had avoided very open profession of the same faith, he seems gradually to have tended to it, and to have become confirmed in it after his marriage with his second wife, of the great Roman Catholic house of the Huntley Gordons. Overt or even suspect Roman Catholicism was a bar from public employment, even before the Presbyterian Revolt of 1638 and the renewed zeal for Protestantism which it brought about; and the Marquis had acquiesced in this, and had been willing that (by an arrangement often found convenient in those days) the conformity necessary

to link the family to the existing powers and to public affairs should be given rather by his eldest son and heir, the Earl of Augus, than by himself. When, however, the question came to be between loyalty to Charles and adhesion to the Covenanting Government of Scotland, then surely it might have been expected that the Marquis would step forth for the King. Roman Catholics were acceptable enough recruits in that service; and indeed Charles, counselled as he was by his Roman Catholic wife, Henrietta Maria, had now the opportunity of showing how smal was his dislike personally of that class of religionists, and how glad he would be if, by aiding him against the Presbyterian Revolutionists, they could enable him to remove their disabilities, and admit them, in due proportion, to public trusts. It *had*, in fact, been expected, in the spring of 1639, when there was the expectation of Charles's invasion of Scotland, that the Marquis of Douglas would be one of the first to rise in his behalf. Among the precautions accordingly then taken by the Covenanters had been the seizure of Douglas Castle. The band of Covenanting nobles and gentlemen who were then seizing all dubious strongholds in the West "went up," Baillie tells us, "to the Castle of Douglas, where they expected nothing but "blows and a shameful retreat from a rash enterprise, for the "house was strong and they had no cannon." But they had been agreeably surprised. "The Marquis's courage failed him, "and he fled; so, without din, the house was rendered, and "manned by us." On due submission or promise of neutrality, he seems to have been re-admitted into his castle, with part possession at least; and here he was, with his family, while Leslie's army was facing the King's on the border, and the *First Bishops' War* was in the act of collapse. "Upon the commencing of "the Civil War," says Crawfurd in his *Scottish Peerage*, "I do "not find this noble lord engaged much on either side, but kept "himself out of the broils of those times as much as any of his "quality in the kingdom." It was a strange lot for a Douglas; and he was to bear his trials in it so meekly that one wonders

the dead old Douglases did not rise from their coffins in the adjacent church-crypt, and surround him in his dreams to kick him into activity. For not only the Covenanting Government, but the Presbytery of Lanark, were pecking at him. In the restored state of Presbyterian discipline, that reverend body thought it their duty to be specially severe with the great Roman Catholic Marquis; and they had already begun a long series of persecutions of him and his Marchioness, with visits to the castle, entreaties that they would abjure Popery, threats of excommunication if they did not, and interferences with the education of their children, so that these little brands, if not the old wood itself, might be plucked from the everlasting burning.

Having nothing Douglas-like to do himself, the Marquis had found a melancholy pleasure in brooding over the legends of the Douglases who had gone before him, and had led such different lives. His father, it appears, had left behind him, at his death in 1616, an elaborate MS. history of the Douglases, compiled from family documents and other records. The MS. remained in Douglas Castle, and the Marquis had recently been examining it with a view to publication. There had been a special occasion for his doing so. The history of the House of Douglas was a subject of too wide and deep interest throughout Scotland to remain a monopoly of members of the house itself. Other Scottish pens could not but be attracted to it; and one such pen, the Marquis had come to know, *had* been attracted to it. David Hume of Godscroft, mentioned by us long ago as a veteran Scottish poet and prose-writer in the time of Drummond's youth (*ante* p. 25), and again as one of the Scottish Latinists represented in the *Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum* of 1637 (*ante* p. 250), had employed his last years in writing, in homely but graphic English, a *History of the Houses of Douglas and Angus*. The work, bringing the story down to the death of the good Earl Archibald, 8th Earl of Angus, in 1588, had been left in MS. at the author's death, in or about the year 1630, and so had come into the charge of his daughter, Anna Hume. This lady, how-

ever, had inherited the literary tastes of her father, and was herself a poetess, a translator of Italian poetry, and an admirer of the good British poets of her day. Among Drummond's letters is one addressed "To the Learned and Worthy Gentlewoman, Mrs. Anne Hume, daughter to Mr. David Hume of Godscroft," from which it appears that she had expressed her especial admiration of Drummond in some complimentary verses. "Worthy "Madam," says Drummond in acknowledgment, "I should be "too ambitious, I will not say arrogant, if I thought that honour "which you give me in your delicate verses to be due to the "honoured, and not rather to the honourer. They reflect and "turn back unto yourself, as to a more renowned wonder, that "praise by desert which ye bestow upon me of your mere "courtesy. Alas! my muses are of no such value to deserve "the blazon of so pregnant and rare a wit." In filial duty to her father's memory, and also perhaps because his book might be of some value as a property, it was natural for such a lady to do all she could to bring it out. She had, accordingly, had it printed in Edinburgh, very handsomely, in the form of a quarto volume of 440 pages, by Evan Tyler, printer to the King; and, as she proposed to dedicate the volume to the Marquis of Douglas, and it was in any case proper that his Lordship should see a book so largely concerning his house, she had sent him an early copy, with a request for the necessary permission. The difficulty of the Marquis may be imagined. He had his own father's History of the Douglases in his keeping, ready to be edited and published by himself; and here was a proposal that he should allow another book on the same subject, by an alien pen, to go forth under his auspices, and prepossess the public mind. Moreover, was Hume of Godscroft's book in itself, and apart from competition with the other, exactly such a History of the Douglases as he could approve, or as his father would have approved had he been alive? By confession, Hume had infused his own political opinions and criticisms into his narrative, had not slurred over the rebellions of some of the Douglases,

and their conflicts with the Crown, but, on the contrary, had been frank in his commendations at such points, and his explications of the principle of popular liberty as opposed to kingly power. In these days of war between Charles and his subjects, would it be decorous, would it even be safe, for the Marquis to sanction the appearance of a history of his ancestors written in such a spirit, and capable of being turned to such disloyal account?

In his strait, after having taken some steps to stop or delay the publication of Godscroft's book, the Marquis had consulted Drummond. He had sent Drummond, by the hands of his son, the Earl of Angus, and a certain Laird of Gaggy, the printed copy of the yet unpublished book, followed by a letter stating his difficulties and the reasons; and he had requested Drummond, if it were possible, to pay him a visit at Douglas Castle, that he might read the rival history among the family MSS., and advise him what would be best in all the circumstances. So we gather from Drummond's letters of reply. They are very respectful, as well as careful and judicious; but one can see that the Marquis's request that he would leave his own house at such a time, and travel some forty or fifty miles on such an errand, had struck him as just a little, just a little, too much like a marquis.

"*To the Right Honourable, His Very Good Lord, the* MARQUIS OF DOUGLAS.

"My Noble Lord,—

"A letter by an obscurer hand and a meaner carrier, bearing your Lordship's name, had power to draw me upon a longer journey, and to a more difficile task than the reading of books in your Lordship's castle; and shall at all occasions: but the disorders of these times, and imminent troubles about the place where now I live, shall excuse for a season my not seeing your Lordship, and plead forgiveness. *Les Pilieres ou Pilleures de la Republique* cut to the gentlemen hereabouts so much work that none can be many days absent from

his own dwelling place, especially those whose brains are not fully mellow with their new potions.

"Some days before your Lordship's letter came, I received from the Laird of Gaggy a copy of the history of your Lordship's progenitors in print [Godscroft's book], which I have not yet thoroughly perused. What I have observed on it your Lordship will find on a sheet apart.——This book by these times will be much made of; and above the whole the last part of it, where are discourses which authorize rebellion, and the forcing of consciences, and putting the sword in the people's hand. In a little time more, if our princes shall re-obtain their authority, it may be challenged. Meanwhile, it will be no prejudice nor disgrace to your Lordship's house if by the present rulers of the State the books be suffered to come forth, your Lordship having used the ordinary means to suppress and call them in. The worst which can happen is to put forth a new edition of them, in which your Lordship may cause take away what is faulty, and adjoin what is wanting, with an Apologetical Preface for what was first passed or then came to light.——Your new book [the Marquis's intended edition of his father's history] would bear no author's name, save that it is collected and taken off the original and ancient records of your Lordship's house.—If this book be of equal bigness with Mr. D. Hume's book, the two books cannot be seriously matched and conferred together (as they must be) in one whole month, yea, perhaps two; which time, to my regret, I cannot now have to attend your Lordship at the Castle of Douglas. But, if it would please your Lordship by the hand of your Lordship's son, or Gaggy, to hazard your Lordship's book to be brought to Edinburgh and delivered to me, I shall omit no time in paralleling the two books; and, being nearer many histories in divers languages in mine own study, I can more conveniently peruse them than in your Lordship's castle, where I will be but like an artisan without tools.

"I would request your Lordship to be assured that there shall be nothing within the compass of my endeavours wherein I shall be deficient; and shall remain most willing

"Ever to serve your Lordship,"

[W. DRUMMOND.]

Besides three scrolls of this letter, there are, among the Hawthornden MSS., two scrolls of what seems to have been the

"sheet apart," mentioned in it as conveying Drummond's more particular impressions of Godscroft's book after his first glance through it. Substantially, it is the same as the letter itself, but with additional details. Thus:—

"My Noble Lord,—

"At the receiving of your Lordship's letter, there came a letter and charge from those of the Committee, to command all the gentlemen upon Friday after to meet at Lauder [a town in Berwickshire, about twenty miles from Hawthornden], and resist the English, who were making incursions upon the Borders, and near to Kelso [about twelve miles from Lauder]. I was not resolved to accompany them; but, if I leave my house, I know not whether they will send out and plunder it. Thus your Lordship shall excuse my not seeing your Lordship at this season.

"I received the History of the Douglases [Godscroft's] from my Lord your son. [In the other letter he said 'from the Laird of Gaggy,' but the Earl may have sent the Laird, or accompanied him.] I have gone through it, and considered some parts of it. —Extreme puritanical, especially in the life of Archibald the third, Earl of Angus, towards the end [N.B.—Drummond does not mean here the third Earl of Angus, who was a William, but the third of the name of Archibald who was Earl of Angus, *i.e.*, Archibald, the 8th Earl, or 'Good Earl,' who died 1588], and the Regency of the Earl of Morton [the immediately preceding chapter of Godscroft's book]. . . . Since your Lordship hath done what was possible for the suppressing the copies, it will be noways prejudicial to your Lordship's book; for your Lordship's book, coming forth, will make the errors of this book appear, and, both the books, though after diverse ways, tending to the glory of the name of Douglas, it is no great matter to suffer the one to be a preamble to the other. . . . The puritanical parts [of Hume's book] may in the second edition be left out and neglected. He justifieth the wrongs [wrong deeds] of the Earls of Douglas; that is, he condemns the King and the Earls of Angus [the Red Douglases who helped the King to put down the Black] for cutting them off and suppressing their rebellion. He should have made a transition from the house of——— to the House of Glenbervie [Drummond means here that Hume ought to have continued his History beyond 1588, when the

first direct line of the Red or Angus Douglases ceased, and the succession came to the Marquis's grandfather, of the Glenbervie branch]. His Life of the Lord Liddesdale [William Douglas, Lord of Liddesdale, called "The Flower of Chivalry," a scion of the old Douglas House, slain 1333] is like a romance. This [the whole book] is rather Commentaries and Discourses upon the Lives of the Noblemen of the name of Douglas than a History.

"Your Lordship will be petitioned for the gentlewoman [Hume of Godscroft's daughter]—who hath ventured, she says, her whole fortunes—by the Lords of State, to suffer the book to come abroad, or then [else] to give her satisfaction [compensation] for her copies [already through the press] and do with the books what your Lordship pleaseth. If the books return to your Lordship, provided the gentlewoman will give assurance that she hath not sent any copies to England, they may be amended by cutting some sheets and printing others in their place, and adjoining the records of the House of Glenbervie: otherwise her copy now (with Knox's Chronicle, printed with authority in London) might be reprinted. The next [*i.e.* the alternative to buying up Hume of Godscroft's book] were:—your Lordship, having the first volume of the Lives of the Earls of Douglas printed [from your father's MS.], to put to press the second tome of the Earls of Angus, and send abroad *your* book before the other; which [however] will undo the poor woman. . . . .

"When the Life of Queen Mary his mother was presented to King James by one William Udall, though the King liked not the religion of the man (for he had been seconded nobly by some Jesuits, of whose education and society he was), he accepted cheerfully of the book, and said *it was a strong wadge to cleave much crooked wood against his mother.* After which the gentleman put to the Epistle of the book "W. Strongwadge," rejecting his first surname. This piece [Hume of Godscroft's History] is a *strong wadge* against many things can be objected, or have been objected, against the families of the Douglases; though it contain too much of the humours of this present time."*

* The two Letters to the Marquis of Douglas were first printed by Mr. Laing in his Extracts from the Hawthornden MSS. (*Arch. Scot.* IV. 95-98). The preserved scrolls bear no date; but several phrases in the Letters themselves refer them to the time of the *First Bishops' War*, and one phrase in

What we learn from the Letters respecting Drummond's own share in the *First Bishops' War* is that, though he was not actually in Leslie's army at Dunse Law, he was under orders, like other gentlemen of his neighbourhood, from those whom he calls the "Pillars or Peelers" of the State, and might have been summoned to the field at any moment in case of need. No such service was required; and within a few days after the foregoing letters were written Drummond knew that the war was certainly over, the "Pillars or Peelers" triumphant, and the King laughably foiled. Although he had never really desired the King's success through such a horrible means as the slaughter of thousands of his countrymen, the actual issue must have been a vexation to him. What a Scotland now to look forward to! These Covenanting Nobles and their following of Lairds, arrogant enough already, would now be absolutely unendurable; and, as for their colleagues, the Presbyterian Clergy—ugh! the land would be black with them!

the second positively determines that they were written early in June 1639, just as the war was in collapse. "*Resist the English, who were making incursions upon the Borders and near to Kelso:*" at no other time than precisely after the Earl of Holland's fruitless Kelso raid of June 3 does such a phrase fit the facts.——Hume of Godscroft's book *was* kept back, and probably by the agency of the Marquis. "Edinburgh, Printed by Evan Tyler, Printer to the King's most excellent Majestie, 1644," is the imprint on the title-page of the quarto when it did at length appear publicly. In a copy before me, however, I observe that "the Second Part," which contains the Lives of the Angus branch, and which, though paged continuously with the First Part, has a separate title-page, bears the date 1643. Copies of the whole work, I also understand, are found with no date, and with a leading title-page different from that of 1644; and some are found with and others without a dedication to the Marquis of Douglas. These variations seem to attest that there were delays in the regular issue of the work, and that "the learned and worthy gentlewoman, Mrs. Anna Hume" had her anxieties about it. One is glad to find that, in the very year in which she saw it fairly out, and from the same respectable printing-press, she saw also published a book of her own. "The Triumphs of Love, Chastitie, Death: transl.ted out of Petrarch by Mrs. Anna Hume. Edinburgh, Printed by Evan Tyler, Printer to the King's most excellent Majestie, 1644" is the title of this duodecimo volume.

CHAPTER XV.

SCOTLAND UNDER TIGHT PRESBYTERIAN RULE: DRUMMOND'S DISGUST AND SARCASMS: PREPARATIONS FOR THE *SECOND BISHOPS' WAR*: DEATH OF SECRETARY STIRLING: THE *SECOND BISHOPS' WAR*, AND LESLIE'S INVASION OF ENGLAND; TREATY OF RIPON: ACCIDENT AT DUNGLASS: LETTER OF DRUMMOND'S TO THE EARL OF PERTH: MEETING OF THE ENGLISH LONG PARLIAMENT.

1639—1640.

THE course of affairs in Scotland immediately after the Pacification of Birks was not calculated to restore Drummond's good humour. The new General Assembly met as promised at Edinburgh on the 12th of August, with David Dickson as Moderator, and the Earl of Traquair as Royal Commissioner, only to repeat and confirm all the acts of the Glasgow Assembly, and put them beyond cavil. Nay more, there was a solemn and formal renewal of the Covenant by the Assembly, with a petition to the Privy Council (now again in its place as the nominal executive of the realm), that there should be an Act of Council enjoining subscription to the Covenant universally on his Majesty's Scottish subjects; and this petition the Council found so just and reasonable that they immediately framed the desired Act (August 30), Traquair himself, and those of the Privy Council who had not already subscribed, setting the example by their official signatures. Over this conversion of the Covenant into an obligatory rule for all classes of Scottish subjects, enforced by the authority of his Majesty's own Government, the joy was enormous! Bells

were rung, bonfires lighted, and "all the pulpits and streets were full of Traquair's praises." There was some abatement of the satisfaction, it is true, in the course of Traquair's dealings with the Parliament which met in Edinburgh immediately after the Assembly, and sat on for more than two months (August 31—November 14). The instructions from the King to Traquair were that he had gone too far, that the King had never consented to "declare Episcopacy unlawful in the Kirk," as Traquair had done in his name in the Assembly, but only "contrary to the constitutions of the Kirk!" In the Parliament, accordingly, Traquair explained and boggled so much that, though he lost his popularity in the process, he succeeded in proroguing it before it had accomplished nearly so much as had been expected. Nevertheless, it was a memorable convention, inasmuch as the absence of Prelates from it and the introduction of various new forms marked the beginning of a new era in the history of Scottish Parliaments.

Our first new glimpse of Drummond in this lull of affairs, or rather this general exultation of his countrymen in seeing their Presbyterianism ratified and the Covenant made universal by law, comes in the form of this entry of a baptism in the parish-registers of Lasswade: "Aug. 22, 1639—Richard Drummond, "son lawfull to Mr. William Drummond of Hawthornden and "Elspeth Logane. Witnesses, Mr. Rit. Maitland, and John "Drummond, brother germane to the said Mr. William "Drummond." This was Drummond's fourth son; and, as the Lasswade Register does not contain the births of any of the three preceding, we have in that fact a confirmation of the belief that Drummond had been away from Hawthornden a good deal from 1633 or 1634 onwards, while his house was being rebuilt (residing with Scotstarvet, tradition says, and composing his History of the Jameses), and had not come back into permanent residence till the new house was ready in 1638. At all events, Mr. Porteous, Drummond's own parish minister, had the satis-

faction of baptising this little Covenanter and Presbyterian. The Richard Maitland who was one of the witnesses, and probably also the boy's name-father, appears to have been one of the Lauderdale Maitlands, a family for whose living members, as well as for their celebrated ancestors, Drummond had a high regard.*

While thus conforming to the Kirk in all observances expected from a parishioner of Lasswade, Drummond continued, all the same, to vent his private opinions about the condition both of Kirk and State in squibs for the comfort of himself and his friends. Thus :—

> "The King nor band nor host had him to follow
> Of all his subjects : they were given to thee,
> Leslie. Who is the greatest? By Apollo,
> The Emperor thou, some Palsgrave scarce seems he.
> Couldst thou pull Lords as we do Bishops down,
> Small distance were between thee and a crown."

Again, in prose, in the form of a mock set of *Considerations to the Parliament, September*, 1639, where he recommends fifty-eight distinct enactments to that legislative body as quite in the spirit of the time. Here is a specimen of the fifty-eight :—

"That whatever hath been done by the Clergy, Noblemen, Barons, Gentlemen, and Burgesses, in Scotland, during these late troubles shall be for ever holden, estimated, and accounted good service to the Crown."

"That it shall be lawful, in time of trouble and necessity, for the Provost of Edinburgh to offer up his prayers in the Cathedral Church by shot of pistols, which are more conform to the times than organs."

"That bickering [throwing stones] upon the Sunday shall be

* The above is the only entry of a birth in Drummond's family which my search in the Register House in Edinburgh has enabled me to discover. There is a blank, however, in the preserved birth registers of Lasswade, from 1640 to 1645, at which time all the later of Drummond's nine children were born. The marriage registers are pretty complete from 1617 to 1820, but do not contain Drummond's marriage in 1632. The registers of deaths for 1634-1641 are all that are preserved of Drummond's period.

lawful against coaches in the High Street, provided there be either Bishop, new Councillor, or non-Covenanter, in them."

"That, in time of war, it shall be lawful, for the weal of the kingdom, to the Noblemen, Barons, &c., to choose a Dictator, providing he can neither read nor write" [a hit at Leslie, who was rather illiterate].

"That Buchanan's Chronicle shall be translated into the vulgar Scottish, and read in the common schools; and, the Books of the Apocrypha being taken away from the Bible, his book *De Jure Regni* be in the place thereof insert."

"That all tombs and monuments in which there are any images, especially those in the common burial-place of Edinburgh, be demolished, as bearing resemblances of ancient idolatry."

"That the old Translation in Verse of the Psalms which was in the three-score and six year of God [*i.e.*, the old Scottish form of Sternhold and Hopkins] be sung, and none else, it being even approved by our little children and most ignorant persons, and all printers and booksellers be discharged to print or sell any others" [such as the Earl of Stirling's edition of King James's Psalms].

"That the beards of all Judges,—as Lords of Session, Commissaries, Sheriffs and Bailies—shall be long, except the Provosts of towns and the chief city, who shall have them short."

"That Heralds, Officers of Arms, and other Messengers, shall not speak at any market-cross before they open their mouths."

"That great horologies of towns be reformed according to the small sun-dials."

"That the books of Wallace and King Robert the Bruce be printed over again against our old enemies of England, and pensions be given to some learned rhymers to write Twelve Books of our Expedition and Victory at Dunse Law, or *Dunslaidos Libri* 12."

"That none in Lochaber wear castor hats or velvet breeches."

"That no man swear the Oath of Supremacy, except in England; yet it shall be lawful for any man to swear it to his wife, if he please."

"That the Church-race marry only among themselves,—ministers' sons with ministers' daughters,—and it shall be lawful, for the procreation of the race, and [on account of] the

number of she-children, that any minister's son may take unto him two wives."

"That it shall be lawful for the schoolboys in all towns and villages, every seventh year once, to take the schools against their masters, put them out, and in their places appoint new doctors, under-doctors, masters, for the space of twenty days, in perpetual remembrance of our happy and blessed relief from the ecclesiastic and episcopal government."

Scotland was not much disturbed by these sarcasms of Drummond, nor even by the more important intriguings of Traquair and other pseudo-Covenanting politicians in the king's behalf. Stronger than ever in the Covenant by Field-Marshal Leslie's triumph at Dunse Law, and represented at the centre now not merely by the general Tables, but also by a Committee of Estates nominated by Parliament, she struggled on through the winter of 1639-40 to the new trial that awaited her. For that the King intended a new war was now beyond doubt. He had caused Covenanting explanations of the late Pacification to be burned in London by the hands of the hangman; he had refused to see the Earl of Dunfermline, Lord Loudoun, and other Covenanting Commissioners sent up by the Scottish Parliament; he would hear nothing except through Traquair; the whole tenor of his behaviour to the Covenanters corresponded with the message sent by the Marquis of Hamilton to one of them: "Beware that your stout hearts make not your heads dry a gutter." This time, however, the king meant to come against the Scots not in his own name only, but with the full and formal authority of the English nation. To procure the necessary supplies, he had been induced at last, by the persuasions of Wentworth, Hamilton, and Laud, to do what he had hoped never again to be brought to do in his life. He had actually summoned an English Parliament, to meet on the 13th of April, 1640. Eleven years had passed since it had been treason in England even to speak of a Parliament, and the people of England could hardly now believe the strange news. "After all, this Parliament will serve little for England: it is

only called for the war against the Scots," said the more desponding Puritans. "We shall see, we shall see," thought such stronger hearts as Pym, Hampden, and Cromwell.

One Scotsman, superfluous on the stage for some time, but who was still about the King when he took the bold step of calling this English Parliament, did not live to see it meet. "In February this year [Feb. 12, 1640]," writes the Scottish annalist Balfour, "died William, Earl of Stirling, Viscount "Canada, Lord Alexander, Principal Secretary of State for "Scotland to King Charles the First, at London. His body "was embalmed, and by sea transported to Stirling; and there "privately interred by night in Bowie's Aisle in Stirling Church, "the 12th of April, 1640." And so this is the end of our long acquaintance with Alexander of Menstrie. On the whole, we must pronounce him about the most unfortunate Scot of his time. Better for his memory had he died long ago, when he was still only Alexander of Menstrie, or at least no more than that Sir William Alexander, "the rarest gem of our north," with whom it had been such a delight to Drummond to have that first meeting in the Clackmannanshire mansion in 1614, when they revelled over books and papers, and became Damon and Alexis to each other. What had all the intermediate courtiership and climbing, with the Scottish Secretaryship, the Novia Scotia Charter, the Viscountcy, the Earldom, the splendid new family edifice at Stirling, been really worth? It had been all *per metre, per turners*, all by a dirty application of talent, all at the expense of the growing hatred of his countrymen at every step, and, what was worst, with no such countervailing consciousness of right, nor even such iron wilfulness in wrong, as have borne up better or stronger men through that form of calamity. If the hatred had lessened at the end, it had only been because much of it had been turned into contemptuous pity. Broken down by the loss of two of his sons, deep in debt, and with the future of his family overclouded, he had persevered through the First Bishops'

War in the routine of his fatal Secretaryship, to become a kind of underling at last of Hamilton and Traquair in arranging the new onslaught on Scotland which the King had decreed. That was his final appearance in the world. All that one sees more is the ship toiling along the eastern coast with the leaden coffin in her hold, and the farther conveyance of the same up the windings of the Forth, to be laid, at dead of night, beside the other coffins in the vault in Stirling Church. There he lies, I suppose, to this day, vaguely remembered as the second-rate Scottish sycophant of an inglorious despotism, and the author of a large quantity of fluent and stately English verse which no one reads.

Drummond did not think so hardly of his dead friend. Among his manuscripts Mr. Laing found the title "*W. D., his Cypress over the grave of S. W. A.*;" and also, under the separate title of "*Alphander*," these jottings for some intended Memorial or Epitaph: "His deeds in Caledonia, Arcadia, "Alexandria: his poesies, adding to them his *Jonathan:* his "gravity and wit in counsel: his friendship, love, familiarity "with his friends: his alliance with the greatest: his humanity "towards all: his breeding at Leyden: his natural judgment "above learning. I expected an Epitaph *of* thee, and now I "must write one *for* thee, *on* thee: receive, accept of my brass "for thy gold." * These hints suggest what the Epitaph would have been; but it does not seem to have been ever written.

The successor of the Earl of Stirling in the Scottish Secretaryship was William Hamilton, Earl of Lanark, a very young man, brother of the Marquis of Hamilton. The two brothers, with Traquair, and some of the refugee Scottish bishops and nobles then in London, were the group of Scottish counsellors with whom the King took his measures for that new war with the Scots in view of which he had called an English Parliament; but the preparations engrossed his English Council also. Laud

* Extracts from the Hawthornden MSS. : *Arch. Scot.* IV. 87.

was still supreme as ecclesiastical adviser; Windebank was the draftsman of all necessary warrants; and Wentworth (now created Earl of Strafford) was purposely over from Ireland, to infuse *his* energy into the business. With every effort, nothing was made of the Parliament by these statesmen for the purpose for which it had been called. For this was "The Short Parliament" of English historians (April 13—May 5, 1640), memorable only for its wise obstinacy in refusing to do what Charles wanted, and so preserving all rights and all opportunities for the more effectual Parliament which was to follow. The Convocation of the English Clergy, which met at the same time as the Parliament, and which sat on, engaged in very dangerous work, for three weeks after the Parliament was dissolved, did yield Charles some welcome supplies for his Scottish war; but they were a poor substitute for the larger Parliamentary subsidies he had expected. In short, the behaviour of the Parliament was a vast new chagrin to Charles, and his disappointment showed itself in a thousand ways. He had tumbled into *The Second Bishops' War* too far to retreat of his own accord, but had begun to doubt whether he had not tumbled into it too rashly.

Another English army, as reluctant as the last one, had been got together by the most desperate ways and means, and quartered here and there in the North of England, much to the discontent of the inhabitants, and against the muttered reclamations of the great body of the English Puritans. The Earl of Northumberland, who had been designated for the chief command of this army, having been detained in London by *indisposition* (presumably in both senses of the term), and Strafford, who had been appointed second in command, having but just returned from Ireland for the service, the management of the army in the meantime had been wholly in the hands of Lord Conway—an amiable nobleman of military experience, who had been appointed Master of the Horse. He it was that had all the trouble of quartering the reluctant levies in the northern counties, drilling them, and keeping them in order

till the King and Strafford should arrive from London, and give the order for their march into Scotland.——The Scots, on their side, however, had made up their minds not to wait this time for any such leisurely aggression on the part of his Majesty. They also had been levying and arming; and on the 2nd of June the Parliament, which stood prorogued to that day, met in Edinburgh, declared itself legally constituted in spite of official protests in the King's name, and proceeded to pass all the Acts necessary to stamp the new war with the last national sanction. Field-Marshal Sir Alexander Leslie was re-appointed Commander-in-Chief, with Lord Almond for his Lieutenant-General, and Sandy Hamilton for his General of Artillery; and, other arrangements having been duly made, the Parliament rose June 12, deputing all powers till it should meet again to a war-and-revenue Committee of forty persons, of whom twelve were Nobles (the Earls of Rothes, Montrose, Cassilis, Wigton, Dunfermline, and Lothian, and Lords Balmerino, Lindsay, Cupar, Burleigh, Napier, and Lower), four were Senators of the College of Justice (Scot of Scotstarvet one of them), twelve were Lairds or Lesser Barons (Stirling of Keir one of them, and Drummond of Riccarton another), and twelve were Burgesses. All this and more had been done, and the Earl of Argyle, who had purposely been left out of the war-committee for especial work in the Highlands, was away on that work, careering through Athole, Angus, Mar, Badenoch, and Lochaber, and taking severe order with hostile or dubious families there, when Lord Loudoun, who had been one of the Scottish Commissioners sent to negotiate with the King, and whom his Majesty had arrested and thrown into the Tower on a peculiar charge of treason, was unexpectedly released, with his head still on his shoulders, and returned to Scotland with some instructions how he might act in the King's interest. Any effort to delay matters was utterly past his power; and, seeing no great reason to exert himself fo that end, he plunged again heartily into what was going on. Indeed, with the exception of a few extreme "Malignants"

among the nobles, mostly refugees in England by this time, all Scotland may be said to have concurred visibly in this second war for the Covenant. Among the colonels of regiments, besides some of the nobles of the War-Committee already mentioned, were the Earls of Kinghorn, Dalhousie, Queensberry, and Crawford, with Lords Loudoun, Erskine, Elcho, Carnegie, and Drummond, this last being the son of our poet's chief and patron, the Earl of Perth.

By the middle of August 1640 Leslie, with his army of 25,000 men, was at his old station on Dunse Law. Not to wait there, however, as on the former occasion! It was quite understood that the English Puritans would not now misinterpret a Scottish invasion of England, would not object to it, and indeed would consider themselves greatly obliged by it. Leslie did them the favour. On the 20th of August he crossed the Tweed, Montrose wading the water first; thence on he moved through Northumberland; on the 28th there was a conflict between him and a portion of Conway's English army at Newburn, near Newcastle, ending in the defeat and flight of the English, and the evacuation of Newcastle by Conway; and on the 29th Leslie entered Newcastle. Charles and Strafford, who had hurried north to join Conway on the first news of the invasion, and had come as far as Darlington, found themselves too late. The English forces were withdrawn to York till his Majesty should consult there what was farther to be done; and the northern counties were left to the undisputed possession of the Scots. At York his Majesty's deliberations were precipitated by the signs of a Puritan heaving all through England to take advantage of his distress, and by open petitions, from eighteen of the chief English nobles and from the city of London, that he would consider the state of his English realm in connexion with his Scottish difficulty, and at once call another Parliament. To stave off that dreaded finality, he tried first whether a great Council of the English Peers, to meet at York on the 24th of September, might not suffice; but, before that

Council had met, he had to succumb to the worst, and summon a new Parliament to meet at Westminster on the 3rd of November.

Meanwhile the Scots, distributed through the Northern Counties, with Newcastle as their head-quarters, but with other towns quietly occupied and garrisoned, had been waiting the inevitable Treaty. It began Oct. 16th at Ripon in Yorkshire between sixteen English Lords, as commissioners for the King, and a deputation of the Scottish leaders. Certain preliminary articles were agreed upon, and were signed by the King at York Oct. 27; and on the following day the great Council of Peers was broken up, that the King and the Peers too might be in London before the opening of the Parliament. The King would fain have had the Treaty completed first, and the Scots out of England; but that could not be. Even had the Scots been willing, the English Lords engaged in the Treaty, most of whom were of the popular or Puritan party, would have taken care, in the interests of England itself, that the Scots should not re-cross the Tweed too soon. Their continued presence in England was the surest possible guarantee that the new English Parliament which was about to meet would be enabled to enter on the long-postponed and now almost measureless business of England's own grievances, and would not be dissolved, as its predecessors had been, prematurely and without results. The Treaty with the Scots, accordingly, which had been adjourned from Ripon to York, stood farther adjourned to London, to be concluded there in a leisurely manner, by the appointed Commissioners of both nations, under the direct inspection of the new Parliament; and meanwhile, by one of the preliminary articles, it was provided that the Scottish Army should remain in the North of England on the footing of invited guests, at an allowance of £850 a-day, with perquisites, to be paid by the English whenever they should find it convenient to close the friendly account.——That was the result, for Charles, of his *Second Bishops' War with the Scots*. It brought him, with his hands

tied, face to face with the famous Long Parliament of England.

For the Scots the result, so far as appeared, had been a deliverance from all chance of farther molestation from the King, an absolute triumph of the National Covenant, and a confirmation of the restored Presbyterian system against any possible future effort for the re-introduction of Bishops. And at what a small cost this great success had been won! Scotland had been arming for two years, nerving herself for a struggle in which it seemed probable that thousands of her population might lose their lives, and her poor resources otherwise might be racked to the last; and lo! all that had been necessary had been one bold march into Northumberland, and a single fight near Newcastle, in which about a dozen Scotsmen had been killed. At this slight puncture all the King's large-blown power had collapsed, and England herself, avowing her true disposition, had agreed to regard the invasion as a neighbourly service, instead of resenting it as an injury, and had taken the rest of the labour thankfully into her own hands.

Perhaps it was this very smallness of the cost to the Scots, in the ordinary form of killed and wounded on the battle-field, that fastened so much of their attention at the time on one tragical accident of the war, the scene of which was not within English ground, but in the part of Scotland occupied by Leslie before he had begun his English march. This was the blowing-up of the Castle of Dunglass in Haddingtonshire, where the Earl of Haddington (Sandy Hamilton's nephew), who had been entrusted by the Committee of Estates with the general charge of that county, was in station with a small garrison. The explosion occurred on Sunday, August 30, the day after Leslie had entered Newcastle, and when there was thanksgiving from all the pulpits of the Scottish border for the news of the victory of Newburn. No one could tell precisely the origin of the disaster; but the conjecture was that it was the wilful act of an

English page of the Earl of Haddington's, who had access to the gunpowder stored underneath the Castle. The loss of life was frightful. The Earl himself, two of his brothers, several important Hamiltons besides, with a son of the Earl of Mar, Sir Gideon Baillie of Lochend, three or four persons of local consideration, and fifty-four servants and soldiers, perished in the explosion; and about thirty more escaped with loss of limbs or other injuries. What was supposed to be the arm of the poor wretch who had done the mischief, with an iron spoon still grasped in the hand, was the only relic of *him* found among the ruins.

There was a possibility, it seems, that Drummond should have been one of the victims of this dreadful accident at Dunglass. So at least we may interpret a phrase in the following letter of his, though the reference in it to the accident is rather obscure, and may imply only that he was ordered to the scene of the accident, for inquiry or other activity, after it had happened. In any case, the letter is an interesting account of the nature of Drummond's personal services through the crisis of the Second Bishops' War, and of the spirit in which he had performed them. It is addressed to his family-chief, the Earl of Perth, who appears to have been living on his Perthshire estates, exempt from direct duty in the field, in consideration of the ample contribution he had made in the person and equipment of his son-and-heir, Lord Drummond. The Earl seems to have invited Drummond to come and stay with him for a while, just as the Marquis of Douglas had done at the same point of the First Bishops' War; and this was the answer :—

"*To the Right Honourable the* EARL OF PERTH.

"MY NOBLE LORD,

"In the storm of the State I had resolved to set my affairs in order, exposing all to the hazard of what might fall forth, and fly to the shadow of your Lordship, finding at this time that saying not to prove true, *Minima*

parvitate suâ tuta sunt; for the humility of my fortune and my retired and harmless mode of living could not save me from being employed to serve here the ambition of the great masters of the State. As if I had no more to do with time, I was appointed to spend it in attending the Committee of the Shire. At my first initiation, charged to be at that fatal service and horrible execution of Dunglass, they directed me to ravage and plunder the more peaceable neighbours about. This Trojan Horse laboured to give me a command over horses. All which employments, being contrary to my education and estate, knowing that *pareil sur pareil a nulle puissance*, and that they were not my lawful masters, I shunned, and performed no more than pleased me; which acquired me no small spite. If the Parliament of England, and matters since fallen forth, had not a little cooled this fervency or phrenzy, I knew not where to have found sanctuary, save with your Lordship; nor knew I what thanks to render your Lordship for your gracious protection and many courtesies offered me. If I should sacrifice my fortunes, liberty, and life, I would rather lose them for your Lordship than for any Democracy. Your Lordship's favours shall ever be remembered, and sought to be deserved in what is within the compass of performing and the power of

"Your Lordship's Humble Servant,

"W. DRUMMOND.

"HAWTHORNDEN: December 1, 1640."

When this letter was written, the Long Parliament had been sitting for a month, and very important matters *had* "fallen forth" there. Strafford had been arrested, impeached, and committed to the Tower; Laud, Windebank, and the other chief instruments of Charles's English tyranny had been denounced; Pym had signalized his leadership by his great opening survey of the grievances of the English nation and programme of the work to be done; Cromwell, Hampden, and others, had made their first speeches; the two Houses had ascertained their strengths respectively, their relations to each other, and their practical unanimity in a sweeping course of reform that should include not only many changes in the civil

and judicial system of England, but also the abolition of the Laudian Episcopacy, and a great reduction of Episcopacy of any kind, in the English Church. Little wonder that, on such news from England, the "fervency or phrenzy" in Scotland, in respect of her own particular questions, should have been "cooled" considerably by the sudden sense of so vast a partnership. What had Scotland to expect more for herself? *Her* little revolution was over; *her* sky was clear; the thunder-clouds had rolled away to the south. What remained for *her* but to settle down in the enjoyment of the Presbyterian liberties, and the Presbyterian restrictions of other liberties, which she had fought for so gallantly, and had won, as it seemed, in certain perpetuity? There was still, to be sure, the unfinished treaty, dragging itself on in London; and, till that treaty should be concluded, and Leslie's army brought home honourably, Scotland could not consider herself quite out of the meshes. Nor, apart from that selfish interest, could Scotland be indifferent to the struggle, so much like a possible repetition of her own, which she had herself set agoing between the King and his English subjects. At least sympathy was due to the English People; if opportunity should occur, and the English People should make the request, something more substantial than sympathy might be due. These, however, were questions for the future.

CHAPTER XVI.

FIRST ACTIONS OF THE ENGLISH LONG PARLIAMENT: CHARLES'S SECOND STATE-VISIT TO SCOTLAND: DRUMMONDISM AN *ALIAS* FOR SCOTTISH CONSERVATISM: THE EARL OF MONTROSE AND HIS RELATIONS TO DRUMMOND: MONTROSE IN PRISON: EDINBURGH INCIDENTS OF THE KING'S VISIT: BALAAM ENDING OF THE VISIT: DRUMMOND'S CHAGRIN AND MONTROSE'S DESPAIR: DEATH OF ARTHUR JOHNSTON: SCOTSTARVET'S NEW PROJECT: CHARLES BACK IN ENGLAND: OUTBREAK OF THE ENGLISH CIVIL WAR.

1640—1642.

AFTER the meeting of the Long Parliament on the 3rd of November, 1640, Scotland, as we have said, ceased to be the leader of the political movement which she had so gallantly initiated for the British Islands, and became only the spectator, the fervid little ally, and, too soon, alas! the crotchety critic and all but throttling encumbrance, of the larger nation to which the farther conduct of the controversy had been transferred. Events in Scotland are henceforth only tributary to the greater whirl and rush of events in England.

Under the date "March 28, 1641," I have found this entry in the death-registers of Lasswade parish: "Richard Drummond, son to Mr. Wm. Drummond, of Hawthornden, and —— Logane his spous." It is the record of the death of Drummond's fourth son, whom we saw baptized on the 22nd of

August, 1639. The little fellow had lived only a year and seven months. With that small incident thrown in, we may leap at once to the autumn of 1641, when Charles paid his second State-visit to Scotland. He arrived in Edinburgh on the 14th of August, and he remained there, or in the neighbourhood, till the 18th of November.

How different this visit from the Coronation Visit of 1633! *Then* Charles had come, in full and ostentatious majesty, into a semi-Episcopal land, to take formal possession of it, scowl at its short-comings from perfect and ideal Episcopacy, and arrange for its complete conversion to that model. *Now* he re-appeared, more in the guise of a penitent and suppliant, among subjects who had thwarted him, made war with him, beaten him, swept away not only his forced improvements on their former semi-Episcopacy, but even that detested semi-Episcopacy itself. *Then* Laud had been with him, to look after the coronation ceremonial, and lecture the Scottish Bishops as to their garb, and the right conduct of service in the Chapel-Royal, or in the High Church, when his Majesty should be present. *Now* there was not a bishop or a half-bishop to act as chaplain at Holyrood, and the King had to be courteously content with the attendance, in that capacity, of the arch-Presbyterian of Scotland, Alexander Henderson.——Nevertheless, Charles had not come to Scotland without a purpose. The Long Parliament of England had sat for nine months, and they had been nine months of thunder and lightning. Strafford had been beheaded; Laud had been impeached and sent to the Tower; the other most unpopular ministers, with some of the Bishops, were under indictment, or had fled abroad. Monopolies, the ship-money grievance, the Court of Star-Chamber, the Court of High Commission, illegal institutions and jurisdictions of all sorts, had been abolished; a Bill had been passed making the existing Parliament indissoluble except with its own consent, and another Bill securing regular triennial Parliaments for ever after. Nor was this all. Petitions for

Church-Reform had come in abundantly, and the only question now was whether such Church-Reform should consist in the abolition of English Episcopacy, root and branch, which was what many urged, or whether, as the more moderate hoped, Episcopacy might not be preserved in a restricted and modified form, by excluding the Bishops from the House of Lords and State-offices, compelling them to act even in Church matters by the advice of diocesan councils of their clergy, and confiscating or curtailing the revenues of Deans and Chapters.

In this revolution, larger and more gnarled by far than that which had occurred in Scotland, inasmuch as England was a wider and more composite body-politic, Charles had been helpless. He had struggled and buffeted, but only as a man borne along on a resistless tide. At length, however (June and July 1641), there had come signs of a reaction in his favour. On various questions of farther change, and especially on the Church question, a Conservative party, or Party of Authority, had formed itself in the two English Houses, led in the Peers by a coalition of such men as the Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Hertford, the Earl of Bristol, and Lord Digby, and in the Commons by Hyde, Colepepper, and Lord Falkland. With the exception of the Duke of Richmond, who was the King's kinsman and a Royalist of the absolute type, all these had hitherto been identified more or less with the reforming activity of the Parliament, and some of them had been among the most zealous for the death of Strafford, and the fiercest in the attack on Bishops and the abuses of Episcopacy. Their reforming energy, however, had begun to abate, and they had become Conservatives in the sense of desiring to steady the throne and other institutions in the condition of things that had been reached. Now, Charles had entered into relations with this party, with a view to convert it into that agency of absolute counter-revolution which he wanted. In this he was to succeed remarkably. Men who rally round Authority must rally round the Authority that is. As *it* moves

they must move, even should the direction be backward. And so it happened in a short time that the independent Conservative Party in the English Parliament, whose original intention was to make a stand for compromise and rest when they thought Reformation had gone far enough, transmuted itself into the Cavalier Party, adhering to the King in everything, and combining in its ranks men who had voted for Strafford's death, and helped to pull down Laud with military desperadoes who would have massacred London to save Strafford, and with the utmost believers in extinct Laudism. This lay as yet a little in the future; but by June or July 1641 Charles had found reason to persuade himself that, by a proper management of the Conservative party in the Parliament in alliance with wilder elements, an English counter-revolution might be possible.

Now, Charles's object in revisiting Scotland was to see what could be done there towards promoting a Scottish counter-revolution in connexion with the English. On this subject he was already in possession of secret information from Scotland itself. The information was of such a nature that the visit to Scotland had for some time been determined on, and the only question had been as to the time. Had it been made as early as the beginning of June, something extraordinary might have come of it, and Charles had reason to know that by the delay beyond that time his best opportunity had been missed. Still even in August important results might be netted out of the visit; and indeed what had happened in Scotland in the two intervening months made the visit a matter of duty for him, if he would save some of his best Scottish friends, and the chances depending on them. Moreover, he had now a better pretext for the visit than he could have had in June. The Scottish Treaty which had been all this while going on in London, at the doors of the Long Parliament, between the two sets of Commissioners, English and Scottish, had at length been brought to a satisfactory close; and, precisely in the beginning

of August, the Scots had received, with the thanks of the Parliament, their indemnity and arrears for the expenses incurred by the stay of Leslie's Army in the North of England, and that Army had returned home disbanded. This in itself was a fact of hope for the Conservative reaction in England. What had mainly tied the king's hands hitherto in his dealings with the English Parliament was the presence of that Scottish Army in the north, judiciously detained there by the Parliament, to prevent the King from using, for any violent purpose, the remains of Conway's English Army, still undisbanded in the Northern Counties. Both Armies, however, being now disbanded by the treaty, and the two nations happily unlinked from the entanglement into which the Second Bishops' War had brought them, what more natural than that the King should have a desire to revisit his native land, and see how its hills looked when tinged with the gold of the new Treaty. The English Parliament did not like the proposal, suspected something under it, but had to waive objections and see him depart. They took the precaution, however, of sending after him five Commissioners of their own body, to observe his proceedings among the Scots. Of these Mr. John Hampden was one.

The King's visit to Scotland, we have said, was actuated by information which he had received. This needs explanation, the rather because the explanation will enlarge our ideas of Drummond's function at this time in Scotland, and his relations to some of his most eminent Scottish contemporaries.

Scotland, underneath all her apparent unanimity for the Covenant during the last two years, and her exultation in the new Presbyterian order of things, yet contained, as may be readily guessed, a good deal of lurking or diffused *Drummondism*. That was not the name by which it was known at the time; it was called Malignancy by the Covenanters, and Loyalty and the like by its professors; but *Drummondism* is the best name

for us, and we are quite entitled to introduce it into the language of this portion of Scottish History. For, though Drummond was only a private man, no one had expressed, or was capable of expressing, so eloquently and energetically as he had done, in his *Irene* and subsequent tracts, the very essence of all the antipathy to the established order of things existing anywhere among his countrymen. These tracts were, in fact, the best unpublished manifestoes, if such a phrase may pass, of the scattered, diffused, and suppressed discontent. All the disaffected in Scotland were virtual Drummondists. So far as words went, Drummond was their universal representative.

Not with Drummond scribbling in his study, however, nor with Drummondism as mere diffused sentiment in the community, were the Covenanting Government called upon to grapple. It was overt Drummondism that they had to guard against, Drummondism in high places and with public powers of mischief. Well, that danger had at length become real. Just two months before the King's visit, the Covenanting Government had discovered the nucleus of what seemed to be a widely-ramified conspiracy of Drummondists of rank and influence, including not a few who had till then been high in the lists of the Covenant. Through June and July 1640 all Scotland had been in agitation with the story of these discovered "Plotters," and with the question what was to be done with them. The Plotter-in-chief, the very soul of the conspiracy, was the daring young Earl of Montrose; and his closest colleagues were his brother-in-law and former guardian, the veteran Lord Napier, his friend and cousin Sir George Stirling of Keir, and Sir Archibald Stewart of Blackhall, one of the Lords of Session. In these, and others associated with them, what we have called Drummondism had become overt and rampant.

Montrose, from his first junction with the Covenanters, had been a most restless and incalculable member of their fraternity. Always anxious to be conspicuous, and ready for the wildest or most desperate work they chose to put him upon, whether

dragooning the Aberdonians into submission, or leading a forlorn hope in battle, he seemed still to have shibboleths and aspirations of his own, derived rather from Plutarch's Lives or Pagan Poetry than from Calvin's Institutes or any homelier manual of Presbyterian Theology. It was a career of glory that he wanted, how or where he hardly cared; and he had plunged into the Covenant for lack of a better opening. But a career of glory among the Covenanters had become less and less likely for him. He would fain, it was thought, have been commander-in-chief for the Covenant in the First Bishops' War; and, when the more experienced Leslie had been appointed, that was one disappointment. Nevertheless, he had gone through the First Bishops' War with credit, and only in the interval between that war and the second (June 1639—Aug. 1640) had he broken bounds. He had then been corresponding privately with the King, hinting his discomfort among his associates of the Covenant, his desire to be of use to his Majesty, and his views of methods. He had conceived the most intense personal hatred to the Earl of Argyle, the political head of the Covenanters, and had been going about in the Highlands and Lowlands saying the most savage and unreasonable things of that grave Earl. He was an ambitious, wily, squint-eyed impostor; he wanted to make himself Dictator, or even King of Scotland; it was a disgrace to the Scottish nobility to be managed and ruled by that traitorous Campbell and the crew of seditious preachers that were partly his sycophants and partly his masters! Such energy of remonstrance to this effect was there in the young fellow, such power of inspiring more sluggish natures, that, on the very eve of the march into England in the Second Bishops' War, he had induced nineteen other Scottish nobles to join him in a kind of sub-Covenant among themselves, called "The Band of Cumbernauld," the object of which was to break down the supremacy of Argyle and the rest of the Presbyterian oligarchy. The Earls of Marischal, Wigton, Kinghorn, Hume, Athole, Mar, and Perth (Drummond's patron Earl) had joined

him in this Band, with Lords Boyd, Erskine, Drummond (the Earl of Perth's son), and even Lord Almond, Leslie's appointed second in command. It was actually, one may say, with this Band in his pocket, that Montrose had waded across the Tweed, the first man of Leslie's army to set an invading foot in England. The Covenanters, though not aware of that formidable fact, or of the extent of Montrose's insubordination otherwise, had come to know of his secret correspondence with the King; and it was only to avoid scandal in their ranks that they let him go through the Second Bishops' War without being brought to a court-martial. That war over, though the Band of Cumbernauld did then come to light (Nov. 1640), they were generous enough to overlook even that organized meeting, only requiring the chief Banders to disown any intention of divisive courses in what they had done, and giving them to understand that there must be no more sub-Covenants. "No more sub-Covenants!" echoed Montrose, and went on caballing more vehemently than before, though with greater secresy and concentration. Through the winter of 1640-1 and the spring of 1641, while the Long Parliament was creating a new England round King Charles, and the Scottish Treaty was dragging itself on in London, and Argyle and his Presbyterian oligarchy were absolute masters of Scotland, Montrose, Lord Napier, Stirling of Keir, and Stewart of Blackhall, meeting often together in Edinburgh or elsewhere, had constituted themselves into a little committee or secret society for scheming the means of a counter-revolution in Scotland, and communicating their ideas to the King in mysterious letters in cipher, addressed to the Duke of Richmond and the refugee Traquair. Their great idea was that the King should come to Scotland himself as soon as possible, so as to facilitate operations. In that case, if he would be guided by their advice, they could promise him!——Well, they would not say what; only let his Majesty be assured that never had a country been so over-ridden by any animal as poor Scotland now was by the *Dromedary* (*i. e.*, Argyle = Campbell = Camel = Dromedary), and let his

Majesty also excuse the present writers for suggesting that perhaps he had hitherto trusted too much in Scottish affairs to the *Elephant* (*i.e.*, the Marquis of Hamilton; but why called "Elephant" one does not know, unless because you could not make out, if you were short-sighted, which end was his head). ——By all this, Charles had been so much impressed that he *had* resolved on the journey to Scotland. Unfortunately, however, he had delayed it rather too long. The Dromedary had got on the track of Montrose's meetings and cipherings; his delinquencies for a year past had all come out in one fell inquiry; and, on the 11th of June, 1641, he, Napier, Keir, and Blackhall, had been committed to Edinburgh Castle.

Montrose and Drummond, it will now appear, ought to be associated more closely than they have hitherto been in Scottish recollections of their period. Call Drummond a passive or theoretical Montrose, and Montrose a rampant or practical Drummond, and you will have expressed very exactly the relationship of the two men to each other. They were perhaps the only two men of their time in Scotland that we should now unhesitatingly call men of genius; and it so happens that Scottish Conservatism or Royalism can claim them both. As Drummond was so much the senior, and had been an established celebrity long before Montrose came on the scene, Montrose might, by possibility, have been his political pupil. It might even be a fair guess that the nobleman to whom we saw Drummond sending a copy of his *Irene* in the end of 1638, with the striking and subtle compliment, "Force hath less power over a great heart than duty," was no other than Montrose, then in his first ardour for the Covenant. But no direct suasion from Drummond had been necessary for Montrose's conversion. So far as a political Mentor had been necessary for the young Telemachus, such a Mentor was already provided in the person of his brother-in-law Lord Napier, who was as much his senior as Drummond was, and had long reasoned out, and even been in the habit of expressing on paper, views of Scottish politics which

were much the same as Drummond's. From Napier it is not unlikely Montrose *had*, first of all, imbibed these views; and, as Napier and Drummond were probably quite cognisant of their agreement with each other in all essential principles, this was much the same as if Drummond had been the Mentor. Indeed, what we have called Drummondism, in compliment to its most eloquent expositor, was the form of political thinking natural to all the Scottish Conservatives of that time, and into which scores of men throughout the country must have reasoned themselves independently, though few could have articulated it in writing like Drummond and Napier. But, when Montrose had taken it up, that mode of articulation was not likely to remain the only one. With the advantages of his Earldom to start from, and with the energy of his genius, and his consciousness of military capacity, to carry him through, *he* would show how it might be articulated in a very different fashion. *He* would be the leader and commander henceforward; others should but follow in his train. Curiously enough, however, in preparation for this open display of a standard of Conservatism or Counter-Revolution in Scotland, Montrose had himself expressed his ideas in a speculative Essay. It seems to have been written late in 1640, or early in 1641, and is in the form of a "Letter to a Friend;" which Friend, according to the best conjecture of Montrose's latest biographer, Mr. Mark Napier, may have been actually Drummond. If so, Drummond must have read with peculiar interest a political sketch which was so much like a repetition or sequel of his own *Irene*. For that is a fair general description of the Montrose document. It is Drummondism on the spring for action. There is, first of all, an assertion, very like that which Drummond had always been making, of the principle of Authority as paramount in States. Then there is a view of the actual state of Scotland, as utterly astray from its proper allegiance and far gone in anarchy and chaos. Here also the language might have been Drummond's. There is the same strain of invective against the ambition and self-seeking of

individual nobles, with implied reference to Argyle as the chief; and one detects also the same especial horror of that Plague of Black Beetles, or universal influence of the Presbyterian Clergy in State matters, with which, in the opinion of both, Scotland was then too sorely afflicted.

Though thus at one in their political notions, Montrose and Drummond were distinguished by such differences in other respects that a union of their fates was impossible. Drummond was in his fifty-sixth year, while Montrose was only in his twenty-ninth; Drummond was but the private laird, while Montrose was the great Earl; Drummond was the passive student and theorist, while Montrose was rampant for war and heroic action; Drummond had vowed to keep out of conspiracies and avoid martyrdom, while Montrose had vowed to go on conspiring, with the gibbet in sight, until conspiracy should flash out in lieutenancy for the King and the generalship of armies. Hence it has happened that, while Montrose has left so wondrous a blaze of himself in Scottish History, Drummond remains but discernible in the background, and has to be tracked and sought out. One comfortable consequence, however, of his rule to be passive only, he had already realized at the time with which we are now concerned. But for that rule, he might have been, and probably would have been, one of Montrose's secret conclave of "Plotters," scheming the overthrow of the existing Government, and denouncing the Dromedary and the Elephant in cipher-letters to the King. Then, instead of being quietly in his house in Hawthornden as he now was, free to welcome the King's visit and observe what came of it, he would have been for the last two months a prisoner in Edinburgh Castle, with Montrose, Napier, Keir, and Blackhall, expecting the results of the King's visit with a much more personal interest.

On the King's Coronation Visit, it will be remembered, Drummond had written a great deal of verse and prose, to go

along with Jameson's pictures in the splendid pageant of the royal entry. There was no such pageantry this time. The ceremonial of the visit was comparatively sombre; and all that Drummond wrote in anticipation of it was a certain *Speech for Edinburgh to the King*, which lies unread among his prose writings. It can have been for Drummond's private satisfaction only. It is by no means the kind of address to his Majesty which the Covenanting Government would have adopted or permitted. This will be seen from a specimen :—

"There is no Kingdom, State, or Republic, which hath not had its Revolutions, people often travailing to find their surety and rest in the factions of war, as infants theirs in the motions of their cradle, which the way of sloth and a long calm of peace might have brought insensibly to their ruin. To settle things so under the Moon, and strive to keep them at such a constant stay, that they should not vary and change, were to reverse that order which God hath established by his eternal decrees upon the Earth. The whole Continent, at least of Europe, at this time having suffered such earthquakes of civil broils and seditions by their diversity of opinions and division of minds, if at last the neighbouring Isles should shake and be partakers of the trembling, should it be held as strange? Nay, the whole spheres of States about us whirling, it had been miraculous if we had not undergone some trepidation. Thus a fatal necessity, contrary to our minds, did force us unto many things. . . . Doubts now are resolved, all damps and mists cleared, and we hope that saying shall prove true, *Amantium iræ amoris redintegratio.* This assurance is wrought in us by that confidence we have in your Majesty's clemency, which is more proper to you than to any Prince living. You are the common father of your people, we are your children; ingratitude of children towards their father is execrable, and cruelty of fathers towards their children unnatural. . . . We confess you are our Sovereign Lord, and we swear and declare we will live and die loyal subjects to your Majesty, acknowledging you are ordained and placed over us by Almighty God, the King of Kings, who, lest he should dazzle our weak sight by His exceeding brightness, did not here below establish the throne of His Excellency, but granted us to look upon it by the

representation of one Sun in the Heaven and one Prince in the Commonwealth. . . . Protect us, save us, relieve us from that miserable subjection and captivity which seem to threaten and thrall us; remove us from those pitiful lists upon which we were entering. Giants of State would serve themselves with mystical pretexts of Liberty, to the overthrow of all Liberty and destruction of the country, not caring in the tomb of the Commonwealth to entomb themselves. Unite the dispersed members of this your Kingdom, restoring them to a healthful and sound temper; suffer not Religion to be a chariot to Ambition: all which cannot be acquired but by Obedience to you their Sovereign, and an inviolable observing of laws already established. Make Peace, Truth, and Justice interchangeably embrace and kiss one another."

When Charles arrived in Edinburgh, the Scottish Parliament was in session, having met on the 15th of July. During the previous month, while they were yet ignorant of the King's intended visit, their business had been very various. Much of it had related to the Treaty then being concluded in London; but a great deal of it had related to "The Plotters," and to another class of delinquents, called "The Incendiaries." The Plotters were, of course, Montrose, Napier, Keir, and Blackhall; the Incendiaries, or older criminals, were Traquair, Sir Robert Spotswood, ex-Bishop Maxwell, and others (the Lauds, Straffords, and Windebanks of Scotland), regarded as chiefly responsible for those misinformations and evil advices to the King which had brought about either of the Bishops' Wars. As only two of the Incendiaries were in Scotland, the proceedings against *them* were mostly proceedings in absence; but there had been almost daily communications of a judicial kind with the Plotters in Edinburgh Castle, and at least once they had appeared personally at the bar of the House.

After the King's arrival, Parliament could hardly do less than begin over again, in compliment to his personal presence, all business that had not already been concluded. For he appeared among them in the most gracious of tempers, as if it were a positive pleasure to him to be in a Parliament of his loyal and

native Scotland after his recent experience of what a Parliament might be in England. "The end of my coming is shortly this," he said in his opening address on the 17th of August, "to per-"fect whatsoever I have promised, and withal to quiet those "distractions which have and may fall out amongst you; and "this I mind, not superficially, but fully and cheerfully, to do; "for I assure you that I can do nothing with more cheerfulness "than to give my people content and a general satisfaction." As if to prove that these were not mere words of course, and that his Majesty had no intention now of questioning the Covenant or disturbing the Presbyterian Establishment, nine noblemen of conspicuous Royalism who had hitherto kept clear of the Covenant signed that document publicly in Parliament, with his Majesty's approval, within the next two days: viz., the Duke of Richmond (Duke of Lennox in the Scottish Peerage), the Marquis of Hamilton, and the Earls of Morton, Perth, Roxburgh, Lanark, Annandale, Galloway, and Dumfries. Nor was the good humour temporary only. For eight weeks the King attended the House with much regularity, taking part in the business of all kinds, and always with studied courtesy. Only on two subjects was there any sign of ruffle between him and the House. One was the subject of the Plotters and the Incendiaries. Charles was, of course, anxious about both classes of delinquents; and he must have been especially anxious about Montrose and his fellow-plotters, by whose invitation he was now in Scotland, though unfortunately he could not see them, as he had hoped to do, in their places in Parliament, or at Holyrood, ready for that grand stroke in his service which they had promised, but only as prisoners brought in for interrogation. Had he not come as a peace-maker? Would not the Parliament, for his sake, quash the proceedings against both classes of delinquents, so that he might be happy in seeing all distractions among his Scottish subjects at an end? On this subject the Covenanting Chiefs did not at first find that they could gratify his Majesty; but, at length, it was pretty well understood that

the King would have his wish. The other difference was as to the constitution of the Government or Ministry that should succeed the somewhat irregular and fluctuating one that had subsisted in Scotland during the last three years. Charles, of course, wanted to fill up anew all the great State offices, and re-constitute his Privy Council, so as to leave Scotland under a complete and legitimate administration. To this the Covenanters had no objection; only they disputed the absolute prerogative of the Crown to nominate the persons who should fill the State offices. On this subject there was considerable stubbornness on both sides, and the difficulty seemed greater than in the other. Still there was no reason to anticipate that the difficulty would not be overcome. In short, till Tuesday the 12th of October, all seemed to go well. Daily, or almost daily, the King was in the fine new Parliament Hall in the High Street; and at night dear old Edinburgh, "mine own romantic town," slept securely, conscious of her sovereign's presence in her, beside the twinkling lights of Holyrood.

But then, O then, what a fortnight! No one could tell what was in it; no one to this day can tell what was in it. In Scottish Histories it is called mysteriously *The Incident;* in more modern language it may be called *The Frustrated Coup D'Etat.*—The alarm first burst upon Edinburgh on the 12th of October in the form of news that, in the preceding night, the Earl of Argyle, the Marquis of Hamilton, and the Earl of Lanark, had fled from the city to a country-house of the Marquis's, twelve miles off, in consequence of information they had received of an intended plot affecting their lives. The plot, as reported, was that they were to be seized at Holyrood in the King's presence and carried to a ship in Leith Roads, there to remain in custody, or to be killed if escape seemed likely; that a regiment lying ready near Edinburgh was then to be marched into the City for the arrest of other leading Covenanters, and the suppression of any rising of the citizens; that Montrose was to be released from the Castle to take the

command for the King; that the signal for a counter-revolution was to be sent through the land; and that the King was to remain in Scotland to see his authority re-established and Argyle and the rest impeached and sentenced for all their misdemeanours. Tremendous was the first commotion in the Parliament and the City over this news. For a day or two the King and the Parliament faced each other in the strangest opposition of moods—the King protesting with oaths, shedding tears of offended dignity, breaking out in passionate reproaches of Argyle and the Hamiltons for the insult done to his honour; and the Parliament listening dubiously, and not knowing what to think. Then, the City having been made perfectly safe by Leslie's arrangements, the excitement passed into something like an inquiry into the real substance of the reported Plot, but with such vague and intangible results that one suspects a cautious Scottish desire not to go too deep, and imagines how differently Pym and the English Parliamentarians would have probed a similar matter. That there *had* been a Plot was undoubted; that three or four Scottish desperadoes of the Montrose connexion, including two Earls and a Colonel, had been designing something dreadful against Argyle and the Hamiltons was thought to be ascertained; that Montrose himself was directly responsible could not be asserted, for he was in the Castle under lock and key; that Will Murray, one of the King's attendants, had had access to Montrose in the Castle, and had conveyed letters from him to Holyrood was nevertheless a fact; that this Will Murray, and also the Duke of Richmond and Lord Almond, were quite immaculate was difficult to believe; but that the King himself had had anything to do with the Plot was held to be entirely disproven. In some such muffled and confused set of conclusions, and the arrest of one or two of the desperadoes, the excitement died away, the King and the Parliament settling back into working relations with each other, but Argyle and the Hamiltons still remaining absent. The very fact that the Plot had been against

them in the first place (*i.e.* against the Dromedary, the Elephant, and the Elephant's young brother) suggests that it was in reality a missfire of that great *coup d'état* for the purposes of which Montrose had implored the King to come to Scotland, and which Montrose himself would have superintended had he been at large.

On the 27th of October there was no meeting of the Parliament, and the King was playing at golf on Leith Links, when a packet of letters was put into his hands. It contained the news of the Rising of the Roman Catholics of Ireland four days before, and the beginning of the Massacre of the Irish Protestants. It could not then be foreseen what a tremendous and protracted complication of the great struggle which already involved England and Scotland was to arise from this Irish Rebellion; but, even on the first flush, the business was dreadful enough. For one thing, as it required the King's return to London, it hastened the conclusion of affairs between him and the Scots.

Having failed to extract out of his visit any of those means towards a counter-revolution which he had promised himself, Charles had no alternative but to carry out that general pacification which was the avowed purpose of his visit. This intention having been made duly apparent, and the Parliament reciprocating the King's graciousness to the utmost, and Argyle and the Hamiltons having come back, and the relics of the frustrated *coup d'état* having been huddled up, the visit of three months ended accordingly. There was a round of embracings and shakings of hands. Montrose, Napier, Keir, and Blackhall, with the two Incendiaries in custody, were liberated on good behaviour, with the assurance that the proceedings against them for past offences would now be formal only. Such pardon and relegation into private life was all that they could expect, and all the rewards and honours fell to the faithful and prevailing Presbyterians. To obliterate every sign of ill-feeling between

the King and Argyle, and to stamp Argyle's continued supremacy in Scotland with the King's most emphatic approval, that nobleman was, in the most public and respectful manner, created a Marquis; Loudoun, who had so nearly had his head cut off in the Tower, was promoted to an Earldom; Field-Marshal Leslie, who had baffled the King twice in the Bishops' Wars, was made Earl of Leven; Lord Almond, who had commanded in the Second Bishops' War under Leslie, was made Earl of Callander; four other peerages were bestowed on deserving Knights; and among the rest there was flung a handful of Knighthoods, of which Johnstone of Warriston, the paragon of Presbyterian lawyers, picked up one. Nay, Johnstone of Warriston became not only Sir Archibald Johnstone, but by courtesy "Lord Warriston;" for, one of the necessary arrangements being the reconstitution of the Court of Session, and four delinquent judges having been ejected from their places, Johnstone was appointed to one of the vacancies, taking his place among the fifteen Lords of Session, the rest of whom were of a sufficiently Presbyterian type, and one of whom was Scot of Scotstarvet. But how about the Government proper, or Ministry and Privy Council? Well, the Marquis of Huntley, and seven Earls of the Montrose persuasion, or of bad antecedents otherwise, having been struck out of the list originally proposed by the King, this was how it was left:—

Chancellor of the Kingdom (nominal head of the Government)—The Earl of Loudoun.

Lords Commissioners of the Treasury—Loudoun, the Marquis of Argyle (real head of the Government), the Earl of Glencairn, Lord Lindsay, and Sir James Carmichael (Treasurer-depute).

Lord Privy Seal—The Earl of Roxburgh.

Secretary of State—The Earl of Lanark.

Clerk Register—Sir Alexander Gibson of Durie.

King's Advocate—Sir Thomas Hope of Craighall.

Justice-Clerk—Sir John Hamilton of Orbiston.

Master of Requests—Sir James Galloway.

General Body of the Privy Council—The Duke of Lennox and Richmond (non-resident); the Marquis of Hamilton; the Marquis of Argyle;

Earls Marischal, Sutherland, Mar, Eglinton, Cassilis, Glencairn, Murray, Perth, Dunfermline, Wigton, Kinghorn, Seaforth, Lauderdale, Kinnoull, Lothian, Southesk, Wemyss, Dalhousie, Findlater, Leven, and Callander; Lords Angus (eldest son of the Marquis of Douglas), Lindsay, Yester, St. Clair, Elphinstone, Balmerino, Burleigh, and Balcarras; Sir Robert Gordon, Sir Patrick Hepburn, Sir William Douglas of Cavers, Sir James Dundas, Sir Thomas Myrton, Sir David Graham, Sir John Erskine, Sir Robert Graham, Sir Robert Innes, *Knights*; and the Provost of Edinburgh.

Such was the general government of Scotland as reconstituted by Charles at the close of his visit. It was Presbyterian and Covenanting in mass and at the core, though with a sprinkling of milder Drummondists left in it for form's sake. An important special body for sub-government, created under the name of *The Commission for Conservation of the Peace between the two Kingdoms*, and including some twenty of the Privy Councillors, with the addition of some lairds and representative burgesses of the chief Scottish towns, exhibited the same preponderance of the strict Presbyterian element. And so, all things having been cordially settled, and there having been a splendid farewell meeting with the Parliament, wound up by Henderson's concluding sermon, the King left Edinburgh, on his return to London, Nov. 18, 1641.

During the King's visit to Scotland, or, at all events, in the same year 1641, there had died Arthur Johnston, the King's physician, the acknowledged chief of the Scoto-Latinists of his day. He died at Oxford, at the age of fifty-four, while on a visit to a married daughter there. Drummond must have heard of the fact with some concern, for he and Johnston had been correspondents. "To his much honoured friend, Dr. Arthur Johnston, Physician to the King," is the address of one of Drummond's letters still extant, but of unknown date. It is in reply to some request of Johnston's for Drummond's opinion on the state and prospects of Poetry in Britain; and, as it proves the resolute classicism or conservatism of Drummond's tastes on this subject too, the substance of it may be now quoted:—

"Amongst all these rare ornaments of the mind of man Poesy hath had a most eminent place, and been in high esteem not only at one time, and in one climate, but during all times, and through all parts of the world where any ray of humanity and civility hath shined. So that she hath not unworthily deserved the name of the Mistress of human life, the height of Eloquence, the quintessence of Knowledge, the loud trumpet of Fame, the language of the Gods. There is not anything endureth longer. Homer's Troy hath outlived many Republics and both the Roman and Grecian Monarchies. She subsisteth by herself, and after one demeanour and continuance her beauty appeareth to all ages. In vain have some men of late, transformers of everything, consulted upon her reformation, and endeavoured to abstract her to metaphysical ideas and scholastical quiddities, denuding her of her own habits and those ornaments with which she hath amused the world some thousand years. Poesy is not a thing that is yet in the finding and search, or which may be otherwise found out; being already condescended upon by all nations, and as it were exhibited *jure gentium* amongst Greeks, Romans, Italians, French, and Spaniards. Neither do I think *that* a good piece of poesy which Homer, Virgil, Ovid, Petrarch, Bartas, Ronsard, Boscan, Garcilasso, if they were alive and had that language, could not understand, and reach the sense of the writer. Suppose these men [the innovators] could find out some other new idea like Poesy, it should be held as if Nature should bring forth some new animal—neither man, horse, lion, dog, but which had some members of all, if they had been proportionably and by right symmetry set together. What is not like the Ancients, and conform to those rules which have been agreed unto by all times, may indeed be something like unto Poesy; but it is no more Poesy than a monster is a man."

Even more concerned by Johnston's death than Drummond must have been Scot of Scotstarvet. Johnston, as we may remember, had been conspicuously associated with Scotstarvet in the production of the *Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum* in 1637. He had, indeed, been virtually co-editor with Scotstarvet of that collection; he had furnished the prefatory epistle and verses, eulogistic of Scotstarvet's liberality in projecting the book and bearing the expense; and he had been the largest contributor to

the body of the contents. Grateful for all this, and knowing that Johnston's contributions to the *Delitiæ*, though they included most of what he had previously published in various forms, were but a portion of the total quantity of Latin poetry he had written, Scotstarvet had no sooner heard of Johnston's death than he resolved on doing farther honour to his memory in the most appropriate way possible : viz., by bringing out a complete separate edition of all his Latin poems. This was the more creditable to Scotstarvet because he was then engrossed with another business of a purely patriotic nature, taxing him in time and money.

Since the publication of the *Delitiæ*, Scotstarvet had been in busy correspondence with the same printer, Blaeu of Amsterdam, over the project of a Scottish Atlas, or complete set of general and county maps of Scotland, according to the best surveys, to form a volume of the magnificent universal Atlas, or *Theatrum Mundi*, which the Blaeus were bringing out, but to be purchaseable separately by those who did not want the whole of that great work. Materials had already been furnished to the Blaeus in the shape of a number of maps drawn a good many years before by a Timothy Pont of Edinburgh, which Scotstarvet had acquired after that geographer's death ; but much more was needed, and Scotstarvet had been labouring and negotiating for the supply of the same. Precisely at the time of the King's visit to Scotland he succeeded in arranging the scheme to his satisfaction. The Blaeus, at his instigation, had applied formally to Charles for his help and countenance in their contemplated issue of an Atlas of Scotland ; and in a royal letter, dated from Holyrood House, Oct. 8, 1641, Charles had committed the business, with earnest wishes for its success, to Robert Gordon of Straloch, Aberdeenshire (1580-1661), the best genius in geographical matters then alive in Scotland. He was, in fact, the man whom Scotstarvet had fixed on for the business, and had induced to undertake it ; and, now that it was in his hands, it was sure to go on prosperously. Much,

however, depended on the assistance Scotstarvet could still give to Straloch, either by his own assiduity, or by pressing into the service friends in different parts of Scotland, who knew anything of maps and map-drawing, or even of the topography of their own localities. There is evidence that Drummond took an interest in this enterprise of Scotstarvet and Straloch, and did what little he could to forward it.

It was the more creditable, I say, to Scotstarvet that, while he was thus engrossed, he did not neglect the memory of his favourite Scoto-Latinist, Arthur Johnston. He was very prompt in that affair. Either, however, because he found Dutch printing cheaper than Scottish, or for some other reason, the Edition of Johnston's complete Poetical Works for which he had given instructions, and the expense of which he is said to have paid, appeared only as an importation with this foreign title-page, "*Arturi Jonstoni, Scoti, Medici Regii, Poemata Omnia, Middelb. Zeland, ex officina Mouleriana,* 1642." It is one of the tiniest and most densely printed little volumes I have ever seen, the press-work not nearly so good as that of the *Delitiæ*, which Blaeu of Amsterdam had printed; but, holding it in one's fingers, one possesses, in 443 pages, the whole of Arthur Johnston. There are reprinted in it all the pieces of Johnston in praise of Scotstarvet and other Scottish friends that had already appeared in the *Delitiæ*, and, among them, this Epigram on Drummond, preferring him even to Buchanan :—

"DE GULIELMO DRUMMONDO.

"Quæsivit Latio Buchananus carmine laudem,
Et patrios durâ respuit aure modos.
Cum posset Latiis Buchananum vincere Musis
Drummondus, patrio maluit ore loqui.
Major uter? Primas *huic* defert Scotia; vates
Vix inter Latios *ille* secundus erat."

In the end of 1641, or the beginning of 1642, Drummond was in no mind for caring about the reprint of such compliments

to his poetical genius. For him, as for others, the Balaam ending of the King's visit had been a great disappointment. Whether he had presented himself at all at Holyrood during the visit may be doubted. Charles did not trouble himself much with express searches for men of merit, and indeed had a singular faculty for overlooking merit close to him; and, as things had turned out, Drummond was again safe, at all events, from any offer of knighthood. He and Johnstone of Warriston could hardly have been dubbed knights together. Small loss that was in Drummond's reckoning; but the general issue of the visit was most mortifying to him. A Montrose *coup d'état*, indeed, throwing Scotland back into universal turmoil, would have been too much for Drummond; and he was probably as well pleased that the plot for seizing the Dromedary and the Elephant, and letting slaughter loose in Edinburgh in the King's name, had not taken effect. But, as is shown in his imaginary Speech for Edinburgh on his Majesty's arrival, he had certainly expected from the visit some restoration of the royal authority, and some diminution of the power of Argyle and the ultra-Presbyterian oligarchy. He had looked forward to such a state of things that he could, at least, openly publish his *Irene*, which he justly regarded as his political master-piece, and the circulation of which among his countrymen might contribute greatly to the cause of Conservatism. And now! To be left, by the King's own act, under a government more stringently Presbyterian than ever, with Argyle a-top of it as a new-made Marquis, others of the same crew promoted to be Earls, Barons, and Judges, and the best and most loyal men flung aside as criminals with tickets of leave! It was enough to make a man forswear loyalty itself! So Drummond seems to have felt; for this is the comment on the whole affair which he jotted down in his note-book:—

> "Behold, O Scots, the reveries of your King!
> Britons, behold the extravagance of *our* King!
> Those he makes Lords who should on gibbets hing."

If Drummond was in chagrin, young Montrose was in despair. What was *he* in Scotland now, under the established Argyle-Loudoun Government (or let us call it the Coalition Government of Argyle and Loudoun with the Hamiltons), but the convicted criminal-in-chief, flung aside with his ticket-of-leave? What career for *him* now remained open? Reconciliation with the existing Government on a basis of forgiveness for the past and promises of future submission was a degradation to which he would never stoop. Even to *live* in a Scotland governed by Argyle and his black adjutants seemed intolerable. His thoughts, therefore, were of migration abroad—to Germany, or wherever else some war was a-foot; and, till that should be arranged, he would hide his moodiness in one or other of his country-estates, occupying himself as best he could. Soldier and would-be politician though he was, he could dash off his feelings now and then in a piece of verse; and in the following, written about this time, the reader will recognise a more passionate misery than in Drummond's just-quoted triplet:—

"Then break, afflicted heart!
And live not in these days,
When all prove merchants of their faith,
None trusts what other says ·
For, when the sun doth shine,
Then shadows do appear;
But, when the sun doth hide his face,
They with the sun retire."

Meanwhile Charles, caring less about the misery of the Scottish Drummondists in the discomfiture in which he had left them than about the effects of that discomfiture upon his own regal chances, was back in London, renewing his grapple with the English Long Parliament. What need here to dwell on the tale of his non-success? In England, no less than in Scotland, he was baulked of his hopes of a counter-revolution. He was baulked in that attempted *coup d'état* of January 1642, called "The Arrest of the Five Members," which was, in fact, the

English equivalent to Montrose's projected plot in Scotland. Then he left London in disgust, sent his Queen abroad, and withdrew himself into the North of England, not yet utterly breaking with the Parliament, but, on the contrary, letting the Parliament sweep on at will, and even passing the Bill, on which they insisted, for the exclusion of the Bishops from the House of Lords. In March 1642 he took up his head-quarters at York; and, after having gathered his adherents there, and avowed his rupture with the Parliament on the Militia Question, he at last, on the 22nd of August, moved southwards in arms, and unfurled the standard of the ENGLISH CIVIL WAR.

CHAPTER XVII.

SCOTTISH ALLIANCE SOLICITED BY THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT: DIVISION OF OPINION: THE HAMILTONIAN OR ROYALIST PARTY: DRUMMOND'S *SKIAMACHIA:* ITS ANTI-CLERICAL SPIRIT AND INVECTIVES: REFLECTIONS ON THE SAME: THE SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT: DRUMMOND'S USELESS *REMORAS* TO IT: SCOTTISH AUXILIARY ARMY IN ENGLAND: PROGRESS OF THE WAR AND OF AFFAIRS GENERALLY IN ENGLAND TILL NASEBY: DRUMMOND'S CONTINUED MOODINESS: MORE SQUIBS AND EPIGRAMS: HIS INTENDED DEFENCE BEFORE THE CIRCULAR TABLES: VACANCY IN LASSWADE PARISH, AND CHOICE OF A NEW MINISTER: MONTROSE'S OUTBLAZE AND TRIUMPH: DRUMMOND IN HIS RETINUE: BATTLE OF PHILIPHAUGH, AND EXTINCTION OF THE BLAZE: KING'S FLIGHT TO THE SCOTS, AND CONCLUSION OF THE CIVIL WAR IN BRITAIN: MONTROSE'S FORCED EXILE: HIS FAREWELL TO DRUMMOND.

1642—1646.

THE ENGLISH CIVIL WAR had been in progress for four months. The whole of England had been mapped out into districts, in some of which the Royalists were in the majority, and the Parliamentarians oppressed and harassed, while in others the Parliamentarians preponderated and the Royalists were under control. The battle of Edgehill (October 23, 1642), and the alarm of London by the advance of the King's army as

near to it as Brentford (November 12), had been the main incidents of the war hitherto, apart from the miscellaneous fighting and skirmishing everywhere; but nothing decisive either way had occurred, and the King had retired to Oxford, to make that city his centre while the war should last.

From the first outbreak of the war, and indeed while it was yet only in prospect, the King and the Parliament had competed with each other for the support of Scotland. More and more it had become evident to the Scots themselves that they could not rest in neutrality, but must openly declare for one of the sides. For the King there were all those who, whatever parts they had taken in Scotland's own revolution, could now find reason for sympathising with him in his English difficulties. The open form of their argument was to the effect that Scotland had obtained from the King's grace all that was needed for her own happiness and quiet, that this war between the King and his English subjects was a different kind of thing altogether from the recent war between him and the Scottish Covenanters, and that the honour of Scotland was concerned in the maintenance of the dignity of her native Prince against the ruthless English revolutionists. On the other side, the argument was more effective, because better founded. If gratitude were to be the motive, whether was the gratitude due to the King, from whom the Presbyterian settlement had been wrung grudgingly and at the last gasp, or to the English people, who had from the first yielded their sympathies to the Scots, and had been helpful even after the Scots had become ostensibly an invading enemy? If the English, even while nominally Prelatists, had behaved so generously to a neighbour nation struggling for Presbyterianism, what would be thought of that nation if, now exulting in Presbytery for itself, it looked on coldly on the English when they too were casting off Prelacy? For the question of questions in England too was that of Church-reform. It was against Prelacy that the English Parliament were fighting: all other

questions of the English Civil War were but sprouts of that main one. The utter abolition of Prelacy in England, the assimilation of England to Scotland in matters of Religion—was not that an object to stir a Scottish heart? Nor was the prospect vague or distant. Had not the English Parliament, in communications with the Scots, avowed their resolution to prosecute the Church-question to the uttermost, and reciprocated the expressed desire of the Scots for a conformity in Faith, Worship, and Church-discipline between the two kingdoms? Had they not, before the outbreak of the war, taken steps for the convention of a great Synod of English Divines to advise Parliament as to the future Constitution of the English Church, and were not some Scottish Divines to be invited to that Synod? The Synod had been postponed, but undoubtedly it would meet soon. Let the Scots but do their duty, pierce through all sophistications to actual facts, and signify that, if the King would not make peace with the English Parliament, they must declare for the Parliament. Let them do this, and what less was within sight than an extension of Scottish Presbytery, or of some modification thereof, over the whole of England, with Ireland to follow in time?

On this great question, occasioned by the English Civil War, the division of Scottish opinion had at length manifested itself in a split of the Argyle-Hamilton Coalition Government. The Scottish Clergy going universally for the English Parliament, and the bulk of the Scottish People agreeing fervidly with their Clergy, it was the part of Argyle, Loudoun, and others, who were the approved heads of the popular or thoroughly Presbyterian party, to represent their policy in the Privy Council, and regulate, if possible, all public acts accordingly. In the Privy Council, however, opinions were much more nearly balanced than in the country at large. All the pseudo-Presbyterians of that body, all who were Presbyterians because they could not help themselves, started up in the new character of Presbyterian Royalists. They would live and die, of course, for the Presby-

tery now established in Scotland; but they would maintain the King's cause against the English Rebels. Here, as might be guessed, the Elephant had parted company with the Dromedary. In other words, the leading champions for the King in the Scottish Privy Council, against Argyle and his following, were the Marquis of Hamilton and his brother Lanark. To them, indeed, the King had at this time absolutely entrusted the charge of his interests in Scotland. Nothing could exceed the zeal of the two brothers. On the whole the chances were considerably in their favour. Despite Argyle's influence, they drew many, if not most, of the Privy Councillors and other Edinburgh officials around them; and, as this was a case in which all Scottish Royalists must sink their minor differences and accept the lead that offered, adhesion to the Hamilton party in the government became, for the nonce, the duty of all the Conservatives of Scotland, under whatever subordinate denominations of Traquairists, Drummondists, Montrosists, pseudo-Covenanters, non-Covenanters, or anti-Covenanters. The Argyle party, on the other hand, called also the Kirk party, included all the more resolute Presbyterians, and nearly all the populace. Had you lived in Scotland between January and August, 1643, you would have had to choose between the Dromedary and the Elephant.

Drummond, of course, went passionately with the Elephant; and in January 1643 he had an opportunity of appearing publicly, as one may say, on the very back of the beast. The precise occasion was as follows:—

The English Parliament had appealed to the Scots expressly for armed help in a Declaration dated November 17, 1642, and the King had sent a counter-Declaration to the Scottish Privy Council, dated December 6, with an order that it should be published. At a Council meeting, about the 20th of December, one-and-twenty members being present, there was a vehement debate as to the propriety of publishing the King's Declaration

unless that of the Parliament were to be published also. Some were for printing both, some for printing neither, some for printing the King's only, and one thoroughgoing gentleman was for printing the Parliament's and suppressing the King's. The vote came to be on the King's Declaration *simpliciter*, print or not print, and on this question the Hamilton party beat the Argyle party by eleven to nine. Immediately, however, surrounding popular opinion was up in a phrenzy, employing as its organs two public bodies existing in Edinburgh side by side with the Privy Council. One was that Commission for the Conservation of the Peace between the two Kingdoms which had been appointed by the last Scottish Parliament, and which was, in fact, another edition of the Privy Council, only with more of the Argyle or Presbyterian ingredient in its composition. The other was the so-called Commission of the Kirk, a somewhat unconstitutional body of delegates, both ministers and lay-elders, always appointed by the last General Assembly to superintend Kirk affairs till the meeting of the next Assembly. While, therefore, petitions from Presbyteries and shires were coming in direct to the Privy Council, remonstrating with that supreme body for their publication of his Majesty's message by itself, what was to prevent "some Noblemen, Barons, and Burgesses occasionally met in Edinburgh" (*i.e.* a private gathering of the Argyle adherents) from applying to the Commission of the General Assembly (where Argyle and his adherents were all-powerful) for the concurrence of that venerable body in a great joint-petition to be addressed to the Commission for the Conservation of the Peace? No sooner said than done; and, early in January 1643, the great joint-petition was duly presented to the Conservators of the Peace, with visible effects upon that body. The Privy Council had done wrong in publishing the King's Declaration, and the blunder could be rectified only by making it clear that the publication did not imply approbation, and by also publishing impartially the Declaration of the English Parliament! So said the Conservators

of the Peace between the two Kingdoms, pronouncing on a matter clearly within their commission. By this time the Privy Council were quite prepared to acquiesce so far in the popular demands, the Hamiltons having instructions from the King to that effect; but meanwhile the question had been widened by the assiduity of the Marquis of Hamilton in getting up what was called a *Cross-Petition*, *i.e.* a Petition to be presented to the Privy Council of a directly contrary tenor to that sent in to the Conservators of the Peace. This Cross-Petition, concocted and penned by the Marquis in consultation with Traquair, and signed by a great many "Noblemen, Barons, Gentlemen, and others"—*i.e.* by all the Drummondists within easy reach of Edinburgh—was received by the Privy Council on the 10th of January. Immediately the Conservators of the Peace, the Commission of the Kirk, and the original lay Petitioners of the Argyle party, rose in wrath against these Cross-Petitioners, execrating them as public enemies. The Kirk Commissioners not only threatened Kirk-censures against the Cross-Petitioners, but prepared a "thundering" declaration against them, and circulated the same, with an order that it should be read from all the pulpits of Scotland; and the Conservators of the Peace, on the 18th of January, approved of this Declaration of the Kirk-Commissioners, and pronounced an official condemnation on the Cross-Petition as prejudicial to their own authority and tending to the detriment of the State. There were growls in defence of the Cross-Petition; but, on the whole, the Hamilton party in the Privy Council had been checkmated.

One of the subscribers to the Cross-Petition must have been Drummond. From him, at all events, came by far the most formidable growl over its failure. It took the form of a tract of considerable length, entitled "Σκιαμαχια (*Fighting with Shadows*); *or a Defence of a Petition tendered to the Lords of the Council of Scotland by certain Noblemen and Gentlemen, January*, 1643." After the *Irene*, it is the most trenchant of

Drummond's political tracts. It is so trenchant that one cannot suppose it to have had more than a clandestine circulation. The Hamiltons and Traquair may have induced him to write it; and, indeed, from the very form of the tract one infers as much. It embodies *verbatim* the Cross Petition itself, which Hamilton and Traquair had penned. But, though the Hamiltons might be glad to see such a tract on the King's behalf, they can hardly have adopted it openly. For it transcends in outspokenness the Cross-Petition which it reproduces and defends. That is a very muddled document, with as much of professed respect for the English Parliament in it as could be introduced hypocritically in connexion with the main purpose. Drummond's defence is more like what Montrose would have sanctioned, and lashes for the King without reserve. Though called a Defence of the Cross-Petition, it is rather a reply to the Declaration against the same by the Commissioners of the Kirk. These reverend gentlemen, who had ordered the clergy all over the land to read the Declaration from their pulpits, are the Shadows with whom Drummond fights; and, as they had spoken most severely of the Cross-Petitioners, so Drummond throws co-equal vigour into his reply. Nay, the vigour is more than co-equal. The Scottish clergy had able penmen among them; but they had provoked an abler penman than any of them, unless it might be Alexander Henderson at his best.

The following will be a sufficient sample of the language of the *Skiamachia* respecting the English Parliament, and on the main subject of Scotland's duty in the English Civil War:—

"These men, if we will give credit to the Declaration of a Prince, or give faith to deeds, rather than words, are not a Parliament, but a number of men whose hatred and malice to the King's person is implacable, and their contempt of him and his authority visible and notorious, supported by the insolence and licentiousness of the people. . . Neither are they in number considerable; for of above 500 members of the House

of Commons there are not there now above 80 [Drummond is wrong: about 290 altogether took the side of Parliament, though many of these were away from the House on military duty], and of above an hundred of the House of Peers [132 is the correct number] not above 15 or 16 [it should be 28 or 30]—all which are so awed by the multitude of Anabaptists, Brownists, and other persons, desperate and of decayed fortunes [Drummond takes all his facts, and some of his phrases, from the King's manifestoes], that their consultations have not the freedom and liberty of a Parliament. These men, it is true, sit in the place of the Parliament, as the Antichrist sitteth in the Church of God, excommunicating, proscribing, pursuing by fire and sword the true Church, governing as the Thirty Tyrants did the people of Athens. At their best, they are but servants usurping the chairs of their masters, and give us leave to cry to them *O Saturnalia!* These men pretend one thing, and intend another. They make the gross people, and the rude Scot, believe their aims are altogether Religion and a Reformation of the abuses of the Church, to uphold their desperate attempts; but their intentions are quite astray. . . Brethren, whose subjects are ye? Hold ye your estates, offices, places, and lands, of any English man? Did ye swear your oath of fidelity, homage, and supremacy to the distempered heads of Kimbolton, Hampden, Pym, Strode, Haselrig, Marten, Wylde, Toll, Sir John Wray, Sir Giles Goose-cap [an imaginary member], Sir Henry Vane, or others of such calibre? . . . If the King doth adore any other God but whom he should, if he aspire to any other Heaven, embrace any other belief, any other Baptism, if he be an idolater, if an heretic, if a despiser of God and man, let us take arms against him! If he be an oppressor, if he hath embrued our scaffolds with innocent blood, if he hath dishonoured our wives, ravished our daughters, robbed us of our riches, lands, and possessions, let us take arms against him! If he hath denied the meanest of all his subjects justice, if he hath not granted us more than any of his ancestors (what city, nay private honest man, sought anything which was lawful, and what he might give, who departed with a sad countenance?), let us take arms against him! But, if he be more devout than the most religious of his subjects; if he be more free of the great and roaring sins of his kingdom than any of his subjects; if he hath laboured to maintain the true Protestant Religion to the uttermost of his power; if he hath never offered offence to any man, either in his estate or

person; if he be the best man in all his dominions, and *vere magnus quia bonus*; why should we hear the whispering of taking arms against him? Why should we not arise in arms *for* him?"

What is most interesting in the tract, however, is the unsparing heartiness with which Drummond exhibits in it his hatred of the new domination of the Presbyterian Clergy. As it was the Commissioners of the General Assembly that had challenged him to the tract, by their interference in a matter of State-politics, and by their sudden call upon all the pulpit-power of the land to aid the Argyle policy in the Privy Council, and crush the Hamiltonians or Cross-petitioners, so now Drummond speaks out all that wrath against the Clergy collectively which had long been in his mind. One of his habitual feelings since 1638, as we have seen, had been his horror at what, trying to fancy things exactly as he did, we ventured to call the Plague of Black Beetles, then so visibly brought back into Scotland. Never, however, had he described and denounced this plague so vehemently as now. The denunciation pervades the whole tract; but a few sentences will suffice for quotation:—

"Among all the sorts of people on the face of the earth, Christians should be of the most mild and peaceable disposition, humble, gentle, merciful, bountiful, and charitable, not only towards those of their own profession, but even to such who are without, and to all men in general. Amongst all Christians, they who bear a public charge in the Church of God, and who are advanced to teach and govern His people, should be eminent, as in their places, so in these Christian virtues, and in the practice of every pious duty towards all men. They should not be lifted up with pride, double-tongued, strikers, brawlers. Of their holy endeavours glory ariseth to God and peace to men. But, so soon as they who bear a public charge in the Church, and should be examples and precedents of holiness to others, begin to breathe great matters, altogether estranged from their vocation, or contrary to it, and strive to prostrate princes and people to their will and pleasure, seek to prescribe laws to all as if all

were their subjects, confound holy and profane things together, and, instead of the mild doctrine of our master Jesus Christ, and being ambassadors of the glad tidings of salvation, become heralds of war, of preachers turning soldiers, and for gowns delighting to glance in steel and arms, then everything turneth upside down, and divisions, discords, tumults, not only arise and multiply in kingdoms, but in every city, nay almost in every family. The Fire and Air, put out of their natural places, make not more horrible shakings of the body of the Earth than these men do of the politic bodies of Kingdoms and Commonwealths, confounding the inhabitants of this world. . . . Brethren, ye labour to prove your proposition because that, when ye, the Great Commissioners of the General Assembly, Inquisitors of the Faith, and men of unerring spirits (for it hath been disputed in the schools of Spain if the Fathers Inquisitors may err), were sitting concerning matters meddled with in our Petition, we private persons did not so much as acquaint you with our intentions. Petitions to the Lords of Council, and to the Commissioners for the Treaty of Peace, which are not first presented to the Commissioners of the General Assembly, they then in their Consistory sitting, are against the unity of Religion and the work of God in the land, cause diversions and disturbances, imply contempt, usurpation, and division! This is too great an ἀιτήμα or demand to be granted to you. And, since ye have not any Act of your Assemblies for it, nay though ye had, we refer it to your probation, requiring you to answer us if ye think Lords of Parliament and State, who tendered this Petition, but only private men. If ye value yourselves so high that no petition may be tendered by private men to a Council or Judges, except they first be presented to you and have your approbation, we hold you usurpers upon the Laws of this Kingdom, and contemners of royal authority, and men who would take unto themselves a vast unlimited seditious jurisdiction, by the exercise of an arbitrary power over the lives, liberties, and estates of the lieges of this kingdom, and who strive not only to be above men, but mankind. Did ever the Spanish Inquisition arise to this presumption? . . . If the alteration and reformation ye intend, and which ye think necessary, both in Church and State, must be made by blood, we are of different minds and opinions from you, and we entreat you not to harbour such outrageous and cruel thoughts. 'Repent and pray unto God, if perhaps the thought of your hearts may be forgiven you; for ye are in

the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity.' For, where by blood ye shall make three proselytes, ye shall make a hundred hypocrites, epicureans, and men of no religion, who neither care for Presbyterian nor Episcopal government of the Church; and, by establishing or lessening some supposed forms of superstition in our neighbour county, ye shall plant and increase Atheism. . . . Brethren, these times require other meditations and calmer thoughts. Take a view of the map of the Earth, and there ye shall find that the Kingdom of Scotland is not all the Earth, and that England and it together make but one, not immense, Isle. Now, being so blessedly contented with your Reformation as ye are, why seek ye to involve yourselves in the debates and quarrels of another kingdom? Ye are men of great faith if ye believe the English will enslave their understandings and opinions in points of Religion to the Scots (the receiving of Religion, in the politic consideration, being holden a point of servitude), and establish our Presbyterial forms in their Church. . . . Presumptuous Churchmen in most parts of the kingdoms of Europe have proven worse than the foxes of Samson. They but burnt the corns when the fields were white for the harvest; but these have burnt whole towns, male and female children and old men, guilty or not guilty, holy or profane, turning all under the law of their spoil and licentiousness; dyed the white fields in blood; turned them into a Golgotha, as in our own country that one battle of Pinkie can testify, where a Churchman was both the loss of the field and Commonwealth. They are firebrands of strife, trumpets of sedition, the Red Horses whose sitters have taken peace from the Earth. There is no Christian country which hath not by their devices been wrapped in wars; they carry the common people, like hawks, hooded, into dangers and destruction; make them believe the mountains shake when the moles do cast up. . . They have turned men's estate at this time so desperate that the living envy the dead, and may wish they had never come on the theatre of this world, to draw the air of anguish and calamities; to be partakers of the barbarous dissensions amongst Christians, who are spiritual brothers, and should live in amity and perfect love together, whilst now any Christian should live in greater safety amongst the Turks, Jews, and Infidels, than he can live and draw out this miserable span of mortality amongst men professing one Jesus Christ with him: the Christian Religion being brought by these men to consist in outward shows and cere-

monies, rites, songs, springs, babblings, and tautologies, regarding rather *sonantia quam solida*, tumultuary learning, disputations of more labour than profit, and in an ambition to live backward to the Religion of Rome; and what remains being blind obedience to some General Council or Assembly, for insurrection against Princes, tumults, murders, plundering of men who think not their thoughts, have not the like desires, judgments, and opinions with them; publishing Declarations one against another; fighting first by pens, then with pikes and muskets, to the great affrightment of all who are not of their faith, especially of the Jews, who resolve rather to keep their ancient rites than to be partakers of Christian dissensions."

This is clearly the language of one who had become, universally and indiscriminately, a clergy-hater. It is the language of one to whom Churchmen of all denominations, Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, or Presbyterian, had begun to seem but diverse forms of one perennial pest, though the particular form of the pest that then afflicted Scotland seemed about the worst.

Really, in this last particular, there was much to excuse Drummond. To a man of his temperament and culture, not to speak of his political principles, there could hardly have been a more irritating form of the Plague of Black Beetles than that which then troubled Scotland. There they were, swarming everywhere, intruding themselves into every house, tumbling into everything. What every man, and every man's wife, did, said, or thought; how they spent their Sundays; how their household was managed; how their children were educated; whether the man remembered his Covenant obligations; whether he interpreted them rightly; whether he was zealous enough in his public appearances for them: the oversight of all this was the professional care of the Presbyterian Clergy. The mental and moral discipline of Scotland belonged to them by the divine right of their office; and woe to them if they were lax in it! And so, the moral passing inevitably into the political, they had assumed the universal social regulation, comfortable enough guides for the vast majority, who went with them willingly and

admiringly, but dreadful inquisitors and torments for all who passed in any respect beyond prescribed bounds, or persisted too much in thinking for themselves. There have always been, under all difficulties, men of this last class in Scotland, and in no country does one see more manly, courageous, and strongly-original faces; but it might be a fair speculation whether in the "pawky" type of physiognomy which is often to be marked in Scottish streets, conjoined with the soft walk, the sleek black gloves touching each other in front, and the evasive or sidelong glance, there is not a relic of that old ecclesiastical tyranny which drilled a considerable percentage of Scotsmen through several generations into a look of acquiescence in propositions known to be untenable.

And yet, on the other side, how much might be said! That phrase, "The Plague of Black Beetles," which I have used several times, to convey as strongly as possible the disgust with which Drummond and others regarded the all-dominant activity of the Scottish Presbyterian Clergy of their day, is a phrase not to be retracted perhaps, but to be greatly qualified. Those Presbyterian Clergy, it will be found on due enquiry, intolerant and meddlesome as they were to the last degree, were yet, all in all, the sincerest men in Scotland, the most disinterested, the most anxious to do right. Compared with the best of them, the nobles associated with them, were, with some exceptions, very poor creatures. But more than this. The Scottish Clergy had but set themselves with unusual energy to the performance of a duty which had been claimed till then by the clergies of all times and lands—the duty of thinking in all matters of high moment for the community within which they were lodged; and it may be said that the thinking provided for the Scottish people by their clergy was not only good average thinking in itself, but also in due accord with the popular instincts. Through the healthy Presbyterian device of lay-elderships and lay-votes in all ecclesiastical assemblies, it was even *furnished* in part by what the persistent and impudent sacer-

dotalism which still governs our European vocabulary continues to call the "lay" mind.

In the immediate question of national policy, at all events, the Presbyterian Clergy of 1643 were far more deep-seeing than Drummond, far more truly the consistent Scottish patriots. Drummond, indeed, was theoretically ahead of them, and of any other clergy that Britain had yet seen, in the conception of a toleration of religious differences as necessary and proper in every community, whatever might be the form of the Established Church. His eloquent protests for such a toleration in several of his writings come home to us now, and are much to his credit. But, when we consider with what other tenets in his political creed this Toleration tenet was associated, we can see that it was practically worthless in the wear and tear of the actual controversy. Had Drummond gone heart and soul with his countrymen in their general struggle with King Charles, and then unfurled his Toleration tenet among them, despite the Presbyterian Clergy, with a view to teach them the right use of their victory, he would have been a Scottish Phœnix, and we should now have looked back upon him with all the greater admiration. But there was nothing of the sort. On the contrary, passive obedience to the King was still Drummond's one ultimate rule of politics. Turmoil and carnage caused by the persistence of people or clergy in what they desired were inexcusable and merely hideous; turmoil and carnage caused by the persistence of one crowned gentleman in any crotchets of his whatever were regrettable, punishable perhaps after a long cycle at the bar of Heaven, but legitimate for the time upon Earth. And so, criticising Charles privately, jotting down in his note-books phrases about Charles which show that he thought him a narrow-brained bigot, unfit for his post, Drummond had nothing better to do publicly than maintain this bigot, and join his fine voice to the chorus of praises that had begun to be raised over him. We like Drummond for his Toleration tenet, and it was his honourable distinction from the

Presbyterian Clergy; but where could he fancy that tenet coming into operation? A Toleration tenet propounded only as a hopeful accident of this King's, or some King's, future will, a Toleration tenet suggested in small letters as one item in a political creed the paramount doctrine of which, written in capital letters, was absolute obedience to the Prince, was a pretty intellectual curiosity, but not worth twopence for service. The Scottish Presbyterian Clergy, without any Toleration tenet at all, but only with their rough general sagacity, were much more in the right than Drummond. While we remember their faults, therefore, and even picture them as "black beetles" if we like, let it never be forgotten that it was they that kept Scotland, in that crisis of British History, firm to the permanent cause of truth and liberty, because firm to the alliance of the English Parliament.

For they succeeded. The Black Beetles and the Dromedary succeeded together. In vain did Hamilton, created a Duke by the King for his zeal (April 12, 1643), toil on in the effort to draw Scotland to the King, or even to keep it neutral. August 1643 was the decisive month. The assistance of the Scots had then become more desirable than ever to the English Parliament, because the Parliamentary Generals, Essex, Manchester, and Waller, had been managing but poorly, and the King had had the best of it in recent battles. Fortunately also for the chance that the assistance could now be obtained, the English Parliament had committed itself irrevocably by recent proceedings to a root-and-branch abolition of Episcopacy, and a reconstruction of the Church of England on some other model, and had convoked the long-promised Assembly of English Divines at Westminster, to assist in considering what that model should be. This famous Westminster Assembly had actually met (July 1). In such circumstances it was that Commissioners from the Parliament, one of whom was Sir Harry Vane, accompanied by two Commissioners from the Westminster Assembly, came to Edinburgh, to arrange, if possible, for a

definite agreement with the Scots. The Scots, on their part, were then quite ready. A Convention of the Estates had met at Edinburgh, June 22, assuming, in spite of all the protests of Hamilton and his party, the full powers of a Scottish Parliament; and on the 2d of August the General Assembly of the Kirk had also met, the fifth regular annual assembly after the famous revolutionary one of Glasgow. Treating with these bodies, the English Commissioners found no difficulty, if only the English Parliament would consent to one condition. What was that? It was that the Treaty between the two nations for mutual co-operation through the rest of the Civil War should not be a civil compact only, but also a religious one. On this the Scots insisted; and, to show what they meant, they produced a *Solemn League and Covenant*, in which they proposed that the two nations, both by their governments and by general subscription throughout their communities, should at once concur. The English Commissioners, having examined the document, suggested some modifications; and, these modifications having been accepted by the Scottish Convention of Estates, and by the Scottish General Assembly (August 17), it only remained to be seen whether the English Parliament and the English Assembly of Divines at Westminster would ratify the document on the English side. There was no reason to doubt that they would. For, though the document pointed to the establishment of Presbytery in England, it by no means tied up the English to that conclusion. It pledged both nations, certainly, against a return either to Popery or to Episcopal Government; but, for the rest, it only pledged them to mutual fidelity to each other's privileges and liberties, to efforts after more moral and Christian lives than hitherto, and to a continued "endeavour to bring the Churches of God in the three kingdoms to the nearest conjunction and uniformity in Religion, Confession of Faith, Form of Church Government, Directory for Worship, and Catechising." Let the English Parliament but accept the document, and 20,000 Scots or more would cross the border as an auxiliary army

against the King. In earnest of these, and in faith that the English Parliament would accept the offered Covenant, the Scottish General Assembly at once nominated five Scottish Divines (Henderson, Baillie, Douglas, Rutherford, and Gillespie) and three Scottish lay-elders (the Earl of Cassilis, Lord Maitland, and Sir Archibald Johnstone) to act as representatives of Scotland in the Assembly at Westminster.

With some slight additional modifications, the English Parliament, after consultation with the Westminster Assembly, did enthusiastically accept the SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT, the two Houses issuing an ordinance that it should be published, and subscribed and sworn to by all the inhabitants of the English realm, and themselves setting the example by subscribing and swearing to it in mass (Sept. 25). Scotland, which had been waiting for this result, then duly followed, the Committee of the Convention of Estates ordaining (Oct. 22) that the Covenant should be subscribed to universally throughout Scotland, under pain of confiscation of goods and other punishments. Thus, in addition to the NATIONAL SCOTTISH COVENANT of 1638, binding on Scotland only, there was, from October, 1643, another document, called THE SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT, of Scottish origin, but common to the two kingdoms, and linking them together.

This SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT was even a more desperate dose for the Scottish Royalists than the NATIONAL COVENANT had been. They must have been nearly frantic over it, and only the suddenness of the transaction can account for the small amount of reclamation against it made among them at the time. Among Drummond's papers, however, is one entitled *Remoras for the National League between Scotland and England.* It must have been written in or shortly after October, 1643, when the Covenant was past recall, and the signing of it all over Scotland and England had made considerable progress. *Remoras* ("delays" or "stops") is therefore hardly the proper

name for the paper: it is rather a bitter secret protest against an act already done. It consists of thirteen paragraphs, twelve of which are reasons of protest; and it so happens that the opening words of each paragraph give its essence, thus:—

"No subjects under a monarchy and ancient sovereignty, without their sovereign's consent, may enter into a League or Covenant with a stranger nation.

"Those who have subscribed the Scottish Covenant, or Confession of Faith, without being perjured, cannot swear to this League. There the defence of the king's honour and person, with the maintenance of the prerogatives of his crown, are sworn unto; and here, in this League, the privileges of the Parliament of England solemnly are sworn to: which two cannot well subsist together, it being one of the terriblest privileges of the Parliament of England to depose their kings at their pleasure [Historical precedents of deposition of kings in England are here mentioned]. . . .

"By this League we are sworn to defend the Religion of England in Catechism and Discipline [rather a misrepresentation]; and yet we know not what they are. . . .

"It is a great folly to make a people swear to maintain the liberties of stranger nations, of which they are ignorant. . . .

"It is of no small difficulty to understand that this oligarchy now assembled in London is a Parliament, having neither King, Spiritual Lords, nor a competent number of Peers. [Drummond silently retracts his former reduction of the English Commons to a residue of 80, having doubtless heard that at least 220 of the Commons House had already taken the Covenant]. . . .

"This League will plunge us into an eternal war, of which none living can have assurance of the event. . . .

"The Church of God is not established by human policy and wit; neither is Religion to be established or upholden by arms. . . .

"This League, though sworn and subscribed, concerneth nothing the oligarchy assembled at London; for the subscribing and swearing to maintain the liberties of a Parliament is to swear to maintain the liberties of the Three Estates of the Kingdom. . . .

"It is fearful, and includeth a repugnancy in itself, to swear men for amendment of their lives, and that each one shall endeavour to go before others in example of goodness and a real

reformation, and then to raise them up in arms against their own countrymen. . . .

"What a folly it is to swear men to the extirpation of orders out of the Church, as if Bishops, Arch-Deans, &c., and an aristocratical government, were not lawful amongst Christians: which they shall never be able to prove by Scripture or reason, but only by their armed ruffians and the mad ban-dogs of the rascality. . . .

"The penalty of not subscribing is not Christian, and more beseeming the Turks and Cannibals than any professing the name of Jesus Christ. . . .

"If the substance and matter of the Oath be lawful, an honest man will keep it without an oath; and, if it be not lawful, the Oath bindeth no man to it." . . .

Some of these reasons of Drummond against the SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT are very sound. Some of them are the very reasons which led not a few of those extreme English Revolutionists whom Drummond would have stigmatized as the worst of "the mad ban-dogs of the rascality"—John Lilburne, for example—to refuse most stubbornly to take the Covenant, and which led some of the most forward English Parliamentarians who did take it fervently—Cromwell and Milton, for example—to doubt afterwards whether it had not been a blunder. But, unfortunately, Drummond had not put himself into the only predicament that would have entitled him to plead those objections of his which were ethically the most valid. What right had *he* to stand on the sacredness of individual liberty? The King had imposed Covenants, was imposing Covenants, would impose Covenants to the end of the chapter, as stringent as this one, though of a contrary sense. Not a murmur from Drummond against these. He found his objections to Covenants, or at least expressed them, only when the particular Covenant he did not like came to his own door; and, had the opposite kind of Covenant been going round to other people's doors in the King's name, he would have been silent. He is not so much to be pitied, therefore, if he had to undergo the pain of subscribing to this new Solemn League and Covenant as

he had subscribed to its predecessor, the National Scottish Covenant. That he had to do so there can be no doubt. He would not have minded that so much, if he could have seen the new League baulked of its substantial effect. But, at length, on the 19th of January, 1644, Leslie and his 21,500 Scottish soldiers did march into England.

They were not of much use to the English Parliamentarians after all. They assisted in the great battle of Marston Moor (July 2, 1644), the first really smashing blow that the King received; but, after that, they sank into an inactivity which was thought discreditable. This inactivity was partly caused by the political state of things in England. For, while fighting against the King, the Parliament had been discussing various public questions, and especially the Church Question; and in this Church Question a great division of opinion had presented itself, remembered now as the strife between the PRESBYTERIANS and the INDEPENDENTS.

The Westminster Assembly, deferring much to the advice of the few Scottish Commissioners included in it, had declared itself almost unanimously for a reconstruction of the English Church on the system of pure and simple Presbyterianism, after the Scottish model. In Parliament also the partisans of Presbyterianism pure and simple were greatly in the majority; and the mass of the English nation, with the City of London to lead, tended the same way. The dissentients were the so-called Independents. By this name had come to be known a considerable minority of persons, both in London and scattered through the provinces, who were as resolute against a Prelacy as the Scots and the English Presbyterians were, but whose ideas of the proper constitution of a Church were derived rather from those native Separatists, Sectaries, or extreme religious opinionists, who since Elizabeth's time, had maintained a smothered existence in England, distinct from the ordinary body of the English Puritans, more unrelentingly persecuted by

the authorities, and indeed regarded by these authorities, and by the more moderate Puritans themselves, as dangerous vermin. These early Separatists or Sectaries had not contended merely, like the ordinary body of the Puritans, for an abatement of Prelatic rigour, a simplification of ceremonies, and a more effective Calvinistic teaching in the National Church; they had objected to any organised National Church whatsoever. They had objected, by implication, to any Church that should be governed by Presbyteries and Synods, as much as to the actual Church which was governed by Bishops. Their notion of the proper Christian Church in any land had been that it should consist merely of such congregations of believers as might naturally and spontaneously form themselves in that land, each independent within itself, and having no connection with others, except what might arise from voluntary and brotherly intercourse.

When the English Revolution broke out at the opening of the Long Parliament, there was more of this old native leaven of Independency in England than appeared. On the whole, however, what with the strong bent towards Presbyterianism already inherent in the general body of the English Puritans, and what with the influence of Scottish precept and example, this Independency had hitherto been powerless in the all-essential debate as to the future constitution of the English Church. In that debate Presbyterianism had carried all before it. There were, indeed, five Independents, of a very mild type, among the Divines of the Westminster Assembly; but all that they had been able to do was to object to various points of the Presbyterian theory as they came up in debate, and keep the Assembly disagreeably aware of the fact that there was a rival theory of Independency or Congregationalism which might have something to say for itself. Accordingly, by these divines themselves, as well as by the Independents and Sectaries of a more pronounced type scattered through England, and also by Cromwell, Vane, and others, who were the recognised Parliamentary representatives

of Independency, and responsible for the leadership, all idea of making a stand absolutely for the Congregationalist theory in opposition to the Presbyterian had been given up. That the Church of England must be reconstituted on the Presbyterian system they had accepted as a fact. But, while accepting this fact, they had thrown their whole strength into a most momentous controversy affecting the extent of legal power to be vested in the new Presbyterian Establishment. The controversy took various forms, each tending to a relaxation of the proposed new English system of Presbytery from the strictness of the Scottish model. By far the most important demand of the Independents, however, was the demand for a guaranteed Toleration of Dissent under the new Establishment. Let the new Presbyterian Church be the State Church, with all the emoluments and advantages belonging to such an institution; but let there be no compulsion to membership of it; let Englishmen and Englishwomen who had scruples about its doctrines or its forms be free to associate in congregations for themselves!

A very moderate demand, surely; but O what an uproar it raised! The Presbyterians, to a man, with the Scottish divines conspicuous among them, rose against any Toleration whatsoever. They condemned Toleration, or Liberty of Private Conscience, both name and thing; they denounced it as the error of errors, the blasphemy of blasphemies, the arch-invention of the Devil. The suppression of sects and heresies, the compulsory conformity of every man, woman, and child, in England to the Presbyterian Church about to be set up, was, they maintained, the only perfect, lawful, Scriptural, possible, expedient, rational, desirable, or endurable consummation. It was implied in the Solemn League and Covenant, they said, that there should be no Toleration, no Liberty of Private Conscience. The Independents, on the other hand, denied that this was in the Covenant, declared that they had never understood it to be in the Covenant, but practically did not

care whether it was in the Covenant or not. There *should* be Toleration and Liberty of Conscience, more or less in amount, in England, or forty thousand Englishmen would know the reason why! For by this time Independency, in the sense of a general desire for freedom in Religion, rather than of mere pragmatical attachment to the Congregationalist principle, had become rife in the Parliamentary Army, and Cromwell, as the most popular man in that Army, had a power at his back additional to all his power in Parliament. There was plenty Presbyterianism in the English Parliamentary Army; but the mass of the Army had become Cromwellian or Independent, indignant at the prospect of a new Presbyterian tyranny in England in place of the abolished Prelacy, angry at the wrong-headedness of the English politicians that seemed to be working to that end, and sick, above all, of the pestering intrusiveness of the Scots, with their everlasting appeals to the Covenant, their acquired dictatorship in the Westminster Assembly, and the encumbrance of their useless and expensive auxiliaries on English ground.

That the Scottish Auxiliary Army had been so useless was partly owing to the fact that Leslie had had to adjust his strategy to the peculiar interests and desires of his countrymen in the complex state of the English Church-controversy. To aid in beating the King with a view to the establishment of Scottish Presbytery in England, and precisely so far as might favour that issue, was virtually the task prescribed to him by the Scottish Government; and one can see how, in trying to fulfil this task, he should have found his faculty of caution most in request. The English Presbyterians, at least, did not complain of him on that ground. To them, no less than to the Scots, the beating of the King in such a way and to such an extent as should ensure the Presbyterian settlement, the suppression of the Independents and Sects, and the extinction of the Toleration heresy, had become the aim and rule of the war. Victory in the vague, victory to be followed by a Church-chaos, was a

prospect from which they shrank with horror. Nay, in the minds of many of them, and especially of the Presbyterian leaders in Parliament, and the chief Presbyterian commanders of the Army, a wider fear had begun to mingle with the direct solicitude for a strictly regulated Church. What if Monarchy itself should go down in the Civil War, Monarchy and all the institutions of aristocratic privilege connected with it? Little wonder that, in this state of mind, the war was carried on, so far as it depended on the English Presbyterians, if not with Leslie's cautious inactivity, at least with a very respectable amount of lethargy. Not to ruin the King utterly, but to win and maintain such a superiority over him by occasional battles as should bring him to treat—this had become the Presbyterian policy. Hence a distinction between the Presbyterians and the Independents in the matter of soldiering, developed logically enough out of their primary difference on the question of religious freedom. The Independents, as the more extreme revolutionists, were troubled with none of those compunctions in fighting the King which impeded the Presbyterians. They threw more heart into the war, wanted to end it as swiftly and crashingly as they could, and were by no means particular as to the precise shape of things that should come out at the other end of the crash. If Royalty should be conserved, well and good: they had no wish to destroy Royalty, if it could co-exist with more general interests. If it should please the fates that there should be a State Church in England on the Scottish Presbyterian model, they would not seriously object: nay, if there were to be a State Church at all, that model was as good as any, because it would gratify the largest number. Only, so far as in them lay, Royalty should emerge from the war well begirt by constitutional checks, and in the charter of the new Presbyterian State Church there should be an ample guarantee for liberty of dissent and the rights of private conscience.

Always in a state of war valour and energy are sure of the preference. However strong the demarkation of a community

into two parties, there are always masses so loosely attached to either side that a phrase, an incident, a sudden gust of sentiment, will whisk them to the other. Accordingly, when, in the weariness of the long war, it had begun to be observed that little success had been achieved anywhere except by Cromwell and his Independents, and when many who had hitherto called themselves Presbyterians had begun consequently to say "After all, the Independents are the fellows for fighting," it was but a step to concede farther that the Liberty of Conscience which these "fighting fellows" wanted was nothing so very unreasonable. Even in Parliament the Presbyterians were not all so decidedly Presbyterians and nothing else but that there could be fluctuations of feeling in favour of the Independents; and it was in one of these fluctuations, aided by some startling recent successes of the King, that Cromwell and the other Independent Chiefs carried two ordinances of incalculable consequence. These were the *Ordinance for New-Modelling the Army* (Feb. 15, 1645), that is, for weeding, recasting, and consolidating the English Parliamentary Army into a compact and manageable force, and *The Self-Denying Ordinance* (April 3, 1645), by which all members of either House, including Essex, Manchester, and Waller, were deprived of their military commands, and the New Army was entrusted to Fairfax as Commander-in-Chief, with a tried body of officers under him, most of whom were Independents. Cromwell himself, by special and necessary waiving of the second ordinance in his case, having been appointed Lieutenant-General to Fairfax, the results were immediate. The newly-officered Army at once began operations in the most emphatic style; and, on the 14th of June, 1645, there was the memorable Battle of Naseby. By this battle the King's cause was utterly shattered. There was to be a year more of the war, but only by way of dealing with Royalism in its dispersed fragments.

Through those two years of events in England Drummond

had been watching and wishing. His position was that of a man whose prayers in secret were for the success of the King, but who, as a subject of the Argyle-Loudoun Government, and himself pledged to the Solemn League and Covenant, was nominally at war with Charles, and fighting against him through the agency of Leslie's Auxiliary Army. In such circumstances, one can well believe the information of his old biographer that "there "were a great many particular papers wrote against the chief "ring-leaders of the Rebellion, which, after his death, in those "very severe times, were thought fit to be destroyed, for fear of "doing harm to his friends or family." One can guess the nature of these lost diatribes; but it would have been interesting to possess personal portraits or caricatures by Drummond of Argyle, Loudoun, Leslie, Henderson, Johnstone of Warriston, and any of the contemporary Englishmen included in his satires. Among his preserved scraps in verse is this on the death of Pym, the great English Parliamentary leader (Dec. 8, 1643):—

> "When lately Pym descended into hell,
> Ere he the cups of Lethe did carouse,
> What place that was he called aloud to tell;
> To whom a devil, 'This is the Lower House.'"

A longer piece is entitled *The Character of an Anti-Covenanter or Malignant*, and may be taken as a genuine sketch of Drummond himself, though the form is ironical. A Covenanter is supposed to be the speaker, and begins thus:—

> "Would you know these Royal knaves
> Of free men would turn us slaves,
> Who our union did defame
> With Rebellion's wicked name,
> Read these verses and ye'll spring them:
> Then on gibbets straight cause hing them."

Accordingly, the Anti-Covenanters or Malignants are described, Hudibrastically, thus:—

> "Neglect they do our Circular Tables,
> Scorn our acts and laws as fables;

Of our battles talk but meekly ;
With four sermons pleased are weekly ;
Swear King Charles is neither Papist,
Arminian, Lutheran, or Atheist,
But that in his chamber-prayers,
Which are poured with sighs and tears,
To avert God's fearful wrath,
Threatening us with blood and death,
Persuade they would the multitude
This King too holy is and good.
They avouch we'll weep and groan
When hundred Kings we serve for one ;
That each shire but blood affords
To serve the ambition of young lords,
Whose debts ere now had been redoubled
If the State had not been troubled.
Slow they are our Oath to swear,
Slower for it arms to bear ;
They do not concord love and peace,
Would our enemies embrace,
Turn men proselytes by word,
Not by musket, pike, and sword."

Again :—

" He who says that might is right,
That cripple folk walk not upright,
That the owls into the spring
Do not nightingales outsing,
That the seas we may not plough,
Ropes make of the rainy bow,
That the foxes keep not sheep,
That men waking do not sleep,
That all's not gold'doth gold appear,
Believe him not although he swear.
To such sirens stop your ear ;
Their societies forbear.
Ye may be tossèd like a wave ;
Verity may you deceive ;
Just fools they may make of you ;
Then hate them worse than Turk or Jew.
Were it not a dangerous thing
Should we again obey the King?
Lords should lose their sovereignty;
Soldiers haste back to Germany;
Justice should in our towns remain ;
Poor men possess their own again ;
Brought out of Hell that word of " Plunder,"
More terrible than Devil or thunder,

Should with the Covenant fly away,
And charity among us stay;
Peace and plenty should us nourish,
True Religion 'mongst us flourish."

Having thus warned people against the Malignants and their plausibility, the supposed Covenanting speaker concludes :—

"When you find these lying fellows,
Take and flower with them the gallows;
On others you may too lay hold,
In purse or chest if they have gold:
Who wise or rich are in this nation
Malignants are by protestation."

However warily such things were circulated, they were easily traced to Drummond, and one is not surprised to hear that he was called to account for them. "Being a reputed "Malignant," says his old biographer, "he was extremely "harassed by the prevailing party, and, for his verses and dis- "courses, frequently summoned before their Circular Tables, as "we may see by a Discourse which he designed to have spoken "to them." The discourse in question would not by itself bear out the assertion that he had been "frequently" summoned before the Circular Tables. What it does prove is that, some time or other,—and the present date is as likely as any,— Drummond, whether he had made acquaintance with the Circular Tables before or not, had reason to expect a summons from them. *A Speech of the Author's when he should have been questioned for some Papers before the Circular Tables* is the title of the piece: *i.e.*, it is a draft of what he thought it would be fit to say in an expected conference with the chiefs of the Presbyterian Government or their agents. He meant to be very brave, as will be seen from the following extract, containing the marrow of the whole, and interesting both for its personal details and for the plea for the Liberty of the Press which it includes :—

"In these late troubles ye have taken the Daughter against

the Father, Religion against Authority. For it is written that 'the Church (that is Religion) shall have Kings for her Fathers and Queens for her Mothers; and if ye have not made Religion chase away Authority, if not kill her, let Posterity, which without flattery will determine of all actions, be judge. Those who have followed Authority, spoken or written anything for it (as the Lords in the Reign of King James IV. did), ye have turned fugitives, forced to live banished, begun to use all manner of proscriptions and forfeitures against them; and, with their wives and little children, they are compelled daily to leave the kingdom: a proceeding not only against Christian Religion, but against humane Society and the practice of many civil Heathens. Ye say the fault is their own, who would not adhere to your faction and embrace your opinions. And why rather is not the fault yours, who will not be content to live as ye did in the time of the last reign? The King's Majesty's servants, Officers of State and Crown, many gentlemen in the country and cities, live by his Majesty's benevolence, munificence, and bounty; and these are the men ye would have to deny their master, and take arms against him. They may learn that much policy of you, not to forsake and quit that by which they are upholden. These ye have a mind to proscribe, if they run not your ways, and do not as you do.

"In truth, my Lords, the interest *I* have in any of the factions of this kingdom, by way of gain or advantage, is none. But, out of that duty a subject oweth to his Sovereign, I ever favoured the party of Authority, knowing it to be a main-beam of the state; which being once shaken, the whole frame built on it is ready to be overtumbled. Besides, I know that, however faction prevailed for a while, it was but a fire of straw; that the subjects, either now out of necessity, after they had been sore galled with excises, taxes, loans, and maintenance of armies, and their estates impoverished and taken from them, or of their own free will, would return to the obedience of their Sovereign Lord: and I would not, after my death, have the name of a Rebel set over my grave. At last, after I had found that *apud furentem multitudinem parum tuta est Majestas sine viribus*, being loth to banish myself from my country in my weaker age, I went with you, and obeyed what ye commanded; for, after ye had made yourselves masters of Crown, Sceptre, and Sword, and had invested the King's Castles, no private man had a disgrace in saying as ye said: *Minima quæque*

parvitate suâ tuta sunt. Should I meet a number of madmen, and they were to have me to dance with them, I were the occasion of my own destruction if I opposed them. *Oportet stultitiam imperantis ferre.* But that I allowed of your proceedings, it was never in my thoughts. Ye say I do as ye do, assert and advance all your proceedings. Compelled and forced obligations are null in law, much more what any subscribeth under pain of being prosecuted if he do not. But I will not enter into this sea.

"I am called hither to make answer, and to hear a charge for scandalous and seditious papers sent abroad, and supposed to have come from my pen, since the beginning of the troubles of this kingdom. That I have been writing I cannot deny; but that any of my writings should prove seditious or scandalous, except to distempered brains, is more than I can perceive. The History which I have written of the *Lives of the Five Kings of Scotland* may, by some monarchomachists, be challenged as scandalous. That they are for the suppression of Rebellion against monarchs I cannot deny, being written under a monarch, and Monarchy, for anything I could learn by a long-continued reading of books, being in my judgment the best form of government. But it is perhaps a *Remonstrance* which, for the peace and concord of the People of this Isle, I have written which is challenged [the *Irene*]; which none, except men guilty of the crimes there taxed, can accuse me of. Sacrilege, ambition, and discord, are there branded; and, considering the miseries which by these vices we have fallen into, why should they be flattered and farded, to shine like beautiful virtues? *Honeste sapit qui non servivit malo publico.*

Some other pieces of State have passed under my pen which require rather an answer of strong and solid reasons than a personal reprehension and rebuke of the author. Verity is that which so long time ye have been praying for; Truth is that which ye have these years past been fighting for; and this is not, nor cannot be acquired, except a fair pass and safe-conduct be granted of arguing, and both parties be judicially heard before the tribunal of Reason; and such men as labour to suppress remonstrances and writings which concern the weal of the Commonwealth prove themselves to be altogether seditious and factious, malicious opinionatives, and that they reject every thing which is not of their own forge. The Romish Church was condemned fearfully, that they would not give way to

reasoning and hear our first Reformers; and some of ourselves are fallen into that same mire. Histories lately are come abroad, allowed and approved by the present rulers of the State, which to read in the days of Queen Elizabeth and King James was treason and capital, being forbidden by the laws of the Kingdom and Acts of Parliament; and now for trampled Monarchs none dare publish a sheet of paper; or, if any do, they are Malignants, and ecclesiastical and committee censures pass upon them."

All things considered, the Argyle-Loudoun government seem to have behaved more leniently to Drummond than might have been expected. There was certainly no pen in Scotland more formidable to them than his; but then, as they knew he worked with the pen alone, and was not likely to engage himself practically in plots or conspiracies, they do not seem to have thought it expedient to risk a public prosecution of a man of his high literary reputation. On the whole, therefore, through the years 1643, 1644, and the beginning of 1645, he lived at Hawthornden, or went and came between Hawthornden and Edinburgh, freely enough. One hears of him at this time in connection with an event of parochial interest.

In the end of 1643, Mr. Porteous, who had been the parish-minister of Lasswade since 1616, died; and, as in all Scottish parishes on such occasions, there was a good deal of excitement on the question who should be his successor. There was going about in Scotland at that time, in the character of a poor broken-down parson, sorely in need of a living, but who had been rejected by several parishes already, a certain Mr. James Fairly, A.M., of whom we have already heard (see p. 54). When it is mentioned that he had been Bishop of Argyle for about a year and a half in the by-gone days of Episcopacy, and so zealous in that capacity for Laud's Liturgy that he had tried to officiate with it in Grayfriars Church in Edinburgh on the day of the Jenny Geddes riot in the High Church of the same city, the reason for his unpopularity will seem sufficient. With all the other Scottish bishops, he had been deposed by the Glasgow

Assembly of 1638; but he was one of those who had escaped with deposition only, while most were punished also with excommunication. Baillie was surprised at this leniency to Fairly. "He seemed as worthy of censure as any: in his small "time he had shown good will to go the worst ways of the faction, "far contrar to the opinion that all men had had of his ortho- "doxy and honesty: he was ane urger of the wicked oath on in- "trants, ane obtruder of the Liturgy upon them, an oppressor of "his vassals, a preacher of Arminianism, a profaner of the Sab- "bath, and beginner to do all that Canterbury could have "wished." Nevertheless, afterwards, when the ex-bishop humbled himself to his brethren of the restored Presbyterian Kirk, and was forgiven and readmitted to the office of the ministry, Baillie began to pity him. "The case of Mr. James Fairly, late "Bishop of Argyle," says Baillie in his report of the proceedings of the General Assembly of 1641, "was much regretted: that, "he having given so long ago all satisfaction, yet no place could "be gotten for him, to deliver him from that extremity of poverty "wherewith long he had been vexed." Two years more had passed, and still no living had been found for the poor penitent. "Mr. Ja. Fairly," writes Baillie in 1643, "had oft been a sup- "plicant for some place in his great necessity: when, after long "delays, there did no possibility appear of any flock who would "be entreated to receive him, at last"——providentially, Baillie proceeds to explain, there had come an opening. The minister of Largo, in Fifeshire (the birth-place of the future Alexander Selkirk, the original of Robinson Crusoe), had been promoted to another living; and the patronage of Largo parish was in the hands of the Lord Chief Register, Gibson, the younger, of Durie; and the Lord Chief Register had been a pupil of Fairly's; and the appointment was made; and all seemed right. Alas! no. The Largo people would have no such man for their minister, and made resolute demonstrations and gesticulations to that effect in their fishy streets; the Presbytery of St. Andrews took part with the people; and, though the chiefs of the Kirk did

all they could from Edinburgh for Mr. Fairly, they failed. By the General Assembly of 1643, when the case came up, it was "remitted to the Presbytery;" which meant, of course, that the Largo people must have their way. "The man," says Baillie, "hath long been in extreme misery; he was sure his remitting "to the Presbytery was the loss of the cause, and his assured loss "of all the churches of the land, for no appearance that any "people would ever accept of him. Many tears shed he before "us; vehement was Durie for him; but there was no remede. "Presbyteries and parishes might not be wronged." Some months more had passed when, by the death of Mr. Porteous of Lasswade, that parish was vacant. By way of a last effort to provide for the buffeted ex-bishop, the Commission of the Assembly recommended him for the place. Would the Lasswade people, accustomed as they had so long been to the ministrations of a faithful Presbyterian like Mr. Porteous, accept the rejected of even fishy Largo? They had tenderer hearts, it appears, than the Largo people, or there was more adroit management. After various meetings and consultations, they accepted Mr. Fairly as their pastor, March 3, 1644; "where-"upon they subscribit a supplication to the Presbytery [of Dal-"keith], and ordainit the Lairds of Polton and Hawthornden, "with And. Lawder, to goe with the same; whilk was accordingly "done." It was not, however, till the end of the year, or the beginning of the next, that Mr. Fairly was finally settled in the parish. He was then about fifty-seven years of age, and he remained minister of Lasswade to his death in 1658, he and his wife, Bessie Nicoll, residing in what had been Mr. Porteous's manse, and having, I find, additional children there.*

From the fact that Drummond was one of the deputies from the Lasswade people to the Dalkeith Presbytery, to forward Mr. Fairly's appointment, it is to be inferred that he had

* Baillie's Letters as dated; Scott's *Fasti Eccles. Scot.*, Dalkeith Presbytery, Lasswade Parish; Lasswade Parish Registers in Register House, Edinburgh.

been active in his behalf. Fairly was of a literary turn, and had contributed two pieces of Latin verse to the *Muses' Welcome* to King James in 1617, which contained also Drummond's *Forth Feasting*. Drummond may therefore have known him from of old. At all events, his antecedents would be no discredit to him in Drummond's eyes, and he may have been more to Drummond's taste than his predecessor, Mr. Porteous. If I had found that Drummond became one of Mr. Fairly's elders, and so a member of his Kirk-Session, I should not have been surprised; but I am bound to say that my enquiries in that direction have been fruitless. There were, I may add, as many as 600 communicants in Lasswade parish in Mr. Fairly's time.——One thing more I may note as a local curiosity. If the Dalkeith Presbytery now contained an ex-bishop in the person of Mr. Fairly of Lasswade, it contained something more extraordinary still, though nobody then knew it, in the person of a future Archbishop. Since December 1641 the minister of the parish of Newbattle, by the appointment of its patron, the Covenanting Earl of Lothian, had been Robert Leighton, A.M., the son of that Scottish Dr. Alexander Leighton who had suffered so horribly at Laud's instance in London in 1630 for a book against Episcopacy, and had recently been released and rewarded by the Long Parliament after his long imprisonment. There could surely have been no safer Presbyterian choice for Newbattle than the Earl of Lothian had made; and, while Leighton remained minister there (which he did till 1653), there was no more serious charge against him than that he did not show the same excess of Presbyterian zeal as his brethren did, was too tolerant and easy on all disputed points, and of too philosophic and speculative ways. The musings and speculations were to carry him so far out of the Presbyterian camp, in the changed times that were coming, that he could accept a bishopric and an archbishopric, and yet leave a name to be honoured among his countrymen beyond that of any other Scotsman of his century who chanced to be a prelate; but, for the present,

nothing of this could be foreseen, even by himself. He was now thirty-three or thirty-four years of age. When Drummond went to Dalkeith, with the Laird of Polton and Andrew Lawder, to wait on the Presbytery in the business of Mr. Fairly's nomination, Leighton was probably in his place at the Presbyterial board. It is impossible, at all events, that two such men as Drummond and the thoughtful and tolerant Leighton could have been such near neighbours as they were without knowing each other well. We may add the future Archbishop Leighton, therefore, to the list of Drummond's friends.

The recent course of events in England must have afforded Drummond food for very mixed speculation. Marston Moor must have staggered him; and he cannot but have perceived altogether how much larger and more deep-reaching a business was this Civil War in England than the Scottish contests with Charles that had preceded it. The whole phenomenon of English Independency and its peculiar action in the war ought to have had interest and significance for him, if only because of the strangely new conjunction in which it flashed back upon him his own favourite toleration tenet. Here was a new school of thinkers, with a marching army of supporters, who had unfurled in England exactly such a toleration-tenet as he had himself tried furtively to send abroad in Scotland, but who had unfurled it in such circumstances, and in conjunction with views of politics so entirely the reverse of his own, that in their hands it was likely to be no mere toy-flag, but a great conquering banner. Drummond, it is to be feared, was at no leisure for a study of this phenomenon in the spirit in which it deserved to be studied. In his eyes the English Independents, with *their* cry of "Liberty of Conscience," were a pack of mere vagabonds, worse even than the Presbyterians, inasmuch as they were more democratical, more thorough-going against the King. Their growing power, however, must have arrested his attention, and at length struck him as with a final shock. So long as the

war for the English Parliament had been carried on by Essex and the rest of the first set of English Generals, in conjunction with Leslie and the Scottish auxiliaries, success had been pretty equally balanced between Parliament and the King, and the King's ultimate triumph might seem fairly possible. But, when the new Army of Fairfax and Cromwell, the Army of Independents and Sectaries, had taken the field, and there came the news of Naseby (June 14, 1645), then hope seemed gone. The good old kingly order of things might be reckoned at an end for ever; and it was a new world, a world of horrid sounds and shapes unholy, that had burst upon one's declining age.

"Not quite: there is hope yet," Drummond may have suddenly exclaimed. For, while he was thus ruefully looking south, lo! at his back, in Scotland itself, a commotion for the King, which had been rolling and growing for nearly a year, and which had now reached such vast dimensions that the Argyle Government was trembling for its safety, and even in England the Royalists were speculating whether salvation for his Majesty's sinking cause might not come out of that strange and turbulent North which had begun all the mischief. Yes, at the very time when Leslie, with one Scottish army, was serving the cause of Parliament in England, and serving it so ineffectually, another Scottish army, of very different composition and under very different generalship, was raging and storming for the King all through the North of Scotland, and it did not seem impossible that the contribution of Scotland to the English Civil War might have to end in the recall of one army to stop the ravages of the other.

The man who had brought Scotland to this pass was that extraordinary Earl of Montrose, whose relations to Drummond are already well known to us, and whom we have had occasion to characterise as a Drummond rampant. Thirty-eight years was to be he total span of this man's life, and his biographers, to make him complete, have to range over all the thirty-eight; but the pith of his life, for which he is now remembered as one of

the heroes of Scottish History, lies in his exploits between August, 1644, and September, 1645. In these, if we look to actual effects, he exhausted his genius and daring; the rest is but prologue and epilogue.

After the enactment of the Solemn League and Covenant, Montrose had been a Scottish refugee in England, hanging on about the King and Queen, and passionately proposing to them the project of a Royalist rising in Scotland. At length, he succeeded so far as to impress the King with the idea that the Hamiltons had served him ill, or even treacherously; and these two brothers were thrown off by the King, the Duke into imprisonment for future trial, and Lanark to find refuge among the Parliamentarians. It was a farther step when the King thought that at least no harm could come of Montrose's proposed attempt, commissioned him as his Lieutenant-General in Scotland, and allowed him to try. He made his first trial in an inroad into Scotland, with a small force, as far as Dumfries, but was obliged to turn back (April, 1644). Then, after Marston Moor, having been meanwhile created Marquis of Montrose for his bravery, he had full permission to try again, if he could do so on his own resources. Enough for Montrose! A wild band of Irishmen and Islesmen, Macdonalds, Macdonnells, and what not, sent by the Irish Earl of Antrim, had landed in Argyleshire, according to arrangement between Montrose and the Earl, and were penetrating into the central Highlands. If he could but make his way into Scotland, so as to join them and take the command! He did make his way into Scotland, riding in disguise through the strictly watched Lowlands, till he reached his familiar Perthshire Highlands of Athole; and there, falling in with the band of bewildered Irishmen, and adding to them some Athole Highlanders, he raised the King's standard, and began his Lieutenant-Generalship (Aug., 1644). In appearance, he had the raggedest little army to begin with that ever a general reviewed. It consisted of some 2,300 Celts, of two discrepant

sorts, without cannon, horses, provisions, or any arms in tolerable number, except dirks and broadswords. Highland blood and loyalty and Montrose's leadership were to be trusted for the rest.

Hardly had the Argyle Government in Edinburgh heard of Montrose's rising in Athole, when they heard of him as out of Athole, with Lord Kilpont and one or two gentlemen of the Drummond clan attached to him on his first march, and his career of victory astoundingly begun. Tippermuir (Sept. 1, 1644) was his first battle. It scattered the mustered Covenanters of the middle shires from around him, threw open to him the town and supplies of Perth, and procured him a new adherent in his former comrade in the Covenant, Lord Drummond, the Earl of Perth's son. Thence, for a month or two, the eye can hardly follow him on the map, so rapid are his movements, such a maze and repetition of circuits and zig-zags. There were marchings and ravagings to the East and South as far as Aberdeen and Dundee, and marchings and ravagings to the West, varied by crossings and recrossings of the Grampians, and brief rests in Athole and Badenoch. For a while Argyle, at the head of the national force of the Covenanters, had been toiling after him; and, though Montrose's main purpose in his erratic marchings was the widest possible havoc in Covenanting towns and districts, and the widest possible spreading of revolt among the clans, he seems to have had a peculiar pleasure in mocking and baffling Argyle in the process. For that nobleman, however, the object as he was of Montrose's most implacable hatred, more galling insults and more terrible chastisement were in store. The winter had come; operations for the year were at an end; and Montrose was supposed to be sure and fast in his favourite central Highlands, till the fresh musters which the Covenanting Government had ordered against him should be ready. Argyle, who had resigned his command-in-chief, that some more military man might be appointed, had gone to his Castle of Inverary, to look after his Argyleshire

domain. There, to all appearance, he was inaccessible, when Montrose and his Highlanders undeceived him. South-westwards from Athole they moved suddenly, clambering snowy mountains, threading unknown passes, burning and ravaging as they neared the country of the Campbells, till at last they burst in upon that country, and were at Inverary itself. Argyle had fled at their approach. For a whole month they remained in the doomed district, ranging among Argyle's poor people with slaughter and devastation unutterable. Satiated at length with such irrelevant devilry, and more regular work lying before them, they left the scenes of their vengeance, and took their way along the great chain of Highland lakes, leading from Argyleshire to Inverness. Meanwhile Lieutenant-General Baillie had been summoned from his command under Leslie in the Scottish auxiliary army in England, expressly that he might take the chief command against Montrose; and he and Argyle had agreed upon plans! They had to deal with one whose war-movements were Mars's own lightnings, and who could laugh at plans. So it was proved at Inverlochy, close to Ben Nevis (Feb. 2, 1645), when Montrose, who had doubled back from his northward march, came unawares upon Argyle's army by itself, routing it utterly, and slaying 1,500 of the Campbells, after Argyle himself had taken refuge in his barge in the adjoining loch. So it was proved during the next month or two by Montrose's repetition, through Morayshire, Nairnshire, Banffshire, Aberdeenshire, Forfarshire, and Perthshire, in defiance of Baillie and his lieutenant Urry, of that game of extraordinary marches and zig-zags by which he had first baffled and eluded Argyle. So it was proved by his storming of Dundee (April 4) almost within sight of Baillie and Urry, and again in the battle of Auldearn, near the Moray Firth (May 9), in which he and his Highlanders thrashed Urry completely, killing about a third of his force.

Such was the amount of progress Montrose had made in his wonderful Scottish enterprise when Fairfax and Cromwell

inflicted on the King's cause in England the disastrous blow of Naseby (June 14). After that, we can see now, it little mattered what Montrose or any one else might be able to do for the King in Scotland. The victors at Naseby were not the men to rest till every remnant of Royalism had been destroyed in England; and what went on in Scotland meanwhile might remain very much Scotland's own affair, till there should be leisure for English attention to it. Though this seems plain to us now, however, it did not seem so plain then. With Montrose himself the idea had all along been that, when he had thoroughly subdued Scotland, he might either receive the King there or at once lead an army into England in the King's support; and the same idea, with necessary modifications, remained in his mind after Naseby, was imparted by him to the King, and influenced His Majesty's varying schemes. Drummond, therefore, might be excused if, while his look southwards over England could be nothing but rueful after Naseby, he had still some hopeful expectations from what Montrose had done in the North of Scotland and what he might yet do.

Such hope might well rise into exultation in the two months that followed Naseby. Montrose was victorious in two more battles. On the 2nd of July he defeated General Baillie himself at Alford, in Aberdeenshire; and on the 15th of August he defeated him still more completely at Kilsyth, in Stirlingshire. All the resources of the Argyle Government, all the means of opposing Montrose that could be found within Scotland, were then exhausted; the Government was broken up, and its members dispersed; and the submission to Montrose was universal. Glasgow was taken; Edinburgh and other cities and towns applied for terms; Royalist nobles and lairds who had been in prisons were again at liberty; and such other nobles and lairds as were not too deeply implicated on the other side hastened to make peace with the conqueror at his Leaguer at Bothwell. On the 3rd of September, Montrose held at this place a kind of Court of all his adherents, old and new,

combined with a great review of his Army. There he produced a new royal commission, appointing him Viceroy and Captain-General in Scotland with the fullest powers; and thence he issued proclamations for a Scottish Parliament to be held on the 20th of October. With the aid of this Parliament he was to take all farther measures for cleansing Scotland from the effects of her seven years of Covenanterism, and re-establishing the King's authority. The heads of the late Government and the leaders of the Presbyterian Clergy might consider themselves marked out for exemption from any intended general amnesty. The Scottish Auxiliary Army in England found itself also in a peculiar position. It had gone into England to fight against the King; and now it was barred out, to shift for itself, or be received into the service of the English Parliament.

Of the Scotsmen of note who gathered round Montrose in his Leaguer at Bothwell, either in joyful welcome of the counter-revolution he had effected, or in feigned submission to the same, a complete list is hardly possible. Among those who had joined his standard in the course of his year of exploits, and assisted him in them more or less, were the Earl of Airlie and his son Lord Ogilvy, Lord Gordon and Viscount Aboyne (two sons of the Marquis of Huntley), Lord Drummond (son of the Earl of Perth), Lord Maderty (also a Drummond), Sir John Drummond, Sir William Rollock, Sir Philip Nisbet, Colonel Nathaniel Gordon, Ogilvie of Innerquharity, Mr. William Murray (brother of the Earl of Tullibardine), and not a few chiefs of Highland clans, with whom may be remembered Alexander Macdonald of Colonsay, Montrose's Major-General throughout, and the commander of his Irish. With the exception of Lord Gordon, who had been killed at Alford, all of these had survived to share in the triumph. Among the adherents of Montrose who would certainly have been with him in the field had they not been in durance till released by his triumph, were his brother-in-law and Mentor Lord Napier, Stirling of Keir (inseparable from Montrose and Napier), the Earl of Crawford, and Irvine

of Drum; while among the more miscellaneous adherents at the last may be mentioned the Marquis of Douglas, the Earls of Annandale, Hartfield, and Traquair, Lords Erskine, Fleming, Seton, and Johnston, Sir Robert Spotswood (who had been appointed Secretary for Scotland by the King in succession to Lanark, and had come from England to attend Montrose), Justice-Clerk Sir John Hamilton, and Archibald Primrose, the Clerk of the Privy Council. All these, and many more, including civic dignitaries from various towns, are to be fancied as presenting themselves at Montrose's Leaguer at Bothwell at one time or another between the Battle of Kilsyth on the 15th of August and the great Court and Rendezvous of Royalists which he held on the 3rd of September, when his Vice-royalty was inaugurated. Most of them must have made it a point to attend him on this last occasion.

The name of Drummond, it will be seen, was well represented, in any case, in the circle that had gathered round the new Viceroy; but one is curious about our particular Drummond. Did *he* adhere publicly to Montrose? There is not the least doubt on the subject. Drummond, it appears, was one of the first persons that Montrose thought of in his hour of triumph, when he was counting up his best friends and taking measures for their safety. Here is his protection to Drummond, dated thirteen days after the final victory of Kilsyth.

"James, Marquis of Montrose, His Majesty's Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom of Scotland:—

"These are to will and command all officers and soldiers employed in this present expedition for repressing of this treasonable and most unnatural Rebellion, so perversely hatched against his Majesty's sacred person and authority, that none of them trouble or molest Mr. William Drummond of Hawthornden, his said lands, with houses, biggings, yards, parts, pendicles and pertinents thereof, or his men, tenants, cottars, servants, and indwellers thereupon, and their wives, bairns, and families, in their bodies, goods, or gear, directly nor indirectly, as they and

every one of them will answer on the contrary at their highest peril.

"Given at our Leaguer at Bothwell, the 28th of August, 1645.

"MONTROSE."

To this Protection, conveyed, we are to suppose, to Drummond at Hawthornden or in Edinburgh, he at once replied thus :—

"*To the Right Honourable the* MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

"MY NOBLE LORD,

"At the beginning of the troubles of this Kingdom, having ever according to my conscience and duty continued loyal to the King's Majesty, I contributed my best endeavours in an *Essay of a Remonstrance* [the *Irene*] for persuading his Majesty's subjects to obedience towards him and peace amongst themselves: which I had an intention to have published at his Majesty's being here; but, finding his Majesty's authority so fearfully eclipsed, and the stream of rebellion swelled to that height that honest men, without danger, dared hardly speak, less publish their conceptions in write, I suppressed the papers. Now, since, by the mercy of God on your Excellency's victorious arms, the golden age is returned, his Majesty's crown re-established, the many-headed monster near quelled, if that Piece can do any service at this time, your Excellency, so soon as it can be transcribed, shall command it, either to be buried in oblivion, if it deserve, or published to the view of the world. So your Excellency, as you have granted me a protection of my fortunes, will be my patron and protector of my papers, and deign to accept of him who will ever remain

"Your Excellency's most humble servant,

"W. DRUMMOND."

[No date: presumably Aug. 29 or 30, 1645.]

There is nothing in this letter to invalidate our previous conjecture that the *Irene* may have been already quite well known to Montrose through an early presentation copy from the author. In addressing His Excellency, it was not for Drummond to assume that fact. And so in his Excellency's response the

expression is equally formal, the document being, indeed, official:—

"*To* MR. WILLIAM DRUMMOND *of Hawthornden.*

"SIR,

"We being informed of your good affection to His Majesty's service, and that you have written some Pieces vindicating Monarchy from all aspersions, and another named *Irene:* These are to desire you to repair to our Leaguer, bringing with you or sending such papers, that we may give order for putting them to the press, to the contentment of all His Majesty's good subjects.

"MONTROSE."

[No date: presumably Aug. 31 or Sept. 1, 1645.]

The likelihood, therefore, is that Drummond, whether he attended at the ceremonious Court and Rendezvous of Sept. 3 or not (he abhorred bustle), did present himself, with his papers, at Montrose's Leaguer, and have an interview with His Excellency. Montrose was then in his thirty-fourth year, and Drummond near the end of his sixtieth. Having given in his adhesion with all his heart to the new Government, Drummond might look forward to being its honorary poet-laureate and historiographer, if he would take no more public post.

Alas for Drummond's joy over the return of "the golden age"! The new Government was to have but a brief existence. Leslie's Scottish Auxiliary Army in England was not likely to let itself be barred out of Scotland without a contest with Montrose; and already a powerful detachment from that army, consisting of 5,000 or 6,000 horse, under Leslie's namesake, and third in command, Major-General David Lĕslie, was on the march to Scotland, as an advanced force, to try conclusions. Montrose had gone to the Borders, to stir up some nobles and lairds there, and receive expected English reinforcements from the King; and he was lying rather negligently near Selkirk, his army greatly reduced by the absence of many of his home-sick

Highlanders on furlough, when David Leslie and his horse surprised him in a fog, and the one fell Battle of Philiphaugh (Sept. 13, 1645) annihilated all his splendour. As if his year of exploits had been but a blaze of straw, Scotland at once recovered its Presbyterian composure, the Argyle Government coming together again and resuming power. The trial and execution of such leading adherents of Montrose as had been taken at Philiphaugh formed part of its immediate business. Montrose himself, with other fugitives, had escaped into the inaccessible Highlands.

So energetically in the mean time had Fairfax and Cromwell followed up their great success at Naseby, in field-fights here, sieges there, and sometimes terrific stormings of Royalist strongholds, that the King's cause in England had come to its last agonies, only a few towns and garrisons still holding out for him. Oxford itself, the Royalist capital, and the King's head-quarters throughout the war, was marked out for siege. In this extremity, escape abroad being no longer possible, and the scheme of a junction with Montrose in Scotland past date, all that remained for the King, if he would not be taken in Oxford, was to surrender either to the English Parliamentarians or to the Scottish Auxiliary Army. Not without many hesitations, he preferred the latter alternative; and, on the 5th of May 1646, after ten days of wandering in disguise through several English counties, he presented himself in Leslie's quarters before the town of Newark. Foreseeing the complications that might arise between the Scots and the English in consequence of this honour done to the Scots, Leslie at once broke up his quarters at Newark, and retired, with the King in his charge, to Newcastle. It was well to have Scotland conveniently near, in case of exigencies.

One of the King's first acts, after taking refuge with the Scottish army, was to send out orders for the immediate conclusion of the war by the cessation of all further operations in

his name and the surrender of Oxford and the other towns and garrisons still holding out for him. There was naturally some reluctance among the King's remaining adherents to obey these instructions till they were perfectly sure there was no mistake. Thus Oxford was not surrendered to Fairfax till June 22, and some remoter garrisons kept the King's flag up till as late as August—in which month the Civil War may be said to have come absolutely to an end. One of the last Royalists to lay down arms was Montrose, who had never ceased, since Philiphaugh, to move about in the Highlands with some small force, trying to promote another rising, and giving the Covenanting Government some trouble. Not till repeated commands to desist and disband had reached him from the King would he take them in earnest; but at length, the Covenanting Government having agreed to let him go into exile unmolested, he did disband, came in a private manner into the East Scottish Lowlands to settle his affairs, and embarked, with a few followers, at Stonehaven, in a ship bound for Norway (Sept. 3, 1646). One of his last letters before leaving Scotland was this to Drummond:—

"*To* MR. WILLIAM DRUMMOND *of Hawthornden.*

"SIR,

"Having the occasion of this so trusty a bearer, I could not but remember to you all my best respects, and acknowledge your good affection, and all your friendly favours. For which, and your so constant loyalty towards His Sacred Majesty and his service, besides your own so much personal deserving, I must entreat you to believe that, in all times and fortunes, you shall find me ever,

"Sir,

"Your Most Affectionate and Faithful Friend,

"MONTROSE.

"MONTROSE: August 19th, 1646."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE KING AT NEWCASTLE: QUESTION BETWEEN THE ENGLISH AND THE SCOTS AS TO THE CUSTODY OF HIS PERSON: DRUMMOND'S PART IN THE DEBATE: KING SURRENDERED BY THE SCOTS.

1646—1647.

LESLIE'S precaution of withdrawing his army to Newcastle, with the King in its custody, had not been unnecessary. No sooner was he there than there began such a dispute as to the relative rights of the English and the Scots to the possession of the King that it appeared far from unlikely there would be a rupture on the subject between the two nations. The dispute was carried on partly at Newcastle, where, though the King was in Scottish custody, Englishmen had access to him; partly in Edinburgh, where the Governing Committee of Estates received English messages, and were waited on by English Agents; but chiefly in London, where Scottish Commissioners were in negotiation with the English Parliament.

In form, the dispute was one of nationalities. Charles was King of England: what right had the Scots to keep him? A very good right, they replied, inasmuch as he was also King of Scotland. Yes, but he had been taken within the bounds of England, and in a war which appertained wholly to England. No, it did not appertain wholly to England; Scotland, too, was engaged; and, though the King had been taken within English territory, it was by an independent Scottish Army, which was, in fact, a temporary projection of Scotland, with all her rights

intact, into England, So the argument went on between the two sides; but, in reality, the dispute was less between the two nationalities, as such, than between the English Presbyterians and the Scots together, forming the Scottish party, and the English Independents, using the language of English nationality, and constituting themselves the English party. The English Presbyterians did not, at heart, object to the Scottish custody of the King; on the contrary, they thought that, by the lucky accident of the King's surrender of himself to the Scots, there was far more chance of the kind of settlement they and the Scots desired than if he had put himself into the custody of the English Army, composed so largely of Independents and Sectaries. The kind of settlement desired was one that should include, with whatever else, the King's assent to the establishment of strict Presbytery in England, and his co-operation for the suppression of Independency and the Sects. All the more vehement, because of their perception of this, were the English Independents, and the English Army, in their protests against the detention of the King by the Scots, and what they called the sycophancy of the English Presbyterians to Scottish arrogance. Standing up for the rights and honour of England, they became even fierce in their invectives against the Scots. What had the Scots done for England in the late war, that they should now be deferred to? They had lent England an army, which had been an impediment rather than a help, which had done nothing, since Marston Moor, but live on English food, and burden every neighbourhood in which it had been quartered! This, and the importation of their peevish, ultra-Presbyterian crotchets into English affairs, were not much to be thankful for; England would have been better off at that moment had it never seen a Scottish face, or heard a Scottish tongue! There were money-accounts between the Scots and the English: well, let these be looked into, and let the Scots be satisfied by any reasonable valuation and payment of the debts and arrears owing to them! Let them, in any case, be

called upon, at once, to surrender Newcastle, Carlisle, and the other places they held in the North of England, and to return to their own country, leaving the King behind them! Should they refuse, had not the English Parliament an Army that would willingly chase them out, follow them, and take the King from the very midst of them, though they should place him on the top of Ben Muichdhui, and encircle him there with their bluest banners?

This controversy, which the king secretly rejoiced in, and out of which he extracted new hopes, came to its fiercest about the month of October 1646. Papers on both sides were printed, some reporting officially the arguments of the Scottish Commissioners in London and the replies by the English Parliament, others mere pamphlets, or speeches that had been made in Parliament by prominent Independents. In Scotland the agitation was great. The national spirit was up, but various considerations were at work to temper it. On one supposition, the Scots would have been unanimous. If the King would have taken the Covenant on his first coming to Newcastle, and declared himself without reserve for Presbytery in England, they would have stood by him at all hazards; or rather the hazards in that case would not have been boundless, because the English Presbyterians would then have been at one with the Scots. But, the King having obstinately refused either to take the Covenant or to commit himself to Presbytery, and the English Parliament as a whole having sent to him a large series of Propositions to which they required his assent, and which included many things besides the Church-question, the Scots were grievously perplexed. Their advice to him at Newcastle for the last month or two had been to accept the English Propositions, but above all to set himself right even yet by taking the Covenant and declaring for Presbytery—in which case they would do their best to persuade the English to modify the most severe of the other Propositions in their definite treaty with

him, and might perhaps succeed. Nothing, however, had moved the King. He would not take the Covenant; he would not commit himself to the entire abrogation of Episcopacy; he would not commit himself to anything positively. What then could the Scots do?

On this question they divided themselves. The Duke of Hamilton, released at last from his long imprisonment in one of the King's English garrisons, had forgiven the King that injury; and he and his brother Lanark were now again the King's mainstays among the Scots. Their advice to him, too, had been to accept the Covenant, Presbytery, and the substance of the Propositions of the English Parliament; they had reasoned with him earnestly to that effect, and told him that his case would be desperate otherwise. But, when he had rejected this advice, they did not consider themselves released from the duty of doing all they could for him nevertheless, and they had been labouring among the Scots to form a party in his behalf. It is easy to see on what professions such a party might base itself. Without defending the King's conduct, nay professing agreement with all the rest of Scotland in regretting his Majesty's obstinacy, they could yet appeal to national pride, to the affection of the Scots for a sovereign of their own blood, to pity for him in his misguided condition. They could urge that in no case would it be other than monstrous, cruel, a stain on the national scutcheon, to give him up to the English after he had voluntarily trusted himself to Scottish protection. And why should such a foul act be thought necessary? Why should not his Majesty come into Scotland, and have time and leisure to reflect? The English might treat with him there; he would have the best Scottish advice; time and reflection would bring him round; he would return to England on right conditions at last, and Scotland would have acquitted herself honourably! These were the obvious public arguments, whatever were the motives lying beneath; and it behoved all the Royalists, all the Drummondists, all the relics of the Montrose following, in

Scotland, to suppress their deeper sentiments, adhere to the Hamiltons, and adopt, for the nonce, the language of their policy. For were not all the Presbyterian clergy up on the other side, with their pulpits, and their other organs of expression and compulsion, at work as usual? Most visibly they were. The Scottish Presbyterian Clergy, though England had not quite answered their first fond expectations, and though their temper had been sorely tried by the vast phenomenon of Independency and the Sects in that country, with their unrepressed advocacy of Liberty of Conscience, yet adhered with unshaken tenacity to the policy of the English Alliance. A King who was God-abandoned must be man-abandoned also! What could Scotland do with a King who would not take the Covenant, and would still stand out for Episcopacy for himself and for his English realm? To abet such a King by receiving him into Scotland would be at once an absurdity intrinsically, a treachery to England, and a false mercy to himself, by sheltering him from the very chastisements designed by Heaven to convince him. So the Clergy reasoned; so the people, generally, felt at their bidding; and so Argyle, Loudoun, Johnstone of Warriston, and the rest of the popular party in the Government, had resolved to act.

Drummond, of course, went with the Hamiltons. Among his Papers is one entitled, "*Objections against the Scots Answered*," which must have been written, in or about October, 1646, and affords a curious study of his real feelings, in compromise with the peculiarities of the occasion. It consists of a citation, from contemporary English documents, of eighteen distinct charges made against the Scots, either by the English Parliament collectively, or by the Independents in it, and of answers to these charges numerically, in a corresponding series of paragraphs.

With one exception, the paragraphs are brief. For example, the answer to No. VI. of the Objections runs thus:—

"VI. It is objected against us, that we take upon us to interpret the Laws of the Kingdom of England, and to impose propositions upon them according to our understanding of these Laws concerning the Militia, contesting that it is due to the King and Parliament conjunctly. If this be understood of the Laws of England (which William the Conqueror imposed upon that nation, and remain yet *stigmata servitutis*, muffled up in barbarous Norman), we acknowledge we understood them not, being most part cabalistic; and much good may they do those who boast of them, and are subjected unto them. But, if they opine and conceive that we cannot interpret National, Civil, or honest Municipal Laws, they may be mistaken. That we have joined the Prince with the Parliament in the power of the Militia, we acknowledge; and what God above us all, Islanders, hath joined, let no man separate."

The Ninth objection from the English standing thus:—"They [the Scots] go about to impose Church Government on this nation by force of arms,"—Drummond's dexterity of language is a good deal tried; but he succeeds in writing so as not to betray himself. Note his *we* and *our*, used precisely as if Presbyterianism were the understood Religion of all Scotsmen, and the writer found himself perfectly happy in that fact:—

"We never entertained such thoughts; but certain it is, the English required the forms of our Church Government, seeking, by way of Religion, to insinuate themselves in the favour of our nation; of which when they had taken the advantage, brought to pass and compassed their great ends, the world may clearly see in what a labyrinth they have left and entangled us."

The answer to Objection X. is still more curious:—

"X. We will allow no livelihood to tender consciences! which, as we take it, is, we will not approve and allow a sort of Liberty of Conscience to their Sectaries; which if it be expedient in a settled Commonwealth we leave to the disputes of Divines and Statesmen. But this is none of ours."

Really, this is a little too clever in Mr. Drummond! He saves

the toleration tenet of his own private creed by saying nothing about it, and he makes believe, even to himself, as if this toleration tenet were a much more select and philosophical thing than a certain vulgar "sort of Liberty of Conscience" he had heard of as advocated by the English sectaries, whereas in fact his tenet and theirs was the same, only their way of it was much the better. He was writing, however, as a quasi-Presbyterian for the moment, and his "This is none of ours" was a neat escape from an inconvenient topic. But how will he get over Objection XIV: "They [the Scots] have done no ser-"vice since the fight at Marston Moor, but have been intoler-"ably damageable to the kingdom"?—

"We have done no service since the Field of Long Marston! But, if the Scottish northern forces had not at Philiphaugh been beaten back and discomfited by some of our army then come from England, or if unhappily we had joined with them, the state of affairs in England had fallen to as low an ebb as now they swell in a high tide."

This is worse and worse. Drummond himself had been morally with Montrose at Philiphaugh; he would have exulted in Montrose's success there; it would have been no "unhappiness" to him, but the very reverse, if David Leslie's troops, "then come from England," had either fraternized with Montrose, or been disastrously beaten by him. And now he reminds the English of Leslie's annihilation of Montrose at Philiphaugh as a splendid piece of Scottish service, making up for all other deficiencies. Well, one is hard pressed when one has a main object, and must use all means towards it, whatever they are!—Drummond's main object was to support the Hamiltons, and persuade his countrymen not to surrender the King. In a paper written for that purpose any word of Montrose partizanship would have been fatal. The business of the advocate was to assume the point of view of a good average Presbyterian, jealous of the credit of the Scottish Auxiliary Army, and of the honour of the Scottish nation, and from that point of view to

argue that the Scots had been grossly insulted by their allies, and that, if the insults were pushed to the actual demand of a surrender of the King's person, then the Scottish Lion must rise in his rage. The longest paragraph of all, consequently, in Drummond's paper, is that in which he addresses himself to the question of the surrender of the King. It comes in as an answer to an English objection worded thus: "They [the Scots] delivered not delinquents that went with the King, being demanded."

"VII. The Scots are challenged that they delivered not the delinquents who came with the King when they were demanded [Mr. Ashburnham and others who had accompanied or followed the King in his flight from Oxford, when he sought refuge with the Scottish Army]. They might have given them a more near challenge—that they did not deliver the King himself, whom some of them have not doubted to name the greatest delinquent in all the kingdoms; and let this appeal be to all the courts of earth and heaven. . . . The Scots Army cannot give up this chief and greatest delinquent, King Charles, without his own consent, though he should be sought after, and they threatened for keeping of him:—(1) By reason of a twofold oath given by all true loyal subjects of Scotland to their King: the one common oath of homage and fidelity as born lieges; the other the oath of their Covenants that they shall, to the uttermost of their power, with their means and lives, stand to the defence of their dread sovereign, the King's Majesty, his person and authority. And, unless they would fall under the fearful sin of perjury, they cannot render their Sovereign to the disposing of a nation who intended (as they have given forth in many printed pamphlets) his deposing, the ruin of his authority, and perhaps of his royal person; for that nation who struck off the head from the grandmother may make small reckoning to do the same to the grandchild. . . . (2) King Charles was not a tyrant, his errors proceeding most from evil counsel. . . . (3) In respect and consideration of the Princes of Europe, confederates, allies, and brethren to King Charles, especially the French. . . . (4) In regard of the Prince of Rothsay and Wales, his son; who, long hereafter, cannot but resent the wrong done to his father, and revenge upon the authors, or their posterity, so heinous a fact. . . . (5) The baseness of the deed would be ponder-

ated. . . . (6). Considering the dangers which may ensue and follow the giving up of the King's Majesty to the English; for, if, after he were given up (which God forbid!), he should either be imprisoned or deposed, or not honourably and with all due respect and reverence to his Majesty used, the Kingdoms will be involved in greater difficulties than ever, and be farther from any hope of peace or agreement. For there are men great and valiant in the three kingdoms (omitting stranger forces) who, notwithstanding anything yet brought to pass, may set him in the estate of his progenitors, and restore his former power. . ."

Drummond, in all his interferences in practical politics, was doomed to be on the losing side. In spite of such reasonings as his, and in spite of the most strenuous efforts of the Hamiltons and their party in Scotland, the conclusion of the Scottish Nation was that which the Presbyterian Clergy recommended, and which Argyle and the other popular members of the Government had seen to be inevitable. Charles remaining obdurate at Newcastle, and it having become known in London with sufficient distinctness that the Scots would not break with the English in his behalf, the fury of the Independents against the Scots abated, and they and their Presbyterian colleagues in the English Parliament united in a calm negotiation with the Scottish Commissioners, so as to settle accounts between the two nations in a business-like manner. It was agreed that £400,000 should be paid to the Scots in discharge of all claims; and one half of that sum, by way of the first instalment, was sent off in waggons from London to Newcastle (Dec. 16). Even then there was a final effort of the Hamiltons for the King in the Scottish Parliament, with adjurations, entreaties, and tears; but, the Commission of the Kirk striking in with a vigorous exposition of the national duty, the Argyle Government stood stern to their resolve. On the 30th of January, 1647, the Scottish Army left Newcastle on its return home, and the King remained there in the hands of the Commissioners of the English Parliament.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHARLES IN HIS ENGLISH CAPTIVITY : OMENS IN HIS FAVOUR : THE SCOTTISH ENGAGEMENT AND THE SECOND ENGLISH CIVIL WAR : DIVISION OF THE SCOTS INTO ENGAGERS AND ANTI-ENGAGERS : DRUMMOND AMONG THE ENGAGERS : HIS VINDICATION OF THE HAMILTONS : COLLAPSE OF THE ENGAGEMENT AND END OF THE SECOND CIVIL WAR : CROMWELL IN EDINBURGH : THE ENGLISH ARMY OMNIPOTENT : EXECUTION OF THE KING.

1647—1649.

AFTER the King had been surrendered into the possession of the English Parliament, every effort of theirs to come to terms with him failed. Equally at Holmby House, in Northamptonshire, where he was confined till June 3, 1647, and afterwards when he was more at large at Hampton Court and other places in charge of the Army, and yet again in his closer durance in the Isle of Wight, from Nov. 13, 1647, onwards, he proved intractable. Negotiations with him had gone on in every possible style, and he had had one splendid chance of an agreement with the Independents and Army-chiefs which would have saved his scruples about Episcopacy so far as they were personal; but nothing could bring him to a definite compact. To keep on treating, or appearing to treat, now with the Parliament as a whole, now with the Presbyterians separately, now with the Army and the Independents separately, now with both parties at once, all the while predetermined against

any possible issue of any treaty with any of them, and cherishing vague hopes of assistance from Ireland, or assistance from France, or assistance from the clouds, had been his policy from the first.

By sheer persistence in this policy, Charles at length did see events assume an aspect more favourable to him. The strife between the two classes of his opponents, the Independents and the Presbyterians, had become so deadly that it seemed as if either of them would coalesce with him for the vexation and discomfiture of the other.

The Presbyterians, in particular, in their prolonged antagonism to Independency, had begun to doubt whether the aggregate demands upon the King had not been too hard, and whether, if he would accept the indispensable condition of the Presbyterian Establishment, the other terms might not be relaxed. What, above all, had brought them to this state of mind was the continued existence in England of Fairfax's and Cromwell's army, which had resisted every attempt of Parliament to disband it, and now walked about in England, a vast mass of Independents and Sectaries, openly contemptuous of Presbytery, discussing and divulging all sorts of religious heresies and strange political opinions, and more resolute than ever for Liberty of Conscience. What mattered it that England had already been formally Presbyterianized by Parliamentary Ordinance, that in London and in Lancashire the Presbyterian machinery was already fully at work, and that it might be considered certain that Presbytery would remain for all time coming the form of the English State-Church? Of what worth was a Presbyterian State-Church without absolute and compulsory conformity to it; and how could this ever be looked for if the Army of Independents and Sectaries were to be let loose through the community, with all their wild ideas and their phrenzy for a Toleration? Civil society was in danger, as well as religious and ecclesiastical order. The Independents and the Army had become democrats, many of them avowed Republicans; the

throne, aristocracy, established rights of property, traditional forms of magistracy, all would be subverted, or at least dreadfully shaken, if these men were not restrained. They had been speaking already of bringing the King to trial, deposing him, or even executing him. In these circumstances, and in order to conserve monarchy and other valuable institutions, might it not be well to rally round the King, and consent to let him have his own will in almost everything except the Church settlement, if by that means a strong government could be re-established?

In Scotland the tendency of the Presbyterians to pity for the King was even more manifest. The Scots were not perplexed, as the English Presbyterians were, by the King's obstinacy on the Militia question and various other questions of purely English reference. The King might be right on these questions, or on some of them; but, in any case, they were trifles to the Scots in comparison with the establishment of Presbytery in England. That secured, they would willingly see the King humoured pretty largely in other matters. Then, again, the Scots, who had in fact taught the English Presbyterians their horror of Independency, Toleration, and the Sectaries, had worked themselves into a perfect fury on that subject. It was a disgrace to the English not to have put down the Independents and the Sects by this time, and to be contented with a make-believe of a Presbytery, to which those Independents and Sects might yet be able to append a provision for toleration. If England could endure such things, Scotland would not. The credit of the whole Island was at stake; nay, Scotland was not safe herself, with the pestilence of Sects and Liberty of Conscience separated from her only by the Tweed. Then, again, the Scots, despite the affinities with democracy inherent in their Presbyterian Kirk-system, were all monarchists sentimentally, with a curious lingering affection for King Charles in particular, the 107th of their own Scottish Kings, as they were fond of remembering, though he was adrift now among the unappreciating

English. For all these reasons, it is not surprising that a longing had arisen in Scotland for some interposition in English affairs that should release the King from his long captivity and give him back some of his royal power.

The longing, in fact, *had* arisen, and there were politicians at the centre to manage it and give it shape. The Hamiltons were again on the top of the wave, with all the Drummondists, and old Scottish Royalists of whatever variety, abetting them as before, but with recruits to their party now from the Presbyterian politicians, who had hitherto been led by Argyle. Even the Chancellor Loudoun, the nominal head of the Scottish Government, had persuaded himself that the time had come for a change of the national policy. Scotland had been endeavouring all this while to preserve the English alliance, and to obtain gentler treatment for the King, with more perfect Presbytery in England and a suppression of the Sects, by mere friendly remonstrances with the Parliament urged through Scottish Commissioners in London. Of late she had met nothing but rebuffs in these endeavours, had been more than once insulted, and in effect told to mind her own business. What if Scotland, still as the champion of British Presbytery, were to try another method, by declaring for the King against the Parliament, combining strict Presbytery with the cause of Royalty, and so rousing the English Presbyterians to their duty, winning even the old Royalists to Presbytery, recomposing three-fourths of England around the King's standard, and leaving only the Independents in the lurch?

So sure had the Hamiltons and most of the Scottish official chiefs made themselves of the acquiescence of the Scots in such a policy, that at Christmas, 1647, Loudoun, Lanark, Lauderdale, and other authorized Scottish Commissioners, being then in the Isle of Wight, and Commissioners from the English Parliament being at the same time there, on a new and very positive mission to the King, these two sets of Commissioners came to open rupture. But that was not all. Before the

Scottish Commissioners left the Isle of Wight, they signed a secret Treaty with the King, binding the Scots to take up arms for his release and the restoration of his just kingly dignity, on the basis of his assent to the Presbyterian establishment that had been set up in England, and the perfection of the same by the suppression of the Sects. This Treaty is famous in Scottish History by the name of THE ENGAGEMENT.

The results were not apparent till May, 1648. In that month, and the next, England found herself wrapped again in one vast armed commotion from end to end, all in consequence of the Scottish ENGAGEMENT. That secret Treaty had been communicated to Queen Henrietta Maria in her exile in France, and to all the heads of Royalism in England and abroad; and there had been a great organization of means to turn it to account. There were Royalist risings in Wales, in Cornwall, in the Northern Counties, in the Midlands, and in the South-Eastern Counties, close to London. The Fleet of the Parliament revolted, and sailed away to Holland, to be at the disposal of the Prince of Wales; the Prince was expected, either in Scotland, or on the English coasts, with that fleet; Royalist refugees had returned to England in considerable numbers, and more were coming. No one could have thought until now that Royalism was so rife in England, or could array itself so formidably for a SECOND CIVIL WAR.

The English Presbyterians were panic-smitten, many of them inclining to make common cause with the Royalist insurgents; London, pre-eminently the Presbyterian city, exhibited visible signs in that direction; Parliament itself was in trepidation, and ready to abandon the helm. Only the Independents and the Army stood firm. They, and their principles, were to be the first victims, if this attempt at counter-revolution should succeed; and so, for the moment, they felt themselves to be all England, and behaved accordingly, steadying the Parliament so far that it did pass all the necessary orders. They under-

took at once the necessary work of fighting, here, there, and everywhere, with these orders for their warrants. Cromwell was away in Wales, wrestling with the Royalists there; Fairfax had already struck heavy blows at the Royalist uprising in the South-Eastern Counties, had driven the strength of it into Colchester, and was besieging that town; and Lambert was warily on the watch in the Northern Counties. What men could do these men and their soldiers would; and, if the Parliament did not actually collapse with cowardice, and the Londoners did not rise for the King, and so give the signal for a universal junction of the English Presbyterians with the Royalists, there was a good probability of their success, so far as England alone was concerned.

Here, however, was the great cause for alarm. The struggle was not one in which England was to be left wholly to herself. All these risings of the English Royalists, all these stirrings among the Royalist refugees abroad, had been on the faith of the Scottish Engagement with the King, and in the expectation of the invasion of England by a Scottish Army, as promised in that Engagement. This expected Scottish invasion was to be the consummation of the business. Only let 30,000 or 40,000 Scots come into England, to turn to account the risings already made there, and to swell the native insurrection to its full dimensions, and would not Fairfax, Cromwell, the Independents, and their little Army, be swallowed up in the vastness of the tumult?

The Hamiltons and their party had far more difficulty than they had expected in bringing the Scottish Invasion to bear. No sooner had the fact of the Engagement become public, and the terms of it sufficiently understood, than it had encountered criticism and opposition from that class of the Scottish community whose approbation had been thought most certain. Here again the Scottish Presbyterian Clergy proved themselves the shrewdest, simply because they were the most honest, advisers of their countrymen. Most anxious they were, as all

the world knew, that Presbytery in its strictest perfection should be established in England, and the Independents and the Sects put down; and, if an armed intervention of the Scots could secure these objects, and set up Charles as a repentant and covenanted King in just kingly power among the English, they would be the last to object. But this Engagement was a delusion, a snare, a mere lying device of worldly state-craft. Charles had not taken the Covenant; there was no proof of any sincerity on his part in his modified promises not to disturb Presbytery in England; to trust to him would be to lean on a broken reed. Besides, bad as Sectarianism was, why construe the Covenant as if it involved no other duty than confederation against the English Sectaries? It had been originally framed more against Prelacy, Malignancy, and overt or disguised Popery; and, if the state of England were well considered, might it not appear that the novel plague of the Sects was essentially a less evil than the plague of yet unextirpated Malignancy, Popish and Prelatic? And yet with whom, by this Engagement, were the Scots to be in partnership? Actually with Prelatists, Papists, Incendiaries, Malignants of every shade, the very men who had been the original causes of all the mischiefs in both nations, and who, if they had the power, would slaughter Presbytery to-morrow, and dance and drink toasts over her buried corpse! What could come of such a partnership but ruin? Man's reason revolted from it, and God would curse it!

So the Presbyterian Clergy had argued and expounded in public documents through March and April, 1648, on their first scrutiny of the Engagement, and before those Royalist risings in England which came as practical illustrations of its real meaning. After these, or through May and June, their denunciations were more vehement; and, the popular common sense agreeing with them, the agitation throughout Scotland, and especially in the southern and western shires, became fearful. There might be discerned even the curious phenomenon of a relenting of the

ultra-Presbyterian mind in favour of the English Independents and Sectaries, or at least a softening of the previous antipathy to them; for good ultra-Presbyterians had been heard to say that after all they should not wonder if the security of Britain in the crisis depended on the much-abused English Army. In short, as opposed to the *Engagers* or *Hamiltonians*, there was a vast ultra-Presbyterian combination of *Anti-Engagers* or *Protesters*, including the mass of the Scottish commonalty and the clergy unanimously or nearly so, and represented in the Government by such statesmen as Argyle, the Earls of Cassilis, Eglinton, and Lothian, and Johnstone of Warriston. To these even Loudoun, one of the framers of the Engagement, had at length joined himself, recanting and lamenting his error.

For the first time, however, the Presbyterian Clergy found themselves unable to sway the policy of the Central Government. Hamilton and his associates were bound in honour to persist; both in the Committee of Estates and in the General Convention of Estates, or Parliament, they commanded a majority of more than two-thirds; and so, despite riots and resistance in many neighbourhoods, the levies for the Army of Invasion went on. About the middle of June, as neither old Leven nor David Leslie would have anything to do with the business, the Duke of Hamilton himself was appointed commander-in-chief of this Army, with the Earl of Callander for his second. Then ensued the final efforts of the Anti-Engagers to prevent the Army from marching. O what prophesyings of woe from all the pulpits, what clamours of the women in the country-parishes of the south and west, as they saw their sons and brothers all but dragged away for the iniquitous service! In the Duke's own parish-church of Hamilton, the minister, Mr. James Naismith, gave out this text (Jeremiah xxii. 10), in the Duke's presence, with most unsparing application in the sermon: "Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him; but weep sore for him that goeth away: for he shall return no more, nor see his native country;" and the next day, as the Duke was taking

his leave, there was a crowd about him, with Mr. Naismith in the midst, crying "Hold him, hold him; or you will never see his face again."——Off went the Duke, more or less disturbed; and, in the end of the same week (Saturday July 8, 1648) he led his Army across the border. It was not so large as had been expected, falling short of 20,000; and even the two English armies which Charles had levied for the Bishops' Wars against Scotland cannot have had less heart for that service than this Scottish Army had for the service into which Hamilton was leading them. Nevertheless, as it was joined immediately by the English Royalist forces of the northern counties, as there were fresh Royalist risings in the English Midlands on the news of its approach, and as the Prince of Wales arrived soon afterwards with his fleet, blockading the mouth of the Thames and stopping the London trade, the chances at the end of July were enormously in favour of the King. The Parliament, under renewed Presbyterian management, was on the point of hauling down its colours, and the Londoners were vociferous that it should.

That Drummond was one of the Scottish *Engagers* or *Hamiltonians*, and that, caring more for the essence of the Engagement than for its Presbyterian pretences, he looked forward more fervently than most of his fellow-Engagers to all the eventual consequences of the new Scottish enterprise, are matters of course. His appearance in the character of an Engager, in fact, was less in defence of the enterprise generally, sanctioned as it was beyond question by the public authorities of the nation, than in defence of that particular incident in it which consisted in the appointment of the Duke of Hamilton to the command-in-chief. Some of the more crafty ultra-Presbyterians, or Anti-Engagers, it seems, failing in their opposition to the enterprise on its own merits, and eager for any argument that would cause doubt or delay, had made it part of their tactics at last to object to the Duke's leadership. A Pamphlet had

consequently appeared, purporting to be a Letter from a Royalist in London to his friends in Scotland, and pointing out how unfit the Duke was, in the eyes of all genuine Royalists, to command the Scottish forces at such a crisis, both by reason of his own antecedents, and in recollection of the peculiar part played by the Hamilton family in Scottish History for more than a hundred years. Had not the Hamiltons always been ambitious of the Scottish sovereignty: had not this Duke, eighteen years before, been publicly accused of a design to upset Charles and become King of Scotland himself; had not his whole course of conduct in the troubles of the two kingdoms been so suspicious that the King, in the beginning of 1644, had discarded him, disgraced him, and sent him into imprisonment, to be tried when there should be time? Was it likely that the Duke and his brother Lanark, owing the King this grudge, had been sincere in their professed labours for him since 1646, or that the Duke, who had been indebted for his release, and perhaps his life, to the success of the Parliamentarians in the first Civil War, would conduct the Second Civil War as a straightforward Royalist? On the contrary, with the forces of Scotland at his back, might he not act for himself in the confusion, and attain that sovereignty which had so long been the dream of his family?

To this pamphlet Drummond wrote a reply, or notes for a reply, entitled, *A Vindication of the Hamiltons, and particularly of James, Duke of Hamilton, General of the Scots Army, from those aspersions cast upon them in a Scandalous Libel or Letter from a Malignant in London to his Friends in Scotland.* The main portion of the notes consists of a retrospect of the family-history of the Hamiltons at points where treachery had been imputed to them, with especial comments on the utter absurdity of that charge against the Duke in 1630 (originally trumped up, he asserts, by two or three idiots or scoundrels) of which so much had been made. Wholly, however, what Drummond aims at is a strengthening of the Duke's hands in the interests

of the Engagement. One paragraph is all that need be quoted :—

"There are men of such froward, mischievous, and perverse dispositions, that others' misery is their happiness, and wrongs their delight, and who care not to set their own houses on fire so they may burn up their neighbours'. This may be easily demonstrated in these late troubles of this Isle, where a number are found to wrong their native country for no other end but that they may, as Nero did in the burning of Rome, sing their tragical verses, and rejoice on the ruins of it. Of this sort of men are they [the anti-Engagers or ultra-Presbyterians of the Argyle clique] who,—when they could not by their laborious pains hinder the States of the Kingdom from the honourable and noble undertaking to relieve their imprisoned King, and vindicate the loyalty of their nation from many aspersions and calumnies cast upon it, and seek reparation of the breach of the Solemn League drawn up between the two nations, and articles condescended first unto and scornfully now broken,—have gone about, after a malicious though silly way, to blame, find fault with, and accuse the judgment of the Lords of Parliament and Gentlemen for having made choice of such a General to their army. And this, forsooth, they have attempted by way of a letter written from a Malignant! That it is written from a "Malignant" no honest man can deny, if "Malignancy" be assumption, envy, malice, and lying; but *what* Malignant? None needeth to call in question but that it is come from those same superlative men who have defiled so much paper with declarations, instructions, informations, &c., to pervert the hearts of the people by falsehoods, to estrange them from all truths and honesty, to alienate them from the love of their distressed sovereign, and continue their miseries."

Before this *Vindication of the Hamiltons* can well have left Drummond's study, the necessity for distributing it was over. For what was the news that came into Scotland, paling the cheeks of all the Engagers, all the Drummondists, and levelling to the ground their high-built hopes? Hamilton's Army of conjoined Scots and English met at Preston by Cromwell, and there, in a three days' battle (Aug. 17-19), first shivered, and then whirled into a mere dust-cloud of fugitives in ten direc-

tions at once over English roads and fields, and all by an army not half its size! Woe upon woe! News of the poor fugitive Scots, chased through the English counties, begging and starving in bands, or even in twos and threes, till their very enemies took pity on them; news of the capture of Hamilton himself far to the south; news of the departure of the Prince of Wales, with his fleet, back to the Continent, giving up the game; news of the unconditional surrender of Colchester, with all its included Royalists, to Fairfax (Aug. 31); news, in short, of the total collapse of the King's cause in the Second Civil War, as in the first, but with the prospect of a more tremendous consequence now for the King personally!

After such news Scotland presented the spectacle of a population returning slowly to its senses after a fit of delirium. Relics of Hamilton's Army having found their way back, still in arms, there was some attempt on the part of the Hamiltonians to rally; but the popular demonstrations against them were too strong. The Argyle politicians, therefore, resumed the direction of affairs, and all who had been concerned in the Engagement found themselves disgraced, shunned, and execrated. Order was not completely restored till the beginning of October, when Cromwell, who had been busy in the north of England since the Battle of Preston, came into Scotland with some troops, to receive explanations of the causes of the recent misbehaviour, and impose such conditions in the name of the English Parliament as the circumstances required.——"Who would have imagined a twelvemonth since that Noll Cromwell's nose could ever have entered Edinburgh without putting it into a combustion?" is the comment on the fact which I find in one of the weekly Royalist news-sheets then vended about in London. Cromwell and his movements were, indeed, now the chief theme of these news-sheets; and, as Nature had given to the grand face of this most heroic of Englishmen one flagrant feature on which caricaturists could fasten, it had become the habit in these news-sheets never to mention him

without some laboured variation of scurrility on that endless jest. "The Almighty Nose," or "Nose Almighty," is perhaps the best of some thousands of forms of the one incessant physiognomic nick-name for Cromwell in the Royalist pamphlets of those years. Who could have imagined, the London journalist now asked, that the Almighty Nose, the very king of English Independency, and the champion-in-chief of that Toleration in Religion which the Scots and Presbyterians abhorred, could ever have entered Edinburgh, the head-quarters of Presbyterianism, to be met, not with hissing and stone-throwing, but actually with obeisance and welcome? Yet it had so happened; and the event is one of the most memorable in the history of Edinburgh.——Cromwell, it is known, spent four days in Edinburgh (Oct, 4-7), quartered with much state in Moray House in the Canongate, and waited on there most deferentially by the Marquis of Argyle and the other Anti-Engaging Lords. All he required from them was that the late Engagers and Malignants of every kind should be excluded from the Government and from all places of public trust; and, having received satisfaction in this particular, and signified his good understanding with the chiefs of the new Government by accepting a banquet from them, at which the Earl of Leven presided, he took his departure. Confirmed in office by the visit of the great English chief, and hailed with a general popular welcome, Argyle and his colleagues then set themselves to the business of clearing away all vestiges of the recent backsliding, and restoring the right Presbyterian supremacy throughout Scotland. In this work they were vigorously assisted by the Presbyterian Clergy, now freshly alert in their church-courts, and plying among the late Engagers their whips of ecclesiastical discipline. *Whigs* or *Whigamores* was a name then first introduced into the vocabulary of British politics. Originally a nickname for the zealous Covenanting peasantry of Ayrshire and other western Scottish counties, it had been extended, precisely at the time of the collapse of the En-

gagement, to the Scottish ultra-Presbyterians or anti-Engagers generally, with their representative politicians of the Argyle and Warriston school. The most significant fact about Cromwell's visit, therefore, was that it established friendly relations for a time between these Whigs of Scotland and the Independents of England, as if on an arrangement that Scotland was to persist in unalloyed Presbytery, while England might temper Presbytery with Liberty of Conscience and see what would come of that experiment. Better for Scotland had Cromwell in his visit been able to inoculate the Scottish Whiggism of 1648 with something more of his peculiar English spirit!

Drummond, who had entertained Ben Jonson thirty years before, and who may have seen Hampden and Vane on *their* visits to Edinburgh in 1641 and 1643, had had the opportunity, had he chosen, of seeing Cromwell also. He had but to go to Moray House in the Canongate on any of the four days of Cromwell's stay in town, and, if he wanted no closer acquaintanceship, watch in the street, with others, for the great man's coming out. One may be pretty sure he did nothing of the kind. "You, who are a historian, Mr. Drummond, should you not like at least to see the famous physiognomy of this most remarkable of Englishmen?" one may imagine some one saying to Drummond. "Yes, if I could see a pistol-bullet go through it," would have been the answer. "But, Mr. Drummond, you are a philosopher, and have yourself advocated very much that Liberty of Conscience of which Cromwell is the English representative." "Liberty of Conscience be ——"! one hears Drummond replying.

If Drummond foresaw what was coming, if he divined the full consequence of the understanding that had been come to between Cromwell and the Scottish Whigs of the Argyle connexion, his testiness, his carelessness of all mere doctrinaire consistency with his former self, might easily be pardoned. While Cromwell was in the North, the English Parliament were

busy with a last Treaty with the King in the Isle of Wight. In the utterly shattered state of his fortunes it was taken for granted that he would now yield whatever was required of him; and the one hope of the English Presbyterians on his behalf was that he would see fit to do so. The hope was vain. Charles, in the depths of his adversity, was as inflexible, as full of wiles and reservations, as punctiliously dilatory, as ever. It mattered the less because it was no longer the English Parliament that had the power to decide whether a treaty with him should now be ratified on any terms whatsoever. That power belonged to the victorious English Army, which had made up its mind for some time to a very different mode of dealing with Charles. Accordingly, while Cromwell, on his return from Scotland, remained in Yorkshire, to beat down the last appearances of insurgent Royalism there, Fairfax and the other Army Chiefs nearer London had taken the preliminary steps which he approved, and about which he had been duly consulted. They had fetched the King by force out of the Isle of Wight; they had taken military possession of London; and they had overmastered the two Houses of Parliament, and shaped them to their pleasure. When Cromwell arrived in London (Dec. 6, 1648), the rest devolved mainly on him; and, though Fairfax and others quailed at the last, there was a phalanx round Cromwell that persisted with him sternly to the conclusion. There came the Ordinance for the King's trial; there was then the trial itself; and, on the 30th of January, 1649, King Charles, the world half amazed and half frantic around him, was brought to the scaffold in front of Whitehall. England then passed into the condition of a Republic, governed by a Council of State and the Rump of the Parliament. Scotland, on the other hand, preferring monarchy still, proclaimed Charles II. (Feb. 5), and despatched envoys to Holland to persuade that young gentleman to take the Covenant and otherwise conform to the necessary requirements.

CHAPTER XX.

THE LAST YEAR OF DRUMMOND'S LIFE.

1649.

AS Charles II. was in no hurry to comply with the invitations sent to him from Edinburgh, the Scots had to get through this whole year without him, governed substantially in the same Republican fashion as their neighbours. The year 1649, in fact, was the time of the most absolute domination in Scotland of the Whig or Argyle-Loudoun-Warriston oligarchy in state-affairs, in alliance with the ultra-Presbyterian Clergy in the affairs of the Kirk; and the peculiarity was that State-affairs and Kirk-affairs were then more inextricably intermixed than ever before in Scotland within memory. The governing Statesmen were all busy Kirkmen themselves, associated with the Presbyterian Clergy in their purely ecclesiastical courts and conclaves, and there so instructed, lectured, and kept under whip by the clergy, that they could hardly, in their separate committees and councils for state-business, do anything else than translate the sentences and desires of the Kirk into corresponding civil enactments.

The national Presbyterianism, returned to by one vast general vote in 1638, had by this time, it is to be remembered, been systematized, and made duly rigid in details, by law and document. The *Solemn League and Covenant* of 1643, invented for the binding of England and Scotland together, but of late in rather cold credit in England, had been renewed again and

again in Scotland, and was still (with the prior *Scottish National Covenant* of 1638) the grand rule by the text of which all public and private actions were approved or condemned—the interpreters of the text being, of course, the Clergy in their Church-Courts. It was because the late Engagement for Charles I. was declared by these interpreters to be a violation of the Solemn League and Covenant that all who had been concerned in that Engagement, or had not testified sufficiently against it, now found themselves under ban. But, in addition to the Solemn League and Covenant, Scottish Presbyterianism was now regulated by other formal documents, the application and interpretation of which likewise belonged to the Clergy. The Westminster Assembly's *Directory for Public Worship*, approved by the General Assembly of the Scottish Kirk in February 1645, had been established in Scotland in the same month by positive enactment of the Estates of Parliament; and the *Confession of Faith*, the *Larger Catechism*, and the *Shorter Catechism*, so laboriously prepared by the same Westminster Assembly, and already approved and adopted by the Scottish Clergy, received the same final sanction by the Scottish Legislature in February 1649. As these three last-named documents had not yet been the subjects of any such complete legislative enactment in England, but only hung there in the air of theory, with a kind of general and modified recommendation attached to them by the Long Parliament, the curious historical fact is that the famous Westminster Assembly, though originally a convention of English Divines, called by the English Long Parliament for English purposes, had existed and laboured, to all practical intents, mainly for Scotland. The signal for the return of Scotland to Presbytery had been given by Jenny Geddes's stool in 1637; the traditions there remaining in Scotland of the old native Presbytery of Knox had determined the mode of the re-foundation of the Kirk in 1638; the farther rebuilding from that date to 1643 had been the work of successive Scottish General Assemblies and Parliaments, with the wise and good

Henderson as their chief adviser; but the final fabrication, in the important matters of Directory, Confession, and Catechisms, had been planned by a deliberative body on the banks of the Thames, consisting of about eighty English Puritan Divines in regular attendance, with Henderson and three or four other Scots admitted among them as assessors, and acting as leaders. The fabric so raised was complete in 1649, three years after Henderson's death. It was not, be it remembered, the only fabric of a Presbyterian Church possible or conceivable in the world; it was merely that fabric of such a Church which embodied the tempers and determinations of men who held fast to an inherited Calvinistic Theology, supposed to be binding and final. Presbyterianism, considered *per se*, is a system of government only, and does not necessarily imply any one, or any permanent, system of theological tenets, or of moral behaviour, or of ritual, in a Church organized on its principles. It might even be a fair argument for somebody in the present day that, if there is to be an organized national Church at all in a community, the Presbyterian mechanism for such a Church has the merit of combining popular or democratic consent with graduated deliberation and central authority, and so of being the most exact ecclesiastical analogue of that system of Representative or Parliamentary Government which has long been accepted in Britain and elsewhere as the best in civil affairs. In fact, however, Presbyterianism is known in Britain less according to its intrinsic or ideal capabilities than through that one actual example of it which is afforded by the history of the Reformed Scottish Kirk. Now, the year 1649, I repeat, is the year to which the student must even now go back, if he would observe that actual old Scottish Presbyterianism in the utmost rigidity of its mechanical perfection. How did *it* work?

The Duke of Hamilton, the political chief of the Engagement, and the main author of the disaster it had wrought, had been

tried and beheaded by the English in his independent capacity as the delinquent Earl of Cambridge of the English Peerage (March 9). The Scottish Government, who would certainly have been more lenient with that nobleman, were thus relieved from the trouble of considering his case. They found a principal victim more to their mind in the Marquis of Huntley, long the greatest Anti-Covenanting potentate in the north of Scotland, and of late years kept as a prisoner in Edinburgh Castle to answer for his crimes. Him, in spite of all the entreaties in his behalf made to his brother-in-law, the Marquis of Argyle, by other members of the family, they publicly beheaded (March 22); after which they were content with the infliction of minor penalties on other delinquents. In accordance with their pledge to Cromwell, and indeed with the necessities of the case, all nobles, judges, and other persons of importance, conspicuous among the Engagers, had been removed from their trusts and politically incapacitated; and there was, of course, a more vigorous use than ever, against older Malignants, of that terrorism by fines and imprisonment which had been practised since the beginning of the rule of the Covenant, and especially since Montrose's rebellion. Till the 11th of August, 1649, these and other matters of State business, including the negotiations with Charles II. in his exile, were in the hands of the regular Parliament, which had met at Edinburgh on the 4th of January, and had begun its proceedings by sending Commissioners to the English Parliament to plead for the late King's life, but had since then sat on perseveringly in the assumed name of his successor. It was far from numerously attended; Argyle, Loudoun, and Warriston, with one or two others, were supreme in it; and in all their measures they consulted or studied the Clergy. They even succeeded in carrying, in this interest, the abolition of that system of lay-patronage in the Kirk, or the rights of nobles, lairds, and corporations, to appoint ministers to vacant livings, which had long been a grievance to strict Presbyterians, but which the nobles, lairds, and corporations

had hitherto clung to as hereditary property. Only on the question of Teinds, or the expediency of restoring to the Presbyterian Kirk more of those revenues of the old Popish Church which had been seized by the nobility and lairds at the Reformation, was there a decided flash of fierceness in opposition to the demands of the Kirkmen. "The more ye get the less contented ye are," the Earl of Cassilis had said when that question was mooted; and Argyle had added significantly, "It is not good to awaken sleeping dogs." The question, however, had been only just hinted at in private, and not publicly pressed. Consequently, when the Parliament rose on the 11th of August, it had fully satisfied the Kirk. The so-called Committee of Estates, or acting Central Government, to which it deputed all power till it should re-assemble, was of corresponding composition; the subordinate Committees of Shires were to match; even the Militia kept up in Scotland, under the command of the Earl of Leven, and Lieutenant-General David Leslie, to prevent or put down Highland outbreaks, and be a guard against aggression by the dreaded Sectaries of the English Republic, served mainly as a Police for the Kirk, steadying and coercing the population for her doctrine and discipline.

Her doctrine and discipline! Can any mortal out of Scotland, or even *in* Scotland itself now-a-days, conceive the amazing Scottish reality of 1649, half horrible, half noble, which these words imply? Whoever is at a loss must construct the imagination bit by bit. Let him imagine first, in every parish, that singular entity called the *Kirk-session*, consisting of the parish-minister and his group of lay-elders, who knew, or were supposed to know, every man, woman, and child in the parish by head-mark, and had a spiritual and moral charge of them all, in which the functions of teacher, friend, adviser, guide and consoler, were combined with those of day-patrol, night-watchman, official inquisitor, and divorce-court detective. If any family in a parish had neglected church-going or family-

worship, if there was brawling in any family, if there was Sabbath-breaking in the parish, or promiscuous dancing, or card-playing, or drunkenness, or the singing of profane songs, or if any sallow-faced young man was suspected of reading unorthodox books,—above all, if Venus anywhere in the parish had waved her white hand too wildly, and left shame among the hinds, or in some higher household,—the Kirk-session was bound to be cognisant of it, to interfere in it, to track it out unsparingly, and either to rebuke it in private, if that would suffice, or else to divulge it in public, naming the offence before the full congregation, the culprit or culprits perched in church opposite the minister's finger for a succession of Sundays, and pointed at most miserably. Next in gradation of power after the Kirk-session was the *Presbytery*, or Court of the conjoined parish-ministers of a district, with representative lay-elders, meeting once a month, or at similar intervals. It was for this body to stimulate the Kirk-sessions, call them to account if they are lax, review their sentences, investigate cases of suspected Popery, and take note more especially of any offences, moral or ecclesiastical, among the parish ministers themselves. Then there were the *Provincial Synods*, or twice-a-year meetings of the clergy and lay-elders of whole shires, or groups of shires, supervising the Presbyteries, and hearing appeals from them. All the while, however, there was the central or supreme authority of the whole Kirk, with all the Provincial Synods, and consequently all the Presbyteries and all the Kirk-sessions and parishes of the land, under its inspection, and subject to its criticisms and orders. This central authority had taken two forms, one periodical and the other permanent. In its periodical form, it was the *General Assembly*, or convention of representative ministers and lay-elders from all the Presbyteries in Scotland, meeting once a year, for a fortnight or more, in some appointed city (Edinburgh generally preferred), to revise all that was dubious in the proceedings of the inferior Courts during the past year, decide suits finally, consider new emergencies,

and enact new ecclesiastical laws. In its permanent form, it was the *Commission of the Kirk*, or that large metropolitan Committee of ministers and elders, members of the last General Assembly, which had been formally empowered by that Assembly to meet when it liked and act for the entire Kirk till the next General Assembly should relieve it, just as the Committee of Estates governed the nation in secular matters between Parliament and Parliament.

The Commission of the Kirk left in possession by the General Assembly of 1648 was most active in bringing all Engagers and other delinquents under the lash of ecclesiastical discipline, and otherwise asserting for the Kirk that right of universal control, even in civil and political matters, which she had won by the downfall of the Hamilton or Engaging Government and the re-accession of Argyle and his Whigs. To give a list of its prosecutions, reprimands, and excommunications, of individuals all over Scotland, either directly or by instructions to Synods and Presbyteries, would be impossible. An instance or two may suggest the rest. Poor Mr. Leighton of Newbattle, who had been getting more and more provokingly quiet and contemplative in his parish, while his brethren round him were waxing fiercer and fiercer in their Presbyterian zeal, had behaved in a very unsatisfactory manner in the crisis of the Engagement. Twice, accordingly, we find him brought under ecclesiastical censure for neglect of duty. On both occasions, in consideration of his eminently saintly character and other merits, he was let off with a "grave admonition" only; which was on both occasions "modestly taken" by him, with promises "by the grace of God to amend." It is believed that Leighton's patron, the Earl of Lothian, had used his influence to obtain this lenient treatment. But, in fact, the chiefs of the Government could not always obtain lenient treatment for themselves. The Lord Chancellor Loudoun, though he had righted himself at last in the matter of the Engagement, had been one of its original authors and

promoters; and for this temporary lapse from the Covenant and Christian duty he had been required, all the more stringently because of his high position, to give satisfaction to the Kirk by a public appearance of humiliation and expression of his repentance. The great Argyle himself, for a different fault, had had, in the previous year, to submit to the same discipline. Having so far forgotten his Christian principles as to have accepted a challenge from the Earl of Crawford, and actually gone out to Musselburgh Links, on a cold winter day, to fight that Malignant nobleman, the Marquis (though the fight had been stopped at the last moment—much to his relief, as people said) was not reinstated in the Kirk's good opinion until he had acknowledged to the Commission the sin and folly of his act. The Assembly of 1648 had, in consequence, passed a strict Kirk law against duelling.

In hundreds of such ways had the Commission of 1648 vindicated the authority of the Kirk before it had to cede its interim powers to the General Assembly of 1649. That venerable body, meeting at Edinburgh on the 7th of July and sitting till the 6th of August, found plenty to do during that whole month, in addition to what had been already done, in the eight preceding months, by the Commission and by Synods and Presbyteries. Mr. Andrew Ramsay and Mr. William Colvin, two of the ministers of Edinburgh, with a good many other ministers in various parts of the country, were deposed for having approved of the Engagement; and regulations were made for the professions of contrition to be required from those of the laity whom the Commission had suspended or excommunicated on the same account. Among the acts passed was one against promiscuous dancing. Another was for the appointment of a "Conference of Ministers, Lawyers, and Physicians, concerning the trial and punishment of Witchcraft, Charming, and Consulting." Always in Scotland, more than in England, there had been witch-trials and witch-burnings; but the epidemic of witchcraft and other forms of diabolism in 1649

seems to have been of unprecedented extent and violence. It occupied the Law Courts; it occupied the Government; it occupied Kirk-sessions and Presbyteries; and the attention to the subject now given by the General Assembly seems to have led to such increased vigilance and severity by the civil authorities as to make the total year the most notorious in Scottish records for the number of its witch-burnings. A less ghastly subject, which occupied the Assembly, was that of the mode to be adopted in the election of ministers to vacant parishes, now that the system of lay-patronage had been voluntarily abolished by the Legislature. On this subject there was formed and passed a definite Kirk Act, of which it was observed that, though it allowed the people some voice in the election of their pastors, it did not go so far in this direction as had been expected, but reserved a great deal of the real power for the Presbyteries. Indeed, it was provided that, wherever a congregation was "disaffected or malignant," it should have no voice at all in the election of its minister, but should accept the minister that the Presbytery chose. More significant even than such acts of the Assembly were certain general papers or declarations which it sent forth. "The prevailing party of "Sectaries in England," they say in one such paper, "who have "broken the Covenant and despised the oath of God, corrupted "the truth, subverted the fundamental government by King "and Parliament, and taken away the King's life, look upon "us with an evil eye, as upon those who stand in the way of "their monstrous and new-fangled devices in religion and gov-"ernment. . . . Neither is the Malignant Party so far broken "and brought low as that they have abandoned all hopes of "carrying on their former designs against the Covenant and "work of Reformation. Besides many of them in this kingdom, "who are as foxes tied in chains, keeping their evil nature, and "waiting an opportunity to break their cords, and again to prey "upon the Lord's people, there are standing armies in Ireland, "under the command of the Marquis of Ormond [&c.]. . . .

"But, which is more grievous unto us than all these, our King, "notwithstanding of the Lord's hand against his father's oppo- "sition to the work of God, and of the many sad and doleful "consequences that followed thereupon, in reference to re- "ligion and his subjects, and to his person and government, "doth hearken unto the counsels of those who were authors "of those miseries to his royal father and his kingdoms; by "which it hath come to pass that his Majesty hath hitherto "refused to grant the just and necessary desires of this Kirk "and Kingdom. . . . It concerns a nation thus sinful and "loaden with iniquity, and involved in so many difficulties and "dangers, by timeous repentance and unfeigned humiliation, to "draw near to God, and to wrestle with Him in prayer and "supplication, that our sin may be pardoned and our iniquity "done away, and that He would establish the land in the love "of truth, and enable every one in their station to do their "duty boldly and without fear, in a humble dependence upon "the Lord, in whom alone is the salvation of his people. . . . "The spirit of error and delusion in our neighbour land, in the "policy of Satan, hath veiled itself in many under the mask of "holiness, and is, in the righteous and wise dispensation of "God, armed with power, and attended with success. . . How "far they may proceed in their resolutions and actings against "this kingdom is in the hand of the Most High. If the Lord "shall suffer that Party to invade this land, it may be the com- "fort and encouragement of all the inhabitants thereof that not "only hath that unlawful Engagement against the Kingdom of "England been declared against and condemned both by Kirk "and State, but also that these men can pretend no quarrel "against us, unless it be that we have adhered unto the Solemn "League and Covenant, from which they have so foully re- "volted and backslidden, and that we have borne testimony "against Toleration, and their proceedings in reference to re- "ligion and government, and the taking away of the King's "life." After this and other manifestoes in the same strain,

the General Assembly of 1649 broke up; not, however, without having appointed a Commission of the Kirk to manage affairs till the next meeting of Assembly. It consisted of 96 ministers and 66 elders, of whom any nineteen (if thirteen of these were ministers) were to be a quorum. Among the lay-elders of the Commission were the Marquis of Argyle, the Earls of Sutherland, Eglintoun, Cassilis, and Lothian, and Sir Archibald Johnstone of Warriston.

Such was the world round about Drummond in the last year of his life. He had lived, as he must have thought, to see Scotland, if not the British Islands generally, at the very worst. For a long while one of the most customary phrases with him, as with his countrymen of all parties, had been "These recent Troubles," "These late Troubles;" and one discerns a peculiar personal melancholy in *his* use of the phrase, as if it had become his habit, in the retrospect of his life, to distinguish, with bitterness on his own account, between the good old time of King James, when all went on peacefully, and the whole subsequent reign of Charles, or at least the last twelve years of it, filled as they had been with tumult and distraction. But even in this time of tumult and distraction there had been a continuous progress from the bad to the worse, till at last, in 1649, the very climax of disaster and horror seemed to have been reached. The King of Great Britain, amid the outcries and protests of the mass of his subjects, and with Europe looking on aghast, brought to a public death; an armed democracy in possession of England; the very form of rule that one had always detested and dreaded most, a rule of a few nobles coerced by a thousand priests, riveted upon Scotland! It was as if one had lived all this while only to see the elements confounded, the Earth's basis loosened, the Heavens hung with black.

No one now can know, indeed, unless by wading through the Royalist weekly news-sheets and other masses of Royalist literature of the year 1649, what an agony of grief, rage, shame, hatred

of the Regicides and their Commonwealth, and longing for a desperate revenge, pervaded all ranks of the British Royalists, whether at home or in exile, immediately after Charles's death. He had not been dead a month when he had become that beatified and glorified martyr he continued to be till recently in Anglican tradition, and the object of an established and most wonderful religious cultus. What epitaphs on him; what elaborate eulogiums on his piety and other matchless virtues; what woodcuts and engravings of him in his captive condition, his figure in rapt attitudes of resignation, prayer, and forgiveness of his enemies, his crown lying on the ground by his side with thorns wreathed in it, his Bible open before him, and rays from heaven itself descending on his head! Take, as an example of this enthusiasm, the metrical vow addressed to Charles's spirit by the exiled Montrose. It was at Brussels that Montrose first received the astounding news of the execution at Whitehall; and the effect on him was such that he fell down in a fit, his limbs all rigid, so that he seemed to be dead. For two days after his recovery he remained shut up in his chamber; and on the third his chaplain found a scrap of paper there on which he had written these lines:—

"Great, Good, and Just, could I but rate
My grief with thy too rigid fate,
I'd weep the world in such a strain
As it should deluge once again;
But, since thy loud-tongued blood demands supplies
More than Briareus' hands, than Argus' eyes,
I'll sing thine obsequies with trumpet-sounds,
And write thine epitaph in blood and wounds."

We have not from Drummond any such direct lamentation as this over the death of Charles; but we can see that the event had sunk into his whole mood, causing throughout the year 1649 a deep and settled despondency, which vented itself sometimes in soliloquies like these:—

"All good hath left this age, all tracks of shame;
Mercy is banishèd and Pity dead;

Justice, from whence it came, to Heaven is fled ;
Religion, maimed, is thought an idle name ;
Faith to Distrust and Malice hath given place ;
Envy with poisoned teeth hath Friendship torn ;
Renownèd Knowledge is a despised scorn ;
Now Evil 'tis all Evil not to embrace.
There is no life save under servile bands ;
To make desert a vassal to their crimes
Ambition with Avarice join hands.
O ever-shameful, O most shameless, times !
Save that Sun's light we see, of good hear tell,
This Earth we court so much were very Hell.

Doth then the World go thus ? doth all thus move?
Is this the Justice which on Earth we find ?
Is this that firm decree which all doth bind ?
Are these your influences, Powers above ?.
Those souls which Vice's moody mists most blind,
Blind Fortune blindly most their friend doth prove ;
And they who thee, poor idol, Virtue, love
Fly like a feather tossed by storm and wind.
Ah ! if a Providence doth sway this All,
Why should best minds groan under most distress,
Or why should Pride Humility make thrall,
And injuries the innocent oppress ?
Heavens, hinder, stop this fate ; or grant a time
When good may have, as well as bad, their prime !"*

The melancholy, one can perceive, was too deep and hopeless to permit more of those direct political utterances, and comments on passing particulars, for which, till now, Drummond's pen had been so ready. Altogether, the mood was that of King Richard in Shakespeare's Play :—

" Of comfort no man speak ;
Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs."

Graves and Epitaphs had always been familiar topics with Drummond. Through much of his poetry, from the very first, there had run that meditation of Death which is the single and sustained characteristic of the finest of his prose-writings, the

* These two Sonnets, apparently to be read together, were first printed in the Posthumous London Edition of Drummond's Poems in 1656.

Cypress Grove. It deserves mention, however, that this brooding familiarity of his mind with the thought of Death had shown itself not only in the form of general musings, but also, more largely than with most writers, in the form of express notices of the particular deaths that occurred within the circle of his observation. Some of these notices have already been registered in their proper places in our narrative: *e.g.*, the series of Sonnets and other Poems in which he commemorates the death of his first love; the Elegy on Prince Henry; the obituary Sonnet on James I.; the letter about Drayton's death; the Elegy on Sir Anthony Alexander; and the notes on other deaths in the Alexander family, including that of his friend and brother-poet, the Earl himself. But, besides these and more miscellaneous obituary allusions in his letters, one finds among his poems a considerable number of memorial verses on deceased contemporaries. Some are left wholly anonymous; but the following refer to known persons:—

"*To the Memory of the most excellent Lady, Jane, Countess of Perth:*" A Sonnet with this title appeared in the first edition of the *Flowers of Sion*, published in 1621: therefore this lady, the wife of Drummond's patron and clan-chief, John Drummond, Earl of Perth, must have died before that date.

"*A Reply to Verses on the late William, Earl of Pembroke.*" The verses themselves are four stanzas, signed "E. P.," on the death, April 10, 1630, of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, one of the most popular English noblemen of his time, and celebrated in literary history as the patron of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. The Folio Shakespeare of 1623 was dedicated to him and his brother Philip, Earl of Montgomery, who survived him for many years as Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery. The verses of E. P. are in a moralizing strain; and Drummond's Reply is in three stanzas of the same measure, amending the moral.

"*On the Death of Lady Jane Maitland.*" This young lady, daughter of John, Earl of Lauderdale, died, in the prime of her youth, in December 1631, and was buried at Haddington. A poem by Drummond, in five stanzas, celebrating her beauty and virtues very affectionately, was subjoined, with about fifty other

pieces of verse, in Latin and English, by different friends of the Maitland family, to her funeral-sermon, published in 1633. He wrote also a separate Sonnet to her memory.

"*To the memory of his much-loving and beloved master, Mr. John Ray.*" This is a Sonnet on the death (*circa* 1636) of John Ray, who had been Humanity-Professor in Edinburgh University when Drummond was a student there, and had afterwards transferred himself to the head-mastership of the High School. It expresses much respect and affection.

"*To the memory of the Excellent Lady, Isabel, Countess of Lauderdale.*" This lady. the mother of the Lady Jane Maitland above-mentioned, died in Nov. 1638, seven years after her daughter. Drummond's verses to her are full of praise.

"*A Sepulchral Inscription, partly in prose and partly in verse, for Thomas Dalzell, of Binns.*" This gentleman, who was Sheriff of Linlithgowshire, and of the family of the Dalzells, Lords Dalzell and Earls of Carnwath, died Feb. 10, 1642, *ætat.* 69, leaving, as "successors of his virtues and fortunes, a son renowned by the wars, and a daughter married to William Drummond of Riccarton." The son, so spoken of by Drummond, and at whose request he seems to have furnished the inscription, became afterwards Commander-in-Chief in Scotland for Charles II., and famous, among other things, for his immense white beard, which he had kept unshorn in consequence of a vow made at the death of Charles I.

"*Epitaphs upon John, Earl of Lauderdale, his death.*" Such is the title of three Sonnets on the death, in February, 1645, of John Maitland, 1st Earl of Lauderdale, the husband of the Countess of Lauderdale, and father of the Lady Jane Maitland, above-mentioned. He was a statesman of great reputation for ability and literary culture; and, though he went with the Covenanters at length, and was President of the Covenanting Scottish Parliament at the time of his death, yet Drummond hints that his heart had not been thoroughly in the business. Thus the first of the Sonnets runs:—

"Of those rare worthies who adorned our North,
And shined like constellations, thou alone
Remainedst last, great Maitland, charged with worth,
Second in virtue's theatre to none;
But, finding all eccentric in our times,
Religion into superstition turned,
Justice silénced, exilèd, or inurned,
Truth, faith, and charity reputed crimes,

The young men destinate by sword to fall,
And trophies of their country's spoils to rear,
Strange laws the aged and prudent to appal,
And forced sad yokes of tyranny to bear,
And for nor great nor virtuous minds a room,
Disdaining life, thou shrink'st into a tomb."

In the other two Sonnets the celebrity of the Maitland family is spoken of, and special mention is made of the fact that "the wisest Prince e'er managed Britain's state," *i.e.*, James I., had been a great admirer of the father of the deceased Earl, John, Lord Thirlstane, Chancellor of Scotland, and on that nobleman's death (Oct. 1595) had honoured him with an epitaph written with his own royal hand.—It appears from one of Drummond's preserved letters that the three Sonnets of Epitaph on the deceased Earl had been sent by him, when they were written, to the Earl's son and successor, John Maitland, 2nd Earl of Lauderdale, afterwards so notorious as the Duke of Lauderdale, but then one of the most active of the Covenanters, and their chief agent and commissioner in London. "Of that duty I owe to "your Lordship, and love to your Honourable Father," he says in this letter, "I have adventured to bear a part in his obsequies, "—a work, I must confess, profuse; no verses of mine, "or any others, having power to add anything to his noble "memory, being so strongly upholden by your Lordship and "his other excellent children that it is likely to be contemporary "with the world." In a yet later letter to the same second Earl of Lauderdale, afterwards Duke, Drummond reverts to his affection for the first Earl and his esteem for the whole Maitland family. "The merits of your blessed father towards me, and "your own courtesies," is one of the expressions.

It so happens that three more specimens of Drummond's taste for Epitaphs and obituary commemorations all belong to the year 1649.

The following will be quite intelligible if we explain that Tranent is about twelve miles from Edinburgh; that Seton Palace, the mansion of the Setons, Earls of Winton, was in that neighbourhood; and that "my Lord of Perth" spoken of as buried in Seton Chapel is not the John Drummond, 2nd Earl of Perth, already so well known to us in connexion with

Drummond (for this Earl lived to 1662), but his elder brother and predecessor, James Drummond, 1st Earl, who had married a daughter of the 1st Earl of Winton, and had died very young, as long ago as 1611.

"To his worthy and much respected Friend, Mr. William Anster, at Tranent.

"Much Respected Friend,

"These are to entreat you earnestly that, when occasion and your leisure serveth, you would be pleased to do me the favour as to take the pains to transcribe the inscription which is upon my Lord of Perth's tomb in the Chapel of Seton. I have drawn up a Genealogical Table of the House of Drummond, with many ornaments, and some garnishing of the persons. In this the Inscriptions of my lord's tomb will serve me for some light. My noble Lord of Winton is descended lineally of this race, and shall not be overpassed in what I can do him or his ancient family honour and service. When this piece is perfected, it must come under your hand, to give it the last lustre. Thus, my commendations remembered, &c., I remain,

"Your assured and loving friend to serve you,

"W. DRUMMOND. *

"April, 1649."

From this it is evident that Drummond had resumed in 1649, within three months after the death of Charles I., those researches into the genealogy and history of the Drummond Family which had many years before been a subject of correspondence between him and the Earl of Perth. They may have been a suitable distraction for him at the time; but it is not necessary that *we* should return to the topic. †

* Mr. Laing's Extracts from the Hawthornden MSS., *Arch. Scot.*, IV. 98.

† Drummond's MS. genealogical researches about his family went into the hands of his namesake, kinsman, and fellow-Engager, William Drummond, second son of Lord Maderty, better known afterwards as Lieutenant General Drummond, 4th Lord Maderty and 1st Viscount Strathallan (The Drummonds, Lords Maderty, were cousins of the Perth family.) Continued and enlarged by him in 1681, they took the form of a *Genealogy of the most ancient House of Drummond*, which, after lying in MS. from his death in 1688, was printed in Edinburgh in 1831. Few Scottish Genealogies

As among the last things written by Drummond the two following may be printed together. The venerable lady celebrated in the first was one of the Prestons of Craigmillar, near Edinburgh, possibly the mother of George Preston, Laird of Craigmillar, whom we know to have been one of Drummond's most intimate friends; the boy or youth for whose tomb the second was written is sufficiently described in the document itself.

"TO THE MEMORY OF THE WORTHY LADY, THE LADY OF CRAIGMILLAR.

"This marble needs no tears: let them be poured
For such whom Earth's dull bowels have embowred
In childhood, or in youth who left to live
By some sad chance fierce planets did contrive.
Eight lustres twice full reckoned did make thee
All this life's happiness to know; and we
Who saw thee in thy winter (as men flowers
Shrunk in their stems, or Ilium's fair towers
Hid in their rubbidge) could not but admire,
The casket spoiled, the jewel so entire;
For neither judgment, memory, nor sense
In thee was blasted, till all fled from hence
To thy great Maker. Earth unto earth must;
Man in his best estate is but best dust.
Now, even though buried, yet thou canst not die,
But happy liv'st in thy fair progeny,
To out-date time, and never pass away.
Till Angels raise thee from thy bed of clay,
And blest again with these here loved thou meet,
Rest in Fame's temple and this winding-sheet.
Content thou liv'd here, happy, though not great,
And died with the Kingdom and the State."

"D. O. M. S."

"What was mortal of W. Ramsay lieth here. He was the son of John Ramsay, Laird of Edington, brother to the Right Honourable William, the first Earl of Dalhousie, a lineage of all virtues in peace and valour in war, renowned by all times

have been more pushed on the attention of the world than that of the Drummonds; for an abstract of it will be found in Bayle's Dictionary (Art. *Drummond*), communicated to that work, in the year 1695, by some interested person.

and second to none: a youth ingenuous, of fair hopes, a mild sweet disposition, pleasant countenance; his kindred's delight and joy; and now their greatest displeasure and sorrow; having left this transitory stage of cares, when he but scarce appeared upon it, in his tender nonage.

> So falls by northern blast a virgin rose,
> At half that doth her bashful bosom close;
> So a sweet flourish languishing decays
> That late did blush when kissed by Phœbus' rays.
> Though untimely cropped, leave to bemoan his fate:
> He died with our Monarchy and State.

His Mother, out of that care and love she carried to him, to continue here his memory some space, raised this monument, *Anno* 1649, *mense*. . . .

Immortale decus Superis."

"*Died with our Monarchy and State*" is, it will be noticed, Drummond's form of obituary dating in both cases. The venerable lady of Craigmillar, who had been more than eighty years in the world, and the hopeful boy, William Ramsay, whose life had hardly begun, died, Drummond expressly marks, in the same fatal year 1649. The deaths in that year, it may be assumed, were neither more nor less numerous than usual; but the following, as they are noted in Balfour's Annals, may be supposed to have been those of most public interest in Scotland:—February 28, 1649, died suddenly John Elphinstone, 2nd Lord Balmerino, so famous for that prosecution of him by Charles I. in 1635 which had drawn forth Drummond's bold letter of remonstrance (ante pp. 233-241), and afterwards for his activity in the Covenant. March 1649, died Sir George Haliburton of Todrews, one of the Senators of the College of Justice. In the same month died, at Kirkwall in Orkney, William Douglas, 7th Earl of Morton, some time Lord Treasurer of Scotland; and on the 30th of May following his Countess, Anna, daughter of the Earl of Marischal, died at the same place. "August 12, 1649," writes Balfour, "died Patrick Leslie, Lord of Lindores: he was never married, but had above

67 base children, sons and daughters: he was aged. . .; and was interred privately at the east end of Newburgh church on Tuesday, in the night, the 14th of the same month." On the 10th of November died Anna, Lady Elcho, daughter of Lord Balfour of Burleigh; on the 12th of the same month died, at Kirkwall, Robert, 8th Earl of Morton, having survived his father and enjoyed the Earldom only eight months; on the 22nd of the same month died John, first Earl of Wemyss, at his house in Wester Wemyss; and on the 26th of the same month died, at Priestfield, near Edinburgh, Sir Alexander Hamilton, brother to Thomas, first Earl of Haddington, certified by Balfour as "a man of rare spirit and a very valiant soldier," and known to us long ago as the "Sandy Hamilton" who was Drummond's rival in practical mechanics, and became afterwards the Scottish General of Artillery in the Bishops' Wars.

To these deaths of 1649 we have to add that of Drummond himself. It occurred in the very end of the year, eight days after that of Sandy Hamilton. Of his occupations through the preceding eleven months there are only such indications as have been already given. Mercifully, it is to be hoped, the Argyle Government and the Kirk authorities had let him alone, or had not troubled him for his approbation of the Engagement, and his Defence of the Hamiltons in that connexion, in a way to cause him any great inconvenience. And so he had lived on at Hawthornden, in weak and failing health, and seeing one more round of the seasons in that beloved spot of his life-long habitation. To the terrible opening of the year, with its shocking news of the King's execution, had succeeded the gentler months of spring, when the glen and all the soft country round resumed their budding and again grew lightly green. The green had deepened and enriched itself into summer, and once more the invalid, walking slowly in his accustomed grounds, had seen the Esk flowing in its rocky bed, in the full recovered beauty of clear sky and sunshine, its banks terraced and precipiced by

all their wealth of shrub and foliage. Then the changing colours had broken out in the woods, the russet and the yellow coming in patches amid the doubly sombred green, till there was the glory of later Autumn's variety, and in October the languid footsteps on the pathways began to be over fallen leaves. No longer out on roads or pathways we are then to fancy him, but shuffling about in the little courtyard of the house, or from fireside to fireside within doors, now in the dining-room below, which may be still seen, with his own favourite little study opening out from it, now in the larger drawing-room upstairs, which is also still to be seen, with the small chamber near it in which he usually slept. This small chamber looks out to the front of the house, with the famous sycamore just opposite the little window; but from the other main apartments the view is still always of the glen behind, either in those upper windings and cliffs which bring the Esk from Roslin, or again in other windings and cliffs to the right hand, where the rock on which the house stands bends the course of the stream into a new gorge. Pictures and pieces of furniture remain now in the rooms which were there when Drummond inhabited them. There is at least one picture of himself, very indifferently done; there is one of his father, Sir John Drummond, really well done, and presenting him as he must have been in the first days of his gentleman-ushership to James VI., the face light-complexioned, and very manly and handsome, with the light hair tinged to red round the mouth, and a most winning expression of sweet temper; there are several old portraits of Kings and Queens; and among other antiquities is a table of fine black oak, with the date 1396 carved on it, which the poet may have prized from some association with Robert III. and Queen Annabella Drummond. With such objects about him, and the other familiar nick-nacks gathered in a studious life, and telling of cultured tastes, we are to imagine the invalid in his last days, conscious that the end is approaching, sometimes turning perhaps to his books and papers by habit, but rather

for the most part listlessly pensive, or with looks of suppressed meaning at the wife and young children from whom he is to part. Not unhappy looks either, but only kindly sad! All his life he has been familiar with the contemplation of death; nothing can be now thought or imaged about it which he has not thought and imaged again and again for more than thirty years; more than once in his earlier life he had expected death and been ready for it; and, save that there now mingles with his musings an interest in the earthly future of those he has since attached to him, and on whom his eyes now rest, they are the same as they had always been. There is the same abiding image of the Cosmical All as one thing, the same notion of this Cosmical All as but the visible manifestation and sensuous allegory of something else, outlying and transcending its wheeling spheres and the utmost reason and phantasy of its denizens, but which yet a natural faith, accepting the essence of the sacred tradition which all the wrangling Churches conserved, might figure, with the humblest Christian of any Church, as a Heavenly World above all the starry appearances, the home of the Eternal Maker and of what He might call to Himself. And so, not needing the more precise suggestions of Mr. Fairly, or of any other minister that might visit him, but not declining these either, Drummond, as the close drew near, might revert with perfect sincerity to some of his own spiritual songs, or his translations of hymns of the Church. Even this he might repeat, or hear repeated :—

"That dreaded day of wrath and shame
In flames shall turn this world's huge frame,
As sacred prophets do proclaim.

O with what grief shall earthlings groan
When that great Judge, set on his throne,
Examines strictly every one?

On that great day at thy right hand
Grant I amongst thy sheep may stand,
Sequestered from the goatish band!"

In a vaguer vein, but perhaps more his own, might be this from his *Flowers of Sion*:—

"Beneath a sable veil, and shadows deep
Of unaccessible and dimming light,
In silence, ebon clouds more black than night,
The World's great King his secrets hid doth keep:
Through those thick mists when any mortal wight
Aspires, with halting pace and eyes that weep,
To pore, and in His mysteries to creep,
With thunders He and lightnings blasts their sight.
O Sun invisible, that dost abide
Within thy bright abysms, most fair, most dark,
Where with thy proper rays Thou dost Thee hide!
O ever-shining, never full-seen mark!
To guide me in life's night Thy light me show:
The more I search, the less of Thee I know."

Or perhaps it might be this, the mystically abrupt closing of the largest poem he ever wrote, and which he left unfinished:—

"Near to that sweet and odoriferous clime
Where the all-cheering Emperor of Time
Makes spring the cassia, nard, and fragrant balms,
And every hill and colline crowns with palms,
Where incense sweats, where weeps the precious myrrh,
And cedars overtop the pine and fir,
Near where the aged phœnix, tired of breath,
Doth build her nest, and takes new life in death,
A valley into wide and open fields
Far it extendeth . . . ."

The death of Drummond is recorded by his biographer of 1711 very briefly. "In the year 1649," he says, "when Rebellion "was prosperous and triumphant in the utmost degree, the best "of Kings and of men, under a sham pretence of justice, "was barbarously murdered at his own palace-gate by "the worst of subjects and the worst of men. Our "author, who was much weakened with close studying "and diseases, was so overwhelmed with extreme grief "and anguish that he died the 4th of December, wanting "only 9 days of 64 years of age, to the great grief and loss of

"all learned and good men: and was honourably buried in his "own aisle in the Church of Lasswade, near to his house of "Hawthornden." In one particular this statement obviously requires correction. Of Drummond's deep feeling about the death of Charles I., and his despondency over the state of the times, the evidence is sufficient; but that Charles's death in any way occasioned Drummond's no one is bound to believe. There was an interval of ten months between the two events; and Drummond had at any rate reached the limit of life that might have been anticipated. He had passed by seven years the age attained by his father; and he had outlived all his brothers and sisters, except his brother James, the next to him in age, who is heard of as surviving him for a year or two.

The church and churchyard of Lasswade are on a height overlooking the village, and about two miles and a half from Hawthornden. The present church was built about a hundred years ago; but, in a portion of the well-kept churchyard, railed in separately from the rest, as more select and important, there is the fragmentary outline of the smaller old church, with some of the sepulchral monuments that belonged to it. Drummond's own aisle, abutting from one part of the ruined wall, is still perfect, a small arched space of stone-work, with a roofing of strong stone slabs, and a grating of iron for door-way. Within that small arched space Drummond's ashes certainly lie, though there is no inscription to mark the precise spot as distinct from the graves of some of his latest descendants who are also buried there, and to one of whom there is a commemorative tablet. The small arched aisle itself is his monument, and it is a sufficient one. There could hardly be a more peaceful rustic burying-ground than that in which it stands, the church and the manse close to it on the height, with only steep descending lanes from them to Lasswade village and to the road leading from Lasswade to Edinburgh. In the same separately enclosed part of the churchyard which contains Drummond's aisle, and

attached to the same ruined fragment of the old church, are some other tombs of families of ancient connexion with Lasswade parish or its neighbourhood. Two or three of them exhibit well-known Scottish names; and in one of them, more spacious than the rest, but still simple, lies Henry Dundas, 1st Viscount Melville, the colleague and friend of Pitt, and from 1775 to 1805 the virtual King of Scotland.

CHAPTER XXI.

POSTHUMOUS PARTICULARS.

DRUMMOND had nine children: five sons, John, William, Robert, Richard, and James; and four daughters, Elizabeth, Margaret, Annabella, and Jane. Of these, however, the eldest and two youngest sons and the three youngest daughters died at an early age, so that, at the time of his death, the family seems to have consisted of only the widow and three children, William, Robert, and Elizabeth. By a will which he had made in September 1643 (*i.e.*, before all his children had been born, and also before some of those born had died), he had assigned 500 marks and his "moveables" as a portion for his daughter Elizabeth, £1000 to his son Robert, and £1000 to his son James, the rest to go to his eldest surviving son, William, but the administration of the property during the nonage of the children, and the care of their education, to rest with their mother. Conjoined with her in this trust were to be his "well-beloved kinsman and friend, John Stirling of Birnay, Commissioner of Wigtown, and Mr. Richard Maitland;" but, in case of her death or her second marriage, then Lord Drummond, William Drummond of Riccarton, and George Preston, Laird of Craigmillar, were to take her place as co-trustees with those two persons. As his property at the time of his death, apart from the lands, was estimated at £3936, the provision by this will, if we allow for the Scottish value of money then, seems to have been moderately ample.*

* Abstract of Drummond's Will, with Extracts, given by Mr. David Laing, *Arch. Scot.*, IV. 229.

The eldest son, William, being but in his fourteenth year, the administration of the widow and her co-trustees must have been required for some time. When or where she died is not known.* Of Elizabeth, the only surviving daughter, all that is known is that she married a Dr. Henderson, a physician in Edinburgh, and was dead long before 1711. Robert, the second surviving son, either was never married or left no issue, and died about 1687, when he was little more than forty years of age. The family-name was transmitted, therefore, only in the line of the eldest son, William.

Knighted in the time of Charles II., this Sir William Drummond lived to as late as 1713, known latterly not only as the third Laird of Hawthornden, but also as the representative of the Drummonds of Carnock, the descent of that house from Patrick Drummond, his great-uncle, having lapsed. He is said, in the family legend, to have "inherited his father's principles and virtues, and even a portion of his genius, though he published nothing to the world." Surer evidence presents him in his last years as only a very respectable old Scottish gentleman, looking now and then over his father's papers, or those of other people which his father had collected, and jotting down in them such remarks as this, still to be read on the particular parcel containing the papers of Drummond's uncle Fowler: "Papers of Secretarie Fowler's, all his owen hand-writt, preserved as they are by my father; so ther may be better things in them than I know, for the writt is fashious to read." He was twice married, had three daughters by the first marriage and three sons and six daughters by the second, and was succeeded by his son William,

* Among the Fairfax MSS. in the Bodleian, bequeathed to that library by the Parliamentary General, Lord Fairfax, there is a valuable old MS. copy of John of Fordun's *Scotichronicon* that had belonged to Drummond. On the first page there is this inscription: "Mr. James Drummond, 1650, gifted this book to Coronall Fairfax, the 17 of December, anno 1650," followed by this, in Fairfax's hand: "It was sent to me by the Lady Hawthornden, widow to the famous poet, William Drummond, by the hands of her husband's brother, vizt., Mr. James Drummond here superscribinge.—FAIRFAX."

born in 1664. Of this fourth Laird of Hawthornden, the poet's grandson, we are told that, "having improved himself by travelling abroad," he "became a well-bred, polite, and accomplished gentleman," but that "he unhappily received a stroke upon the head by a fall from his horse, soon after his return to his own country, which, though it did not destroy his understanding, yet affected him so much that he contracted a dislike to business, and in a great measure retired from the world during the remainder of his life." Nevertheless he lived to 1735, and left, besides five daughters, an only son, William, who succeeded him in the Hawthornden lairdship, having previously married a cousin of his own, Jean Mylne, daughter of Sir Charles Mylne of Barnton by his wife, Mary Drummond, fifth daughter of Sir William Drummond, the poet's son. Thus, at this stage of the descent, both the Laird and the Lady of Hawthornden were of the Drummond lineage, the laird being the poet's great-grandson, and the lady (unless I misconstrue the documents) his great-grand-daughter. They had two children. One of these, a son, who had been bred to the medical profession, and had gone to Jamaica, having died there, the estate, on the death of their father, the fifth laird, in 1760, went to the only other child, Barbara Mary Drummond. She had been married, before she came to the property, to a Highland gentleman of Jacobite distinction; but, this husband having died in 1758 and left her childless, she married, for her second husband, Dr. William Abernethy, a physician, and also a Bishop of the Episcopal Church in Scotland, who assumed, in consequence, the name of Dr. Abernethy-Drummond, or Bishop Abernethy-Drummond, and was virtually laird of Hawthornden so long as his wife lived. They had but one child, a daughter, who died in 1777 at the age of thirteen, and to whose memory there is the tablet in Drummond's aisle already mentioned. Thus, on the death, in 1789, of Barbara Mary Drummond, the direct inheritance from the poet ended. By a settlement she had effected, the Hawthornden estate, burdened

with a life-rent for her husband, Bishop Abernethy-Drummond, then went to a cousin of hers, who had married Bishop Abernethy-Drummond's nephew. The name Drummond, however, followed the property; and both have passed on, by farther descents, to the present possessors of Hawthornden. The baronetcy now in the family dates from 1828.*

After Drummond's death there was a roused interest in him among his countrymen. It was, of course, strongest and most affectionate among the Royalists. Perhaps the very best poetical tribute to his memory, and certainly more interesting now than any of the compliments he had received in his lifetime (one of these being a rough set of English verses by Archbishop Spotswood), is a piece written immediately after his death by a Scottish Royalist abroad, and entitled *Damon: A Pastoral Elegy on the Death of His Honoured Friend, William Drummond of Hawthornden.* The author was a certain Colonel George Lauder, son of Alexander Lauder of Hatton by a daughter of Sir Richard Maitland, the ancestor of the Lauderdale family. He is supposed to have been born about 1600, and to have been educated at the University of Edinburgh; and he had been abroad on military service since about 1630. Before he had gone abroad he had known Drummond well, as a younger man might know a senior he admired. The Elegy itself tells us this and much more. The author, presenting himself as the shepherd Lysis, wandering on foreign ground, begins thus:—

> "The lonely Lysis, whom a froward fate
> Full twenty summers in a sober state
> Had seen a stranger to his native soil
> In foreign fields, worn with the weary toil

* The authority for this account of the descent of the Drummond name, and of the Hawthornden property, since the poet's time, is Douglas's *Baronage of Scotland*; for which the article "Drummond of Hawthornden," carrying down the descent to 1798, was furnished by Bishop Abernethy-Drummond.

Of wandering, waiting on a wayward flock,
Which neither hoised his hopes nor swelled his stock,
One day went pensive o'er a pleasant plain,
Near where old Maes doth fall into the main.
His heart was heavy and he knew not why ;
The lambs did bleating go ; the surly sky
Seemed to presage a storm ; which to prevent
Unto his old retreat he swiftly went.
An aged elm there was," &c.

While he is here under the elm on the plain near the mouth of the Maes (somewhere near Rotterdam), he sees coming rapidly towards him a figure in which he at length recognises his former comrade, "the young Alcydon," who has just come back from a visit to his "native Albany." After greetings, Alcydon gives him the news he has brought thence, horrifying him with the account of the execution of King Charles, and the dreadful state of Britain, and of Scotland in particular. There, he says, the loyal can hardly live ;

"And, were it not the hope they have at home
To see their Prince to save his people come,
The swains would all for sorrow faint and fly,
As many do for grief and anguish die ;
Of which, alas ! old Damon was the first,
Whose royal, loyal, noble heart did burst."

"Damon dead !" cries Lysis, this last piece of news utterly paralysing him. For a while he is motionless with the shock, till at length a passion of tears comes to his relief, and he begins to speak of Damon and all that he knew of him :—

"Burst forth, my soul, in sorrow's saddest strain ;
Sigh, heart, and break, and wish no more again
Those home-bred haunts and flowery fields to see
Whose love and longing late possessèd thee !
Farewell those fancies, since the herdsmen's head,
Apollo's priest, whose learned lays did lead
The lovely nymphs, enchanted with his song,
O'er Ochil's snowy tops in pompous throng,
And brought those beauteous girls in gaudy train
Home dancing to his Hawthornden again,
Is now no more the wonder of our woods,
The valley's wish, the favourite of our floods."

There is then a recollection of the happy time when the speaker, then "a stripling 'mongst the shepherds," first saw Damon, their acknowledged peer, and experienced his kindness; after which there is a kind of review of all Drummond's published writings, the chief of them mentioned exactly by their names, and each with a few words of appreciation, showing familiarity with it, as if from repeated reading. The fact that Drummond in his later age had left his youthful metrical fancies, which "were rich conceits, although he termed them toys," and betaken himself to grave Clio, the Muse of History, is duly noted; and there is a description of his *History of the Five Jameses*, in language which implies that, though unpublished, it had been much talked of, and its style and character were pretty generally known. Then, after a re-assertion that Scotland can never again be what it was to the speaker, now that he can never again see Damon's honoured face or grasp his hand, he wishes that he had "old Aytoun's vein or great Alexis' stately tragic strain," that he might fittingly celebrate the excellencies of the dead. As this cannot be, he says, his excuse for writing at all must be his desire to connect his name with Damon's; and, so, with really a graceful tact, identifying the poet with various Scottish scenes painted in his poetry, but localizing him last of all in the picturesque spot of his dwelling (where also, by mistake, he supposes him buried), he drops the curtain on a view of Hawthornden :—

"Yet with what vigour my poor verse can fly
It shall record to after times that I
So dearly loved thy worth, thy name adored,
Thy friendship honoured, and thy death deplored,
That, wheresoe'er the world my rhymes shall read,
There Damon's love shall live when we're both dead.
Nor shall I fear Antiquity to wrong
With our own home-bred haunts to stuff my song,
And say our Forth, which doth so wind and wander,
As famous is by thee as old Meander.
Thy murmuring Esk and Ora's rushy hair
With Mincius and old Tiber do compare;

And why shall I not freely venture then
To match with Helicon thy Hawthornden?
Thy grot, in which grim Saturn still remains
Bound to the rock with mighty metalled chains,
The same prophetic spirit doth inspire
That in Trophonius' cave set souls on fire;
And, if the earth from hence a passage yield,
It is the entry to the Elysian fields.
A fitter place the Fates could never find
To lay thy sacred relics up enshrined;
There all the Nymphs and Shepherd-swains can come
And yearly sing sad hymns before thy tomb;
Which on the marble cold these lines shall keep,
For pilgrims all to read, and, parting, weep,
That once thy care commanded to be cut
Upon thy grave, if I have not forgot:—
'Here Damon lies, whose songs did sometime grace
'The murmuring Esk: may Roses shade the place.'"

This Elegy by a Scot abroad was written, it is to be supposed, in 1650; and there was no leisure in Scotland for the next few years to think much about Drummond. In 1655-6, however, or six years after his death, something of the necessary leisure had returned, though in a strange way, and after much agony. Charles II. had come into Scotland (June 1650), but Cromwell had come into Scotland too (July 1650); there had been the great battle of Dunbar (Sept. 3, 1650), followed by the partial subjugation of Scotland to the English Commonwealth, and the great battle of Worcester (Sept. 3, 1651), followed by its complete subjugation; Charles II. was back in his foreign exile; and Cromwell had become Protector of the United Commonwealth of Great Britain and Ireland. It was during this Protectorate of Cromwell, when Scotland had been substantially annexed to England, and Monk, with his head-quarters at Dalkeith, was Cromwell's deputy among the Scots, that it occurred to Drummond's surviving friends to recall attention to his writings. Circumstances were favourable. In England there was a new activity in authorship. Theology and polemics were a little in abeyance; and old poets and prose-writers were again in demand. Why not bring out Drummond's poetry afresh, and

publish some specimens of his prose, so that he might have his chance with English writers in the new Protectorate? Nay, to give him the fairer a chance, why not bring him out in London? So several may have reasoned; but the person who seems to have acted as Drummond's literary executor, and carried the project into effect, was his brother-in-law, Sir John Scot of Scotstarvet.

Of much tougher constitution than Drummond, Scotstarvet, though he had been born about the same time, did not die till 1670, when he was in his eighty-fourth year. When Cromwell's Protectorate began he was in his sixty-seventh or sixty-eighth. His first wife, Drummond's sister, by whom he had two sons and seven daughters, had long been dead; a second wife, who had borne him one son, was also dead; and he had married a third time, and had another son. He had not been without troubles. His eldest son and heir, Sir James Scot, who had been conjoined with him in the office of Director of the Chancery, had died in 1650, a year after his uncle Drummond; and, in the changes recently made in the Scottish Bench and Law-Courts under Cromwell's Protectorate, Sir John himself had been ejected from this and his other offices, and, moreover, fined £500. He was living consequently on his Fifeshire estates, grumbling a good deal, but pushing on, in conjunction with Gordon of Straloch, the Scottish maps for Blaeu's great Atlas, and beginning, perhaps, those curious and crabbed notes about his official contemporaries and their predecessors, which he finished at a later time, and which, after lying in MS. for nearly a century, were published in 1754 as *Scot of Scotstarvet's Staggering State of Scots Statesmen*. Most "staggering," indeed, he makes it out to have been. About eighty Scotsmen of political mark between 1550 and 1650 figure in his lists; and of each he tells what lands he "conquessed," and what came of the "conquests," with any tit-bit of scandal about him or his wife that will give a relish to the tale, the general result being that most of them were either scoundrels or very dubious characters, but

that happily there is a Divinity that brings such persons to account, whatever lands they may "conquess." Sometimes, however, this Divinity makes mistakes. The very last person mentioned in the *Staggering State*, for example, is the writer himself, Sir John Scot of Scotstarvet, ex-Director of the Chancery. What had happened to him? "Sir John was a Councillor to "King James and King Charles I., and Lord of Exchequer, "and a Lord of Session. Albeit he was possessor of the said "place of Chancery above forty years, and doer of great ser- "vices to the King and country, yet, by the power and malice "of his enemies, he has been at last thrust out of the said "places in his old age, and likewise fined in £500 sterling, "and one altogether unskilled placed to be Director. But, as "one of the ancients says well, '*Ubi beneficia modum excesserunt, "pro beneficio damnum rependitur:* where benefits exceed "measure, instead of benefits they get skaith.' He had been "a Councillor since the year of God 1620, and for his Ma- "jesty's and predecessor's service been twenty-four times at "London, being 14,400 miles, and twice in the Low Countries "for printing the Scots Poets [*Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum*] and "the Atlas [the Scottish part of Blaeu's great general Atlas], "and paid to John Blaeu a hundred double pieces for printing "the Poets." *

* The *Geographiæ Blavianæ Volumen Sextum*, containing the maps of Scotland which Gordon of Straloch had edited, and on which Scot of Scotstarvet had spent so much pains, was published at Amsterdam in 1654, and is a truly magnificent folio, well worth looking at. Scot of Scotstarvet's labours and generosity in connexion with the enterprise receive frequent and ample acknowledgment in the volume. Thus, in the prefixed Latin "Epistle to the Reader" by the printer John Blaeu, it is said, "If you impute this work to that most noble and munificent man, John Scot of Scotstarvet, you will but attribute the progeny to its rightful father;" and again, with a change of metaphor, "Scotland could not have been born and come into the light unless Scot had been the *accoucheur*." Again, with reference to Scot's visit to Holland on the business of the Atlas: "He passed whole days in my house, writing and dictating what might illustrate the maps of his country, with such happiness of memory that, though without papers or books, he gave all due information respecting the shapes of districts, sites, boundaries, old and more recent owners of estates, the produce of the soil, cities, rivers, and the like, so that the man

With all his grumbling, Scotstarvet retained his interest in whatever concerned the literary glory of Scotland. Add his particular interest in the memory of Drummond, and it will not seem extraordinary if it was in consequence of one of his twenty-four visits to London that there appeared there, almost simultaneously, a Volume of Drummond's selected Prose-writings and a Collected Edition of his Poems. If Scotstarvet did not go to London himself on the business, he must have arranged it by correspondence.

The prose volume appeared first. It is a rather handsome small folio of 292 pages, with a portrait of Drummond, and with this title :—

appeared to me to be a Scotland to himself." Besides this eulogy by Blaeu, and Latin verses to Scot, and other recognitions of him in various parts of the volume, there is a Latin dedication of the whole to him by Gordon of Straloch, dated "*Abredoniæ*, 9 *Cal. Feb.* 1648." The volume, therefore, must have been substantially completed some years before its actual publication, and while Drummond was yet alive. An interesting testimony to the same effect is afforded by a slip of paper pasted into the copy of the volume belonging to the University of Edinburgh. It is the draft, in Gordon of Straloch's own hand, of his intended dedication of the Atlas to the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II. From the wording of the draft it is clear that it must have been written before the misfortunes of Charles I. had come to their height. Afterwards, the dedication and other arrangements had to be altered to suit.———After all, Scot of Scotstarvet died a wealthy man, leaving estates which were improved and increased by his descendants. The fourth generation of these descendants was represented in chief by two brothers, his great-great-grandsons, the elder being David Scott, Esq., of Scotstarvet, and the younger Major-General John Scott, of Balcomie in Fifeshire, sometime M.P. for that county, and reputed the wealthiest commoner in Scotland. The three daughters of this last, being great heiresses, made high matches, and carried the blood of the old *Staggering Statesman*, with that of his first wife, Drummond's sister, into remarkable new directions. The eldest, Henrietta Scott, after succeeding to the Scotstarvet estates by the death of her uncle, as well as to much of her father's wealth, married, in 1795, William Henry Cavendish Bentinck, Marquis of Titchfield, who added the name of Scott to his family-name in consequence, and succeeded his father in 1809 as Duke of Portland. She died in 1844, after having been Duchess of Portland for many years ; and one of her sons is the present Duke, another having been Lord George Bentinck, Mr. Disraeli's favourite politician, who died in 1848. Of her sisters, one married the ninth Earl of Moray ; and the other married, in 1800, the statesman, George Canning, was made Viscountess Canning after his death in 1827, and had for one of her sons Viscount Canning, Governor-General of India during the Mutiny.

"The History of Scotland from the year 1423 until the year 1542: containing the Lives and Reigns of James the I., the II., the III., the IV., the V. With several Memorials of State during the Reigns of James VI., and Charles I. By William Drummond of Hawthornden. With a Prefatory Introduction by Mr. Hall of Gray's Inn. London, printed by Henry Hills for Rich. Tomlins and himself, and are to be sold at their houses near Py-Corner. MDCLV."

The contents of the volume are these:—(1) *The History of the Five Jameses*, filling 230 pages out of the total 292; (2) Under the heading *Memorials of State*, the Paper of 1632 on the Menteith Earldom case, entitled "Considerations to the King," and the Paper of 1635 on the Balmerino case, entitled "An Apologetical Letter," with "An Intended Speech at the Westgate of Edinburgh to King James" (a mistake for King Charles); (3) Under the heading *Familiar Epistles*, a selection of twenty-two of Drummond's Private Letters, including one of those to Ben Jonson; (4) The *Cypress Grove*. As, with the exception of the last Essay, none of the contents of the volume had been in print before, there must have been some care in selecting and transmitting the manuscripts. Of the History there had been several copies made, ready for the press, while Drummond was alive; but the selection of the Memorials and the Letters must have required some searching of his papers. Evidently the intention was to make the volume a pretty complete representation of Drummond's powers in prose. The *Irene*, the *Skiamachia*, and other Political Tracts of too flagrant Royalism, were, for obvious reasons, omitted. The "Mr. Hall of Gray's Inn," who writes the Prefatory Introduction to the whole volume, seems to have been some lawyer employed by the publishers to see the volume through the press. His Introduction consists mainly of a short Sketch of Scottish History from the time of Robert Bruce to the point at which Drummond's narrative begins; but at the end there is a page of biographical particulars about Drummond, with an announcement of his "*Poems*"

as forthcoming. Mr. Hall, who dates "From my Chamber, Jan. 24, 1654-5," concludes with a hint that he had been ill-paid for his trouble.

It had been thought right, it appears, that Drummond's son, the young laird of Hawthornden (not yet married, nor indeed quite of age), should co-operate with Scotstarvet in the production; and, accordingly, in some copies there is this dedication of the book by young Drummond to his uncle, Scotstarvet, representing the nephew as the editor, and the uncle as only the patron :—

"To the Right Honourable Sir John Scot of Scots-Tarvet, Knight, late Director of his Majestie's Chancellarie, and one of the Lords of his Majestie's most Honourable Privy Council, Session, and Exchequer.——My Lord, These few collections of the innocent results of my late Father his idle hours I thought good to gather and preserve, at the desire and for the satisfaction of his friends, being induced thereto not out of any vain-glory of ourselves, but to preserve him in some sort alive to us by that same birth of his soul which cannot die but by our unkindness. I would present [them] to your Lordship's patrocinie, as well for the affection you carry toward the Muses, as for the near relation you have to the Author,—as being yours, WILL. DRUMMOND."

This is, at length, the place for the notice of Drummond's *History of Scotland under the Five Jameses* which we promised when the book became due. It had been begun, as we saw, in 1633. Continued in a leisurely manner, and with interruptions, it had been finished, there is reason to think, by 1644; several transcripts of it had been made, by means of which some notion of it had got about in Drummond's lifetime; but not till now, in 1655, when Drummond had been dead six years, was it submitted to public judgment.——Although, however, it is by far the most ambitious of Drummond's writings, and equal in bulk of print to all the rest put together, it need detain us but a moment. For, unfortunately, it is a performance of very little value. Had Drummond, living as he

did so near to the time of the Jameses, explored the materials which then doubtless existed—had he searched and studied till he himself had distinctly pictured old Scottish society as it had been, seen the physiognomies of the chief men and women that moved in it, understood the sequence of events, and felt sure he could tell the true story—we should have known a great deal more of the Scotland of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries than we ever shall know now, and Sir Walter would have had less to do in his wonderful craft on that subject, or would have done it differently. But Drummond had no such conception of the business of a historian. To take what came to hand in any easily accessible form—the mere first tea-leaves, let us say, that had already yielded three or four infusions calling themselves Histories; to get from these, by his art as a stylist, yet another weak dilution, which he could tinge with his doctrine of kingly prerogative; thus, in the guise of a new History, to inculcate the same Drummondism in politics which he had expounded more openly in his pamphlets: such was Drummond's method, and such his purpose. Even the literary ability shown in the execution of the task is not great. There is nothing graphic in the book; you are in a haze as you read; you cannot, except at a point or two, discern a group of faces, or see things happening. By way of specimens, I had thought of giving one or two of the portraits and characters of the Jameses which come at the ends of their Lives. But it is not worth while. They are not portraits at all; they are only pretences at such by the use of a few faint phrases and epithets. If on any of them Drummond might have been expected to bestow pains, surely it was on that of the Poet-King, James I. of Scotland, the son of Annabella Drummond. Though the reign of this King lies farthest back of the five, his personal portrait might even yet, with the materials we have, be sketched as vividly and as truly as that of any sovereign of the Scottish list. That Drummond *had* a fascination for this Poet-King we have already seen; and that he looked with some special complacency, when his His-

tory was finished, on that part of it which consisted of this King's Life, appears from a passage in his Dedication of the work to the Earl of Perth. "It may seem strange," he there says, "that I, who the most part of my life have been writing about "small things in verse, should adventure to write about so many "great and weighty affairs in prose; but what could not the love "I carry to your Lordship's family make me attempt to do, and "the virtues of so high and great a Prince as King James I., "descended of your Lordship's house? If we believe some "schoolmen, that the souls of the departed have some dark "knowledge of the actions done upon Earth which concern "their good or evil, what solace then will this bring to James I., "that after two hundred years he hath had one of his mother's "name and race that renewed his fame and actions in the world!" After this, Drummond's account of the Poet-King's reign is peculiarly disappointing. Indeed, all in all, no one need look into this book of Drummond's with any hope of historical instruction. The single pleasing thing about it is the flowing and somewhat ornate style, especially in those imaginary speeches which Drummond, after Livy's fashion, introduces occasionally as a means of explaining the state of the situation. These are, I think, the best parts of the book; one of the most interesting of them is a fine plea for Toleration of Religious Difference, inserted in the Life of James V.; but they are generally more remarkable for their rhetoric than for their insight. They furnish perhaps one lesson. Drummond, standing so much nearer to those reputedly savage old times than we do, could suppose in them, we see, the same sentiments of just and honourable which he and his contemporaries acknowledged, and never dreamt of anything in their procedure so utterly rugged and archaic, so utterly savage after all, but that his own normal way of thinking could interpret it, and his usual sweet style manage the narration. Was he not here a little, though not altogether, in the right?

The volume of Drummond's Poetry, announced in the

introduction to the Prose Volume, made its appearance some months later, at the shop of one of the publishers of that volume. It is an octavo of 224 pages, with this title :—

"Poems by that most famous Wit, William Drummond of Hawthornden.

Ætas prima canit Veneres, postrema Triumphos.

London : Printed for Richard Tomlins, at the Sun and Bible, neare Pye-Corner. 1656."

The volume, which is not very correctly printed, has another portrait of Drummond prefixed, and consists of a collection of all or most of the poems that had been previously printed, with the addition of about sixty Sonnets, Madrigals, Epitaphs, or other brief scraps, some of them evidently juvenile, that had been furnished from among Drummond's papers. One of the added pieces is a translation of some Latin verses of Scotstarvet's. For the production of this volume too a London editor had been employed; and we know more of him than of Mr. Hall, the editor of the prose volume.

He was no other than Edward Phillips, Milton's elder nephew. After having been educated wholly by his uncle during eight or nine years of his boyhood, he had gone to Oxford in 1649; but he had left that University in 1651 without taking a degree, and he was now, at the age of six-and-twenty, earning a livelihood by teaching and literary hack-work, occasionally looking in upon his uncle at his house in Petty France, Westminster. Milton being now in the fourth year of his total blindness, the duties of his Latin Secretaryship to Cromwell, though he still attended to some of them, were necessarily performed in large part by deputy; *Paradise Lost*, though contemplated, had not been begun; but various prose-compilations were on hand, in which Milton, who now depended wholly on amanuenses, found the occasional visits of his nephew and old pupil useful. His other nephew and pupil, John Phillips, Edward's younger brother, had until recently been more about

him, if not still a member of his household; but he too had started on life for himself, also as a literary hack.

How Scotstarvet's bundles of Drummond's copy, or the proof-sheets from that copy, came into the hands of one of the nephews of the Protector's blind Latin Secretary, nobody can tell. Probably Scotstarvet had nothing to do with the choice of an editor, and it was a mere arrangement of the publisher Tomlins. The accident, however, is interesting. Milton, it can be proved, knew Drummond's poetry well, had always liked it, and had been disposed to regard Drummond as, on the whole, a man of as true a poetic vein as there had been in Britain through that age of merely minor Poetry, mingled with much metrical effort miscalled Poetry, which was spanned by the Laureateship of Ben Jonson. Edward Phillips, therefore, in editing Drummond, brought to the task an opinion of Drummond pre-acquired from his uncle. There may even be some trace of Milton's way of speaking about Drummond, though with obvious exaggerations, in the prose preface and set of commendatory verses prefixed to the volume by Phillips, and the furnishing of which, with the revision of the proof-sheets (rather ill done), constituted his editorship. The prose preface runs as follows :—

"To say that these Poems are the effects of a genius the most polite and verdant that ever the Scottish nation produced, although it be a commendation not to be rejected (for it is well known that that country hath afforded many rare and admirable wits), yet it is not the highest that may be given him; for, should I affirm that neither Tasso, nor Guarini, nor any of the most neat and refined spirits of Italy, nor even the choicest of our English Poets, can challenge to themselves any advantage above him, it could not be judged any attribute superior to what he deserves, nor shall I think it any arrogance to maintain that among all the several fancies that in these times have exercised the most nice and curious judgments there hath not come forth anything that deserves to be welcomed into the world with greater estimation and applause. And, though he hath not had the fortune to be so generally famed abroad as

many others, perhaps of less esteem, yet this is a consideration that cannot at all diminish, but rather advance, his credit; for, by breaking forth of obscurity, he will attract the higher admiration, and, like the sun emerging from a cloud, appear at length with so much the more forcible rays. Had there been nothing extant of him but his *History of Scotland*, consider but the language, how florid and ornate it is, consider the order and the prudent conduct of the story, and you will rank him in the number of the best writers, and compare him even with Thuanus himself. Neither is he less happy in his Verse than Prose; for here are all those graces met together that conduce anything towards the making up of a complete and perfect poet—a decent and becoming majesty, a brave and admirable height, and a wit so flowing that Jove himself never drank nectar that sparkled with a more sprightly lustre."

Notwithstanding the hyperbole in these passages, there is a certain fitness in the expressions and epithets; and some of them, especially that in the opening sentence,—"a genius the most polite and verdant that ever the Scottish nation produced,"—are what Milton himself might have dictated, if indeed the words are not his. Phillip's commendatory verses, which are very far from being Miltonic, repeat this form of compliment, but again spoil it by hyperbole:—

> "Never brake forth
> From climes so near the Bear so bright a worth;
> And I believe the Caledonian bowers
> Are full as pleasant and as rich in flowers
> As Tempe e'er was famed, since they have nourished
> A wit the most sublime that ever flourished."

Besides Phillips's verses, the volume is introduced by Arthur Johnston's Epigram in praise of Drummond, by Archbishop Spotswood's English poem of eulogy, and also by a very pretty set of verses signed "Mary Oxlie of Morpet." These must have been supplied by Scotstarvet, whose connexion with the volume is farther commemorated by a set of Latin Sapphics included among the Commendatory Poems, signed "D.F.," and entitled "*Joanni Scoto Scototarvatio, equiti prælustri, de Liter-*

aturâ optime merito." In these, after high praise of Scotstarvet as a veteran jurisconsult, mention is made of his services to Scotland in the matter of Blaeu's Atlas, and in the publication of the Poems of the Scottish Latinists; and, in conclusion, he is thanked for his care of Drummond's relics. But, indeed, some copies of the volume contain an express Dedication to Scotstarvet, in these words :—

"To the Right Honourable, Sir John Scot of Scots-Tarvet, Knight [&c.]—Sir, Having received these ingenious Poems from your Honour, I could not more fitly have presented them to any than to yourself; it being most just that the noblest Wit of Scotland should fly to the patronage of the greatest Mæcenas of wit and learning that the nation affords. Be pleased therefore to accept the humble endeavours to serve you of T. R."

In 1659, or just before the Restoration, there was a new London Edition of Drummond's Collected Poems, or possibly only a sale of the remaining copies of Phillips's Edition, with the dedication to Scotstarvet repeated, and with this new title-page : "The Most Elegant and Elaborate Poems of that great "Court Wit, Mr. William Drummond, whose labours, both in "Verse and Prose, being heretofore so precious to Prince Henry "and to King Charles, shall live and flourish in all ages, whiles "there are men to read them or wit and judgment to approve "them: London, Printed for William Rands, Bookseller, at his "house over against the Bear Tavern in Fleet Street, 1659." After this (perhaps a bookseller's device to force off a remainder) we do not find much trace, for a good many years, of the tradition of Drummond in England.

In Scotland, of course, his reputation continued to be most cherished among those who looked back with affection on the political part he had taken. After the Restoration, when Episcopacy was re-established, these were no longer the suppressed minority, but the triumphant Tory party, in possession of the Government for Charles II., oppressing and per-

secuting in their turn the relics of the ultra-Presbyterian Covenanters or Whigs, and rehabilitating as well as they could both the properties and the memories of Scots who had suffered for their Royalism. Hawthornden, one finds, had begun by this time to be visited on Drummond's account. There is a copy of verses written on the occasion of such a visit by no less a person than Sir George Mackenzie, the King's Advocate, "the Bluidy Mackenyie" of popular Presbyterian record, by whose relentless rigour in his office so many poor Covenanters were brought to the scaffold between 1677 and 1688. Here is what the "Bluidy Mackenyie" wrote in Hawthornden House at the very time when some of his Presbyterian victims may have been hanging in the Grassmarket:—

"Here lived that Poet whose immortal name
Was crowned by laurels and adorned by fame,
Whom every man next to himself did love,
Who durst be loyal, and, what's more, reprove
The vices of that base rebellious age:
His was a Poet's, theirs a Tyrant's, rage.
Each man him then his neighbour wished to be,
And we now grieve that we did not him see.
They did his wit, we do his works, admire,
And each young spark does kindle at his fire;
Or, which is more, he poems can beget
On my old Muse, though now much past the date."

We come now to a very curious posthumous incident in Drummond's biography. About the time when "Bluidy Mackenyie" wrote the foregoing, or several years before the Revolution of 1688, there was in circulation in Edinburgh a Macaronic or Dog-Latin Poem, of about 170 Hexameter lines, which does not seem to have ever been heard of in Drummond's life-time, but which was now attributed to him and universally accepted as his. As soon as it was printed it seems to have become excessively popular, especially among the lawyers of the Parliament House, who have always kept up a traditional literature of *facetiæ*, much of it the production of wits of their own body. The earliest known copy of the thing, purporting

to be "Reprintat" at Edinburgh in 1684, bears this title "*Breviuscula et Compendiuscula Tellatio de Storia memorabili Fechtæ mervelabilis quæ fuit inter Muckreillios et Horsboyos atque Ladæos, &c., in hoc Libellulo, cujus inscriptio famosa hæc est,* POLEMO-MEDINIA INTER VITARVAM ET NEBERNAM, *placide et jocose tractatur.*" One knows not how many copies, or hundreds of copies, of the thing, in this or other forms, may have been laughed over in Scotland during the next seven years; but in 1691 it had the honour of a new appearance, in more scholarly fashion, from the Oxford University Press. A manuscript copy of it, as well as a printed Edinburgh copy, had come into the hands of Edmund Gibson, of Queen's College, then a rising scholar of two-and-twenty years of age, immersed in Anglo-Saxon studies, and preparing his edition of the Saxon Chronicle with a Latin translation, but afterwards more widely known as a learned ecclesiastical antiquary, and as Bishop successively of Lincoln (1715) and London (1723). He seems to have been attracted to the thing by a philological interest, on account of the mixture in it of dog-Latin with homely Scottish words of genuine old English origin; and he published a new edition of it, together with a new edition of the old Scottish Poem, *Christ's Kirk on the Green*, supposed to be by the Scottish James V., prefixing a Latin Essay on Macaronic Poetry generally, and illustrating both the poems with elaborate Latin notes. The book so edited—a very thin quarto—bears the title "POLEMO-MIDDINIA: *Carmen Macaronicum, Autore Gulielmo Drummundo, Scoto-Britanno. Accedit Jacobi id nominis Quinti, Regis Scotorum, Cantilena Rustica vulgo inscripta* 'CHRIST'S KIRK ON THE GREEN.' *Recensuit, notisque illustravit E. G. Oxonii, e Theatro Sheldoniano, anno Dom.* 1691." Here, it will be observed, the piece is openly ascribed to Drummond. Whether it is Drummond's or not may be more properly discussed after we have given some account of it.

"*The Midden-Fecht*," or, more extendedly, "*The Midden-*

Fecht between Vitarva and Neberna," may pass at a first glance as the translation of the dog-Latin title of the piece; but, after it is read and studied, one finds that "Vitarva" stands, by personification, for the "Tarvet" or "Scotstarvet" property in Fifeshire, and "Neberna" for the "Newbarns" or "Barns" property in the same county, and that the title, consequently, might run thus: "*The Midden-Fecht between Scotstarvet and Newbarns.*" But we may be more precise still. The Scotstarvet estate or barony, as we have seen, reached from Tarvet proper, which is near Cupar, in the centre of Fifeshire, to the sea-coast of the county on its East Nook, where the parishes of Crail and Kilrenny meet; and, while one of the residences of the Scotstarvet family had continued to be the original inland mansion or tower of Tarvet, another of their residences, if not their favourite Fifeshire residence, was that of Thirdpart, in Kilrenny parish, on the East Nook coast. Here, accordingly, they had for their near neighbours those Cunninghams of Barns of whom we have heard so much in Drummond's life, and whose house and estate of Barns, called also Newbarns, were in the parish of Crail. I find, indeed, that the Barns or Newbarns property was ultimately (when the Cunninghams had died out, or had otherwise vacated it) acquired by the Scots of Scotstarvet, and included in their general Fifeshire barony, so that their "chief seats" came to be set down in books as "Scotstarvet (*i.e.* Tarvet proper), Thirdpart, and Barns, all in the county of Fife." To all appearance, however, it was before this annexation of Barns to Scotstarvet, and while the Cunninghams of Barns were still extant as a distinct family, with the Scots of Scotstarvet for their near neighbours at Thirdpart, that the incident of the *Midden-Fecht* occurred. In short, as I interpret, it was nothing else than a scrimmage between Scotstarvet's people at Thirdpart or its neighbourhood (personified in the vixen *Vitarva*, for the Lady of Scotstarvet) and Cunningham's people of Barns or Newbarns (personified in the vixen *Neberna*, for the Lady of Newbarns). Hence *The Midden-Fecht between*

the Scotstarvet folk of Thirdpart and the Cunningham folk of Newbarns may be the most exact explanatory title, both for those who cannot read the poem itself, and for those who can. The former, however, are at a disadvantage, in which we can give them but small further assistance.

It was a great theme, and the poet first calls upon all the Fifeshire muses to aid him, and all the Fifeshire populations to listen :—

"Nymphæ quæ colitis highissima monta Fifæa,
Seu vos Pittenwema tenent, seu Crailia crofta,
Sive Anstræa domus, ubi nat haddocus in undis,
Codlineusque ingens, et fleucca et sketta pererrant
Per costam, et scopulos lobster manifootus in udis
Creepat, et in mediis ludit whitenius undis ;
Et vos, Skipperii, soliti qui per mare breddum
Valde procul lanchare foras iterumque redire,
Linquite skellatas botas, shippasque picatas,
Whistlantesque simul fechtam memorate blodæam,
Fechtam terribilem, quam marvellaverat omnis
Banda Dêûm, quoque Nympharum Cockelshelearum,
Maia ubi sheepifeda et solgosifera Bassa
Swellant in pelago, cum Sol bootatus Edenum
Postabat radiis madidis et shouribus atris."*

The cause of the battle was a dispute as to right of way. Vitarva, determined to assert her right of transit through the territories of Neberna, summons all the Scotstarvet people together, and instructs them, under the leadership of her foreman, or grieve, Geordie Aikenhead, to drive their loaded muck-carts, in the most ostentatious fashion, through the crofts of the Newbarns folk, and past their very windows. The heroes are thus enumerated and described :—

"Hic aderant Geordie Akenhedius et little Johnus,
Et Jamie Richæus, et stout Michel Hendersonus,
Qui gillatis pulchris ante alios dansare solebat,
Et bobbare bene, et lassas kissare bonæas,
Duncan Oliphantus, valde stalwartus, et ejus
Filius eldestus, jolyboyus atque oldmoudus,

* Pittenweem, Crail, and Anstruther are coast towns in the east of Fife ; May (where sheep feed) and Bass (the haunt of Solan geese) are islands in the Firth of Forth ; Edenum is Edinburgh.

Qui pleugham longo gaddo drivare solebat,
Et Rob Gib, wantonus homo, atque Oliver Hutchin,
Et plooky-faced Watty Strang, atque in-kneed Elshender Atkin,
Et Willy Dick, heavy-factus homo, pigerrimus omnium,
Qui tulit in pileo magnum rubrumque favorem,
Valde lethus pugnare, sed hunc Corngrevius heros
Noutheadum vocavit, atque illum forsit ad arma.
Insuper hic aderant Tom Taylor et Tom Nicolsonus,
Et Tomie Gilchristus et fool Jockie Robisonus
Andrew Alshinderus, et Jamie Thomsonus, et unus
Norland-bornus homo, valde valde Anti-Covenanter,
Nomine Gordonus, valde blackmoudus, et alter
(Heu pudet, ignoro nomen) slavery-beardius homo,
Qui pottas dichtavit et assas jecerat extra."

When these men of Tarvet, marshalled by Vitarva herself, had invaded the territories of Newbarns, with their muck-carts in the most provoking array, and a piper going before them playing the Battle of Harlaw by way of challenge,* this was the consequence :—

"Tunc Neberna furens, yettam ipsa egressa, videnque
Muck-cartas transire viam, valde angria facta,
Haud tulit affrontam tantam, verum, agmine facto,
Convocat extemplo boroughmannos, atque ladæos,
Jackmannumque, hiremannos, pleughdrivsters atque pleughmannos,
Tumblantesque simul reekoso ex kitchine boyos,
Hunc qui gruelias scivit bene lickere plettas,
Hunc qui dirtiferas tersit cum dishcloute dishas ;
Et saltpannifumos, et widebricatos fisheros,
Hellæosque etiam salteros duxit ab antris,
Coalheughos nigri girnantes more Divelli ;

* "*Incipit Harlæi cunctis sonare Batellum*" is the proper printing of the line describing the conduct of the Tarvet people as the muck-carts invade Newbarns ; but the Oxford philologist, printing "*harlæi*" with a small initial letter, was led into a comical instance of misplaced ingenuity in accounting for the word. "Vestigium hujus vocis (*harlæi*)" he says "est in Islandico *hardlya*, et per contractionem *harla*, perquam, valde, fortiter." He had never heard of Harlaw in Aberdeenshire, where the forces of the Eastern Scottish Lowlands met Donald of the Isles in 1411, defeated him, and saved Scotland from being reconverted into a Celtic kingdom. The Battle of Harlaw continued to be, for three centuries, the theme of Scottish ballads ; and Scottish schoolboys had a game of mimic war called the Battle of Harlaw, in which they divided themselves into Teutons and Celts over again.

Lifeguardamqe sibi sævas vocat improba lassas,
Maggæam, magis doctam milkare cowæas,
Et doctam sweepare flooras et sternere beddas,
Quæque novit spinnare et longas ducere threddas,
Nansæam, claves bene quæ keepaverat omnes,
Yellantemque Elpen, langoberdamque Anapellam,
Terribilemque simul Gillam, gleydamque Katæam."

At the head of this collected troop of Newbarns warriors and heroines, Neberna, armed with a rusty gully, faces the invaders, and addresses them :—

"Ite, ait, uglæi feloes ; si quis modo posthac
Muckifer has nostras tentet crossare fenestras,
Juro ego quod ejus longum extrahabo thropellum,
Et totam rivabo faciem, luggasque gulæo hoc
Ex capite cuttabo ferox, totumque videbo
Heartbloodum fluere in terram."

The Vitarvians, though much frightened by this speech, summon up courage, and the battle takes place on a convenient midden. It is described briefly as dreadful on both sides, no one yielding a foot-breadth for some time; but at last the attention is concentrated on the encounter of one brave Vitarvian muck-drivester with Neberna herself:—

"Tum vero e medio muckdrivster prosilit unus,
Gallantæus homo, et graipam minatur in ipsam
Nebernam, quoniam misere scaldaverat omnes,
Dirtavitque totam petticotam gutture thicko,
Perlineasque ejus skirtas, silkamque gownæam,
Vasquineamque rubram mucksherda begariavit."

In this crisis, one of the Newbarns lasses, Gilly, advances to the rescue of her mistress, and, filling her fist with a clod of muck, dashes it twice with all her force against the eyes and nose of the man of Tarvet.

"Obstupuit bumbaizdus homo, backumque repente
Turnavit veluti nasus bloodasset, et *O God*
Ter quater exclamat, et O quam sæpe sneezavit!"

This is the turning-point of the victory for the Nebernians; for, though the Corngrieve tries to rally the Vitarvians, a needle

judiciously administered to him by a Nebernian seamstress while he is in the act of speaking, changes the speech into a call for truce and a howl of private pain (*"Barlafumle! clamat, et dixit 'O Deus, O God!'"*) The Vitarvians then retreat, whether with or without their muck-carts is not said.

> "Quid multis? Sic fraya fuit, sic guisa peracta est;
> Una nec interea spillata est droppa cruoris."

Such is the *Polemo-Middinia*, first printed with Drummond's name in 1691, always from that date included among his poems, and perhaps more popular with a considerable class of his readers than any of the rest. Only of late has the question been raised whether the piece is Drummond's after all. But it is a very proper question.

The reasons for doubt are (1) the absence of all reference in Drummond's life-time, or immediately afterwards, to such a piece as having been written by him, and of any draft or trace of it among the extant Hawthornden MSS., and (2) the total unlikeness of the piece to anything else known to have come from Drummond. In expansion of the second reason, it may be said, and very truly, that Drummond's known writings are prevailingly serious, pensive, melancholy even, and fastidiously nice in style and form, and that, on any evidence which they afford, the very last quality that would be predicated of him is that of humour proper. Occasionally there is wit, or even a liking for the facetious, as when he books a clever jest he has heard, or employs the ludicrous moderately for some satirical or epigrammatic purpose. But the *Polemo-Middinia* is a piece of humour and nothing else—sheer farcical humour, coarse Fife-shire fun for its own sake (the coarseness greater than appears in our summary), and without a tinge of purpose of any kind, moral or political. Can Drummond have been the author of such a piece?

The arguments on the other side seem to be the following:—(1) It would not be a safe rule to conclude that a particular

piece cannot have been written by an author because of its unlikeness to all or most of his acknowledged writings. Some writers who are conspicuously grave, lofty, and fastidious, in all they give to the world, abound privately in humour, and prefer fun and the interchange of ludicrous anecdote to any other form of conversation; and it is only necessary to suppose that, in some moment of frankness or whim, such a writer should puzzle those who do not know him privately by an outbreak of this unsuspected part of the real Adam. (2) Not only may a good deal of wit, and a sense of the humorous, be detected in Drummond's writings, if it is sought for in the smaller scraps and jottings taken from his common-place books; but the distinct tradition about him personally is that he could be very jocose in company. "He never thought Religion consisted in peevish-"ness or sourness of mind," says Bishop Sage: "on the contrary, "his humour was very jovial and cheerful, especially among his "friends and comrades, with whom he sometimes took a "bottle only *ad hilaritatem* . . . He was very smart and "witty in his sayings and repartees, and had a most excellent "talent in extemporary versifying, above the most part of his "contemporaries." Two instances are given, neither of them worth repeating. The fact need not be doubted. (3.) There is nothing in the *Polemo-Middinia* itself absolutely inconsistent with the idea that Drummond was the author, but, on the contrary, something that would point to him. From the fact that one of the combatants is described as "norland-bornus homo, valde valde Anticovenanter, nomine Gordonus," it is clear that the piece must have been written after 1638, or perhaps after 1643; and there are other allusions in it suggesting that it was written within the last ten years of Drummond's life. Then who more likely to have written of the Fight between the Scotstarvet folk and the Newbarns folk than Drummond? If he was not the author, one would be bound to find the author in some one else of the Scotstarvet connexion, if not in Scotstarvet himself. (4.) The universal ascription of the

piece to Drummond about 1690 must go a great way. His eldest son and many of his friends were then alive; and no question on the subject appeared among them, The Oxford editor, Gibson, who had a manuscript before him of unknown date, had no doubt; for, though he leaves the authorship of *Christ's Kirk on the Green* uncertain, speaking of it as "supposed" to be by James V., he inserts no such caution respecting the *Polemo-Middinia.* Further, though it is not till about 1690 that we are sure Drummond's name was associated with the piece, we cannot be sure that it was not in private, or very local, circulation in MS. as Drummond's long before that time. Finally, may not the difficulty which arises from the absence of all trace of the *Polemo-Middinia* among the Hawthornden MSS. be met by supposing that it was a jocular waif of Drummond's, written on some visit to Scotstarvet and perhaps in Scotstarvet's company, when the incident it celebrates was fresh, and which, left in Fifeshire, was either forgotten, or not thought fit for the purposes of the London Edition of Drummond's Poems in 1656, but was afterwards gradually divulged by private copying till there arose a demand for it in print?

I am not satisfied; but, as I see no way to a positive decision, so I must let the matter rest. Certain it is that for the next twenty or five-and-twenty years after the appearance of the first known Edinburgh print or reprint of the *Polemo-Middinia*, and of Gibson's more learned Oxford Edition, nothing else bearing Drummond's name was in such perpetual demand in Scotland. Thus, in 1711, Bishop Sage, who had never heard any doubt of its being Drummond's, and speaks of it as "a sheet he wrote for diverting himself and his friends," adds: "It is reprinted here [in Edinburgh] almost every year, and is "very witty and diverting, and suits mightily with the humour "and genius of the nation." In that very year, however, Bishop Sage himself was engaged in the production of a work intended to recall Drummond to the minds of his countrymen as much

more than the author of a popular piece of Macaronic Poetry. "*The Works of William Drummond of Hawthornden: consisting of those which were formerly printed, and those which were designed for the press, now published from the author's original copies. Edinburgh: Printed by James Watson, in Craig's Closs,* 17.11 :" such is the title of a folio volume of 350 pages, with a clumsily engraved portrait prefixed, which is still the only collective edition of Drummond's whole Works.

In the circumstances of this publication we still note the fact that Drummond's reputation had come down most kindly among the Episcopalian and High Tory section of his countrymen. The Restoration period, with its forced reimposition of Episcopacy on the Kirk and the dread of Claverhouse and the "Bluidy Mackenyie," had passed away; and, since the accession of William and Mary in 1689, Scotland had again rejoiced in the recovery of that Presbyterian system for which she had so long struggled and suffered. Again, in its turn, Episcopacy was under a ban; for, though William would fain have arranged for some distinct toleration of Episcopalian dissent among the re-Presbyterianized Scots, the mood of the people and the traditions of their Presbyterian system were too strong. Episcopacy was hunted out of the Universities and Schools; those of the laity, in the Southern and Western shires at least, who persisted in Episcopalian worship were exposed to popular obloquy; the Episcopal Clergy were now a persecuted residue, driven from place to place, and often put to the severest shifts in the exercisé of their office. So it had continued through the reign of William, and after the accession of Anne in 1702, and even after the completed Union of Scotland and England in 1707, though gradually with more of a tendency to toleration. Altogether the Scottish Episcopalians in Queen Anne's reign were a very interesting and well-marked portion of the Scottish population, scattered in the South and West, but numerous in the North and Northern Highlands, with many men of talent among them, and keeping up traditions, both

political and literary, from the past of Scotland, very different from those which stirred the souls of Scotsmen of the type of "douce David Deans." The martyred monarch Charles I. and his faithful Cavaliers; the heroic memory of Montrose; the horrible Interregnum of Noll Cromwell and his crew of miscreants; the Blessed Restoration of the jolly King Charles II.; the gallant Claverhouse and his splendid rough-ridings among the canting Whigs; confusion to the memory of the Dutchman; long life and better days yet for the King over the water; down with all sour Religion, and up with the right Church: such were the phrases and sentiments distinguishing the Scottish Episcopalians from the rest of the nation.

Naturally it was among these that it became a pious duty, seventy years after Drummond's death, to put forth a complete edition of his works, and assert his claims to be remembered even in the midst of the new Literature of Queen Anne's reign. At all events, it was Bishop John Sage, the chief of the Scottish Episcopalian clergy of his time, that undertook this duty. He had been consecrated as Bishop in 1705, having been a parish-minister in Glasgow before the Revolution, and since then distinguished by his resolute adherence to the disestablished Episcopacy, and the amount of persecution and hardship he had undergone on that account. He had published various works against Presbytery, and also a Life of Gawin Douglas, before he undertook the editorship of Drummond's Works. This, indeed, was the very last of his last occupations, for he died June 7, 1711, aged fifty-nine, when they had hardly left the press. His assistant in the labour was the well-known Scottish scholar, Thomas Ruddiman, then thirty-seven years of age, and assistant-keeper of the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh; and Ruddiman's opinions were also decidedly of the Tory colour. Drummond's son, Sir William, then an old gentleman of seventy-five, took much interest in the publication, and allowed Sage and Ruddiman the freest access to his father's MSS.

They did not perform their editorial duties very well. To the Poetical Works, which they placed last in the folio, paged separately, they added, indeed, about forty small pieces never before printed, chiefly scraps of political satire and religious hymns; and, as they reprinted all that had been previously published in any shape, including the *Polemo-Middinia*, they did furnish a more perfect edition of Drummond's Poems than had before been accessible, though in a very unhandy form. They took no trouble, however, with arranging, dating, or otherwise elucidating. In the matter of the Prose Works, also, almost the sole merit of the edition is that of enlarged quantity, though the merit in this respect is very great. They gave a better, though less pleasantly printed, text of the *History of the Five Jameses* than that of the London volume of 1655; they reprinted the three papers called *Memorials of State*, with the twenty-two *Familiar Epistles*, and the *Cypress Grove*, included in that edition; but all the rest, to the extent of a hundred folio pages, was new. For the first time, in this folio of 1711, were published the *Irene*, the *Skiamachia*, and the other political tracts that have been mentioned in this Biography; and there was also a valuable new selection of letters from or to Drummond, with other miscellaneous scraps, including an abstract of the heads of conversation with Ben Jonson. With few exceptions, however, the editors gave no annotations, but left the pieces to explain themselves—which they never do. Bishop Sage's brief prefixed Life of Drummond is far from unacceptable, but, with the materials he had at hand, might have been much better had any tolerable pains been taken. Neither in that Life nor in the General Preface which opens the volume is there any concealment of the peculiar satisfaction the editors had in remembering Drummond's political opinions. "Our author was a true Tory" is one of the phrases in the Preface.

A time at length came when Drummond's Toryism could be remembered with milder or more philosophical interest, and

both Whigs and Tories could agree in recollecting him, all in all, as indubitably the man of most "polite and verdant" literary genius produced by Scotland in the seventeenth century, if not the only Scotsman of that century of any really fine mark in the History of English Literature.

In 1782 Dr. Abernethy Drummond, already mentioned as not only a successor of Bishop Sage in the Scottish Episcopate, but also the husband of the last direct heiress of Hawthornden, presented all Drummond's manuscripts to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. They remained in the possession of that Society, occasionally referred to, but in the main neglected, and the bulk of them in loose unarranged sheets, till 1827, when they were more properly cared for and assumed the form of fifteen bound Volumes. This was owing to the diligence of Mr. David Laing, who had devoted much time to the examination of the MSS., and whose account of them, read to the Society in January 1628, and supplemented in January 1832 by his happy discovery of a MS. copy of Drummond's missing *Notes of Ben Jonson's Conversations at Hawthornden*, threw more light on Drummond's Life than all that had been before written about him. Mr. Laing's description of the contents of the fifteen volumes may be given in abridgement. Volumes I—V. consist of several scroll copies of the *History of the Five Jameses*, and a revised transcript of the same, partly in Drummond's hand; Volume VI. contains copies of the more important Political Tracts printed in the 1711 edition of Drummond's Works; Volumes VII. and VIII. are a Commonplace Book of miscellaneous extracts from books in different languages, with collected anecdotes, epigrams, jests, &c.; Volume IX. is a register of Drummond's Letters to his various correspondents; Volume X. consists of scrolls of many of Drummond's Poems, including a good deal that had never been published by himself or his editors; Volumes XI. and XII. contain scrolls and fragments of papers by Drummond's uncle, William Fowler; Volume XIII. is a collection of Poems and Fragments

from various authors; Volume XIV. consists of miscellaneous law-papers that had belonged to Drummond's father; and Volume XV. of transcripts of Poems of Dr. Donne in Drummond's hand, with other odds and ends. Not content with this description, Mr. Laing supplied a series of extracts of all that he had found most interesting in the previously unpublished portions of the manuscript mass, particularly from Volumes VII., VIII., IX., and X. Thus, besides recovering many miscellaneous particulars about Drummond and his friends, he added thirty-one Letters of Drummond's to those previously published as his *Familiar Epistles*, and more than fifty short pieces of verse (Sonnets, Madrigals, Epitaphs, and scraps of political epigram) to his previously published Poems. The papers in which Mr. Laing made these valuable additions to the transmitted information about Drummond will be found in Vol. IV. of the *Archæologia Scotica* or Transactions of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries.

Advantage was taken of Mr. Laing's investigations in a new Edition of Drummond's Poems, in very handsome quarto form, edited for the Maitland Club in 1832 by Lord Dundrennan and Mr. David Irving. This Edition, carefully arranged, and containing the pieces extracted by Mr. Laing from the Hawthornden MSS., as well as all that had been published in any previous Edition, must now be accounted the Standard Edition of Drummond's Poetical Works; but, as only 68 copies of it were printed, and as Drummond's Poetry had for many years been accessible to most people only in the general collections of the British Poets by Anderson and Chalmers, or in an incorrect London reprint of 1790, there have been two more recent Editions of smaller size, one by Mr. Peter Cunningham in 1833, and another by Mr. W. B. Turnbull in 1857.

Of Drummond's Prose-writings, on the other hand, there has been no collected edition since 1711. Nor, perhaps, is there any real necessity for another. His *Cypress Grove*, originally published by himself as a companion to his Poems, is still to

be found in their company in most of the subsequent editions of them; his *History of the Five Jameses* is quite as accessible in the two old editions of 1655 and 1711 as its worth deserves; and, though his political tracts, his letters, and the few brief essays that make up the rest of his prose writings, do contain matter of interest, it is of the kind that may be presented most fitly in a Biography. It has, accordingly, been one of the objects of this book to reproduce everything of any possible modern interest contained in those long-neglected prose writings of Drummond, and, indeed, to edit them for the first time, after a certain fashion, by exhibiting them severally in their biographical and historical connexions.

THE END.

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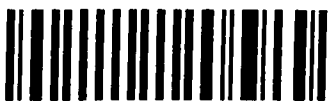
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